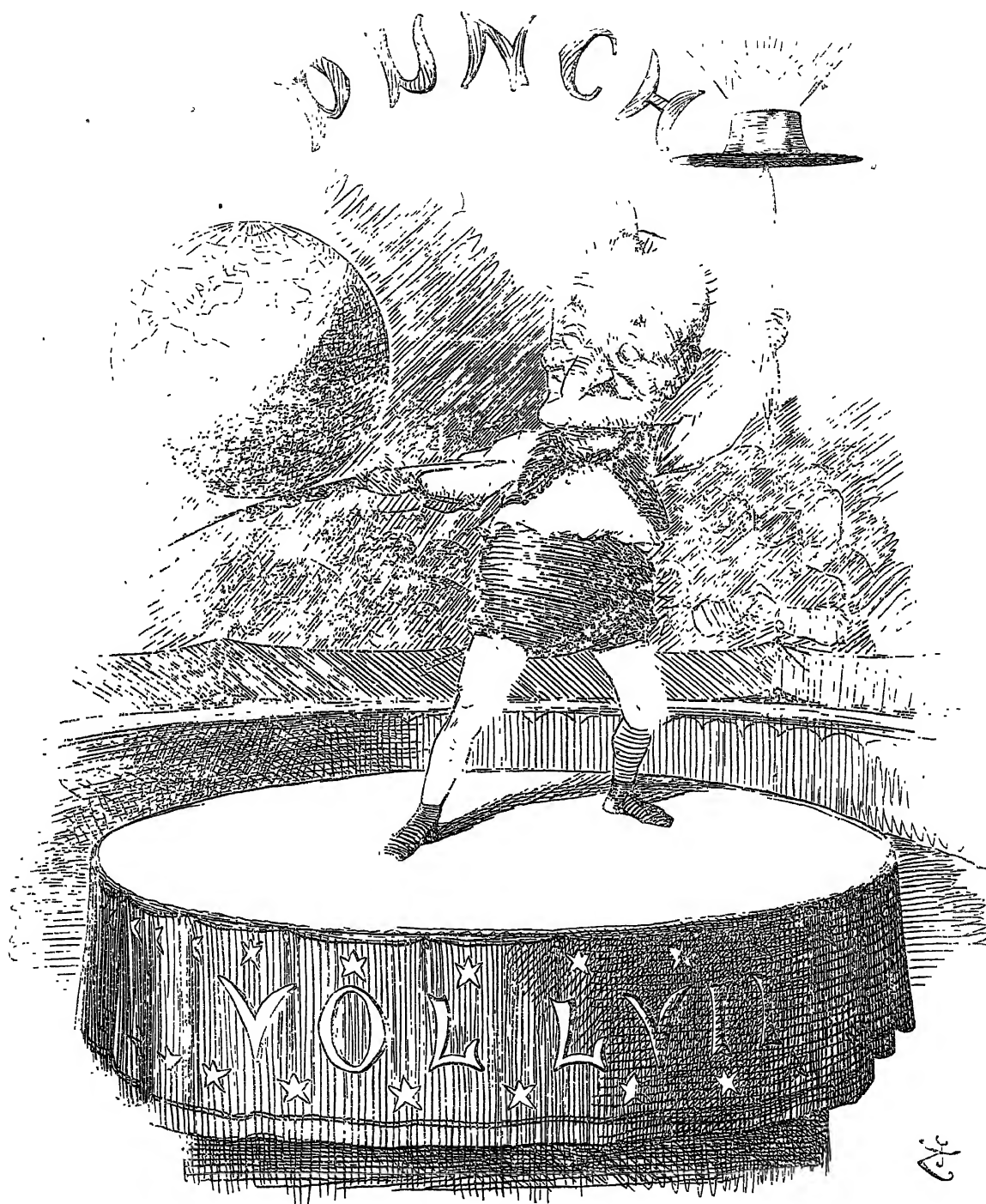

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P R E F A C E .

"WILL S. S. do me the honour of being as comfortable as possible?" said MR. PUNCH, respectfully. "Can S. S. be more so?"

"*Non possumus*," said the POPE, smiling. "And as for this cigar, I could fancy it came from my box of favourites."

"Your Holiness wished for that cigar, and it is here," said MR. PUNCH, improving on GEORGE DOUGLAS's pretty speech to QUEEN MARY. "ANTONELLI took care of that for me. He is a clever man, that ANTONELLI, Your Holiness."

"Worldly, my dear MR. PUNCH. But I may say of *you* what was said in certain remarkable Latin you wot of:

"Dixit Abbas ad Prioris—
Tu es homo boni moris,
Quia semper sanioris
Mihi das consilia."

"My humble counsel is ever at S. S.'s service."

"Say advice, will you," replied the POPE. "The other word reminds me of the Œcumenical, the greatest bore of my life."

"*Tu l'as voulu*—I beg Your Holiness a million pardons. I mean that the Council is not exactly a fortuitous concurrence of atoms."

"*Mea culpa, mea magna culpa*," replied the POPE, laughing. "But how was I to know that JESHURUN would wax fat and kick?"

"Is it to me that S. S. confesses that he is not Infallible?"

"One to you," said the POPE, "and make the most of it. I thought I was going to create a *Punctum Temporis*, you know."

"And *non omne tulit punctum S. S.*," said MR. PUNCH, bowing. "In fact Your Holiness's pointsmen appear addicted to shunting. But better so than collision."

"There has no business to be any collision," said the POPE. "That Emperor of yours behaves, as they elegantly say of a crime in Japan, in the manner which is not expected. You may translate that—silently, however."

"I never curse, Your Holiness. But might I suggest—"

"Might you? Am I not here to consult you, knowing there is one person in the world who will tell me the truth? *Pergere licet*."

"Then, Your Holiness, I would hint that considering what that Emperor—I beg to disclaim any proprietorship in him—"

"Why, MONSIEUR PUNCH, you are always backing him up?"

"Only against a worse system, and in the hope that he will establish a better."

"Not he. And he comes against me like DIABOLUS against Mansoul—O, I have read your *Bunyan*—"

"Happily remembered, Your Holiness. Who concluded your last *Holy War*, and had your army more visibly led by S. Chassepot than the Spaniards were led at Compostella by S. Iago?"

"He only did his duty. Besides, he wanted an opportunity of showing off his new guns. That chance has saved him a good deal of trouble since. I consider him a very ungrateful son of—of the Church. Why does he interfere with my Dogma?"

"I suppose, Your Holiness, that his conscience—(S. S. smiles)—prevents his assenting to the existence of an Infallibility that does not recognise his own merits."

"Worldly, my dear MR. PUNCH. He is spoiling my Council. What shall I do?"

"I think I have read something, Your Holiness, about not disputing with the master of so many legions. I do not like to mention a name of ill omen for the Temporal Power, but if NAPOLEON left Rome, GARIBALDI would certainly arrive in time for supper—if not in time to eat the exquisite dinner Your Holiness's cook composes."

"I wish they were both supping in purgatory. Come, that is not a savage wish, considering all things," laughed the POPE.

"I compliment Your Holiness on a digestion that sees no particular terror in a hot supper," replied MR. PUNCH. "Of S. S.'s amiability there is no doubt. I think it will have to be displayed at this crisis, and that a disagreeable situation will be gracefully accepted. Better this than slide on rotten ice, if I may recal a Cartoon."

"You made me laugh," said the POPE, "though I was in no laughing mood."

"When one's mood is not the Potential, Your Highness, a laugh is sometimes true wisdom. I reverentially suggest a Smiling Policy to S. S. Let your Council deal in smooth things, and—S. S.'s hospitality is well known, but the sooner Rome has a good view of the backs of most of those prelates, the better for her Church. There will have been some grand religious spectacles, and we cannot have a Council of Trent every three hundred years."

"I fear you too are worldly, my dear MR. PUNCH," replied the POPE. "But I think you mean me well. You ought—your ancestors were Italian, and though *qui multum peregrinatur raro sanctificatur*, your insular sojourn has not altogether vitiated you. Come to Rome, and I will make you a lay Cardinal."

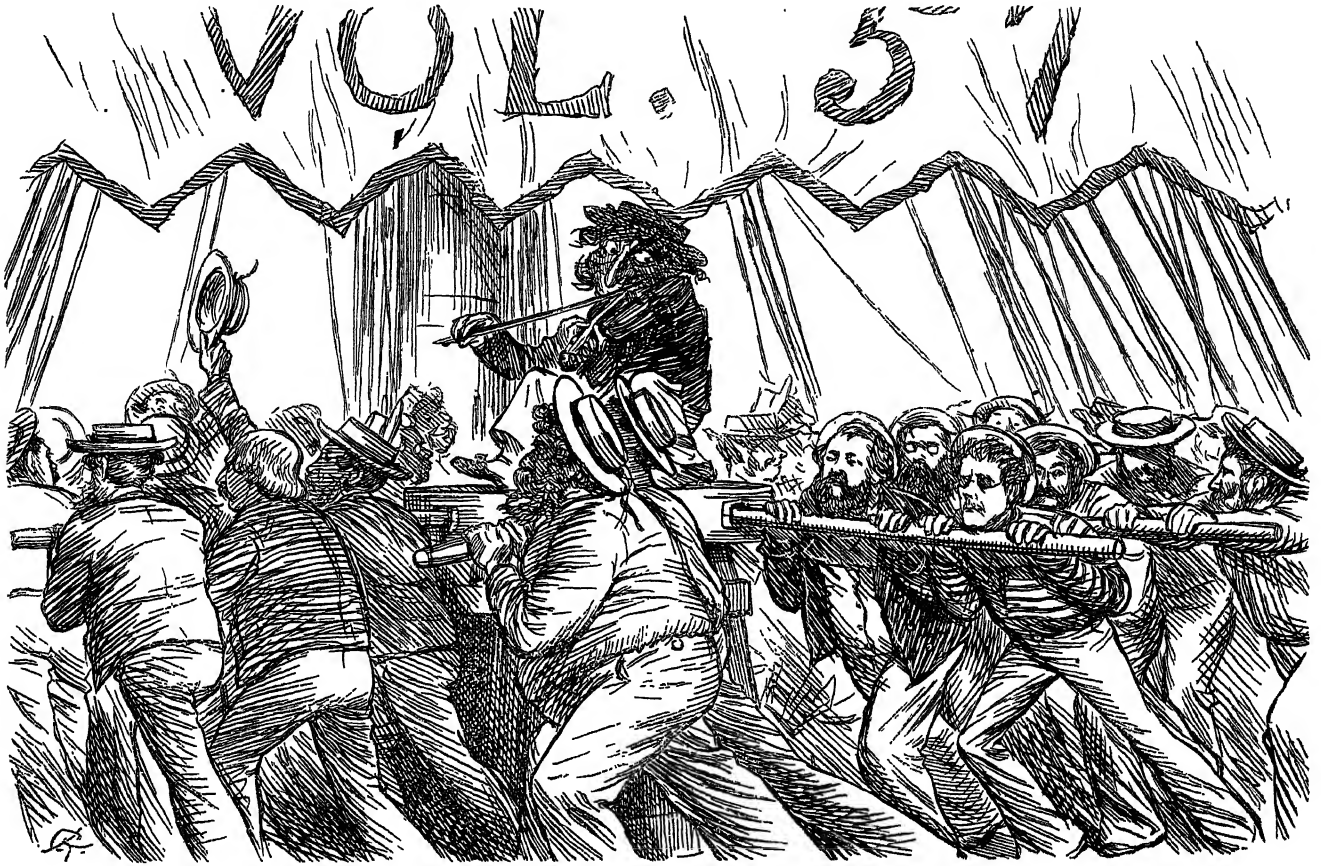
"The stockings tempt me, Your Holiness, and my leg is neat," said MR. PUNCH, fondly caressing the elegant limb he named. "But I have a prejudice in favour of cleanliness, and Rome may be the holiest, but is certainly the filthiest city in the whole world. The stable of the King of Elis was tidy, comparatively."

"Come and be my ALCIDES-Ædile?"

"I have work at home, Your Holiness. But my *consilia* shall always be yours, and that they may be ready at your hand, and that you may be always prepared with the Smiling Policy I recommend, permit me deferentially to offer to S. S. my

Fifty-Seventh Volume:





PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 28. Now, we had better understand one another, or rather, the Pensive had better understand *Punch*. Regarding this Irish Church Bill. If any person thinks that *Mr. Punch* is going to follow the Lords through all their debates on all their Amendments, that person is deceived by his own fatuity. ARTEMUS WARD says that his artist came to him, after one of his pictures had been exhibited for six months, and said, pointing to a figure in it, "It is no use attempting to deceive you any longer; that is a horse." It is of no use *Mr. Punch* attempting to deceive the Pensive; this is an Analysis. What's an analysis? Ask any schoolboy, and he will not be able to tell you. Ask his sister, and she will reply with a sweet, half timid smile, "a separation of any compound body into the parts of which it is formed: the solution of anything, whether corporeal or mental, into its first elements." Now you know all about it.

Pears to *Mr. Punch* that what chiefly concerns his affectionate public divides itself, like the Irishman's sermon, into three halves. First, what the Lords mean to do. Secondly, what the Government mean to stand. Third, what special feature in a debate was worth notice. *Mr. Punch's* sermon shall be preached on those heads.

The Lords began the Amendments discussion on Tuesday, and took it up again on Thursday and Friday. LORD DENBIGH, who is a Roman, begged leave to prelude with a declaration that the Catholics were not at all indifferent to the measure, as the House should see if they did not pass it. But they were surprised and pleased at beholding an attempt to do them justice. He was good enough also to intimate that they had no scruple on the subject of Church property, because that was secularised when taken from themselves. This meant that Protestantism was no religion at all. The speech may be held balanced by that of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, who proclaimed that Irish Protestants held the Roman religion in detestation.

EARL GREY wished to get rid of that part of the Preamble of the I. C. B., which declares that the surplus shall not go to churches or clergy. He thinks that much of it ought. He abominates the Voluntary System, which leaves a minister dependent on pleasing his congregation, and he would give Mansees and Glebes to Presbyterians and Catholics.

With the Earl think ARCHBISHOP TAIT, the BISHOP OF OXFORD,

EARL RUSSELL, LORD WESTBURY, the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S, LORD SALISBURY (who "prefers priests to lunatics"), and many others.

Against him think MR. GLADSTONE and his Majority, and so did the PREMIER declare, with much earnestness, at the Lord Mayor's banquet on the night after the debate. All Amendments, he said, should receive the most respectful consideration; but he had given pledges to the nation when he was in the exile of Opposition, and these he must redeem when in the seat of Power. There must be no departure from the principle of the Bill.

Now, on the first Amendment night, there was merely a long discussion, and EARL GREY, on the advice of his friends, let the Preamble be postponed, as usual. The first ten clauses of the Bill were got through, but

The Archbishop carried, by 130 to 74, an Amendment of Reprieve. The date of Disestablishment was to be 1872, not 1871. On the next night Government agreed to this, but as the Church's supporters disagree about the advantage of delay, the matter is to be reconsidered.

On Thursday, Government gave way on the question whether the Irish Prelates who now sit in the House of Lords should preserve their seats during their lives. It was agreed that they should not be turned out. There are but four, you know—the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN and three Bishops.

But then came a real fight on a point, not very large in itself, but in which MR. GLADSTONE'S Principle is involved. We really do not feel inclined to explain it, because the form the onslaught took is unimportant. Suffice it to say that the proposal, by the BISHOP OF PETTERBOROUGH, went beyond the rule that nothing except compensation for life interests was to be given.

Here the DUKE OF ABERYLL thought it good to blaze out, in a warning manner, against the series of Amendments. He asserted that the nation had given a distinct verdict against indiscriminate endowment, and he said that the Lords, in adopting this proposal, would adopt a principle fatal to the Bill. LORD CAIRNS complimented his Grace on rising to a pitch of enthusiasm that could not have been thought possible had it not been witnessed. LORD BATH would by no power on earth have been induced to vote for the Second Reading had he previously heard the Duke, and would stand by the Amendments even if

by doing so he should bring the walls of that House down about their ears (*laughter*), even if he brought the Constitution of the country to the ground, and ruined the fortunes of himself and every member of that assembly. (N.B. Born in 1831. Motto, "I have good reason"?) This terrific thunderblast daunted the Lords, and forced them to carry the Amendment by 94 to 50. *Mr. Punch*, devoted to them, thus supplies them with an excuse for rescinding it—which they may want.

They went on with the clauses, and LORD CARNARVON and LORD CAIRNS urged another amendment, intended to remedy what the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK called the want of generosity in the Bill. Again *Punch* declines explaining, but mentions that they sought to have certain Redemption-of-Life-Annuities terms put at the figure 14. Government offered a compromise, which was rejected by 155 to 86.

But on *Friday* night the Nobles made their great double coup. They firstly, on the motion of "Renowned SALISBURY," altered the Bill by giving back to the Protestant Church, its parsonages and glebes, *gratis*. This by 213 to 69. Then, contrary to the entreaty of the wiser Conservatives, the old Whigs, and many Liberals, they refused to give to the Ministers of the Presbyterians and the Catholics similar means of living in comfort and respectability. This by 146 to 113. Now cometh a Jolly Row, which *Mr. Punch* deplores as a Patriot, but is not displeased with as Journalist and Artist, who craveth straw for his bricks—his young men, who are all bricks. Yes, my Lords, now for wigs on the green.

Mr. Punch next addresses himself to the other business of Parliament, and is happy to say that both the Bankruptcy and the Imprisonment for Debt Bill have passed the Commons, and that the Lords have read the Endowed Schools Bill a Second Time. In Committee, *Mr. Punch* hopes that something will be enacted to do away with the crying shame that at certain huge and costly schools the boys do not have enough to eat at dinner, but are obliged to rush into shops, and lay out their pocket-money in procuring sufficient aliment. "As Hungry as a Hunter" is a good old English proverb; but the modern form, "As hungry as an Asterisks Boy after Dinner," indicates somebody else's greed than the poor fellow's own.

In the House of Commons on Monday it was announced that all the Telegraphs had been bought by the Government, who meant to have a monopoly of messages, as they have of letters. But they will no more interfere with the private wire laid from one house to another, than the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON would think of prosecuting *Mr. Punch* for sending one of his splendid menials from his stately mansion to his publishing office with a note.

MR. GRANT DUFF, Indian UNDER-SECRETARY, made so capital a little speech on being asked when the Indian Budget was to be introduced, that it is clear he studies his *Essence* with avidity. The answer so happily caught *Mr. Punch's* tone of pleasant sarcasm on the House, for picking up pins when oaks want to be rooted up, that it has been applauded all over England, and is now sailing away for applause in India.

A long discussion on the Parks Estimates. Due credit was given to the authorities for the "lovely" floral arrangements which have been made. ALDERMAN LUSK offered a protest, characterised by his usual elegance, against what he was pleased to call a "Drunkery" in Victoria Park. It is exactly the reverse, being a quiet and respectable place, where an artisan can get a glass of beer for himself and his children without having to drag the latter out of the park and into a public. The publicans abuse it, of course, but a Member of Parliament should not echo the voice of the gin-shop. MR. LAYARD proposes to cleanse the Serpentine, at the bottom of which is an abominable mess, the result of years of now discontinued drainage. Some people actually opposed this, but were put down. Persons who care about Art will hear with satisfaction that the Central Hall of the House is to have more light, and is to be adorned with mosaics by "two young and promising artists, MR. POYNTER and MR. MOORE." *Mr. Punch* is happy to concur with MR. LAYARD in the statement that those gentlemen are young; but he thinks that they are more than promising, having nobly fulfilled promise. Moreover, the Committee very properly refused to knock off an item for completing the beautiful crypt, and as properly knocked off, at the suggestion of the Government, the item for salary to the Roehampton gate-keeper, who keeps people out of Richmond Park, and sends them three miles round.

Tuesday was chiefly noticeable for a most vigorous castigation inflicted by the Irish Attorney-General on MR. GEORGE MOORE, for things which he had said in an eminently absurd speech about the Fenian convicts. He wants them let out, and MR. BRUCE has not the least intention of letting them out.

Wednesday there was a debate on the Edinburgh Annuity Tax. Its object is to reduce the number of ministers in "Scotland's Darling Seat," and *Mr. Punch* is not prepared to say that this is not a desirable thing, but the mode of doing it appears to involve something like a breach of faith. The Second Reading was carried by Nine. Government refuse to repeal the Act against Party Processions in Ireland. Wisely refuse. It is absurd, *primâ facie*, to legislate against a coloured sash or a fiddler's tune, but if sash and tune excite idiots to fighting, legislation ceases to be absurdity and becomes statesmanship.

Thursday. The Dublin "freemen" are likely to be demolished for their corruptness. SIR GEORGE GREY thought we knew all about their wickedness, and was for scrunching them out at once, but an inquiry is to be made for form's sake. Usual outcry, of course.

Government refuse to prosecute in the "great" OVEREND AND GURNEY case. MR. GLADSTONE, having some of his wondrous surplus energy to expend, delivered a fine speech in support of his refusal. He re-affirmed what *Mr. Punch* has so often urged, that in these days we call a thing Great because it is Big, and he saw nothing exceptional in this case except the magnitude of the amounts involved. Then he poured in thunder on the present vicious tone of feeling in the mercantile world, which seeks to get rich, not in an honest way, but all at once, and no matter how. *Rem, quocunque, etc.*

MR. LOWE hits straight. Denouncing a claim on the part of gaolers, who will lose fees by the abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, he said that the proposal was compensation run mad, and asked whether if Parliament diminished the number of capital felonies, it would be asked for compensation to the hangman. We fail to see the point of the repartee by the Member who answered "Why knot?"

Friday. In the morning the Commons had a lively discussion on SIR ROUNDELL PALMER's proposal to introduce into the University Tests Bill a declaration of adherence to the teaching in the Bible. This the Committee did not like, holding that it meant either nothing or too much. In the evening the SPEAKER's hat fell at 29.

ROYALTY AND MUSIC.

MELODIOUS MR. PUNCH,

Of course you know the tale of the old Turk, who, being taken to the opera, thought the tuning of the band the sweetest part of the performance. Surely this old story must have flitted through the mind of the man who made the programme of the Concert—the *State* Concert mind, and not the Crystal Palace one—in honour of the VICEROY. But if his Egyptian Highness has any ear at all for European music, he can hardly have been pleased with the mixture put before him.

At the Crystal Palace Concert all was just what one could wish; while at the other Palace Concert all was just what one would not wish. A bit of *Robert le Diable* was followed by a morsel from the *Stabat Mater*; a solemn duet from the *Lobgesang* succeeded "*Una voce*" from the sprightly *Barbiere*; while the sacred "*Crucifixus*" from the *Messe Solennelle*, stood next to a Romanza called "*La Mandolinata*." A dainty hash of music this to set before a VICEROY! To my mind it was just as though a cook, in preparing his *menu*, were to send up an ice-pudding to follow turtle soup, or were to introduce boiled mutton to be eaten after custard. Who with any taste could relish HANDEL's "roast beef of music," as it has been fitly called, if it were jumbled higgledy-piggledy with the *entremets* of OFFENBACH and the *vol-au-vents* of VERDI.

There ought to be no discord of opinion on this point, so believe me, in all harmony of feeling,

ORPHEUS JUNIOR.

Monarchical Policy.

ACCORDING to a provincial contemporary:—

"Monarch Insurance shares were freely dealt in on Thursday, at $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ premium."

Hence may be inferred the existence of a Monarch Insurance Company. The rate of insurance charged by that Company should be high; for Crowns needing to be insured must be doubly hazardous. How much would the Monarch Insurance Company take to insure the Monarch who delays crowning the edifice?

Long Strip of Welsh Flannel.

"At the Petty Sessions at Llanfaircaereinion, last week, the Magistrates had to punish Llanfaircaereinionites for making disturbances in the neighbourhood of Llanfaircaereinion. Persons who live at places with such beautiful names as Llanfaircaereinion should have more self-respect, and we hope that the Llanfaircaereinionic district will not again be disturbed by persons unfit for the happiness of living at Llanfaircaereinion."—*Welsh Paper*.

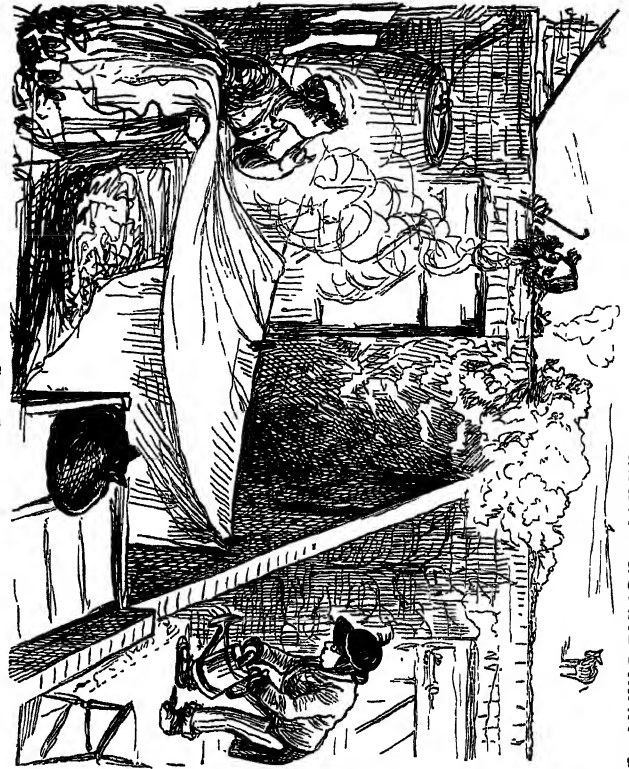
Only One Letter Wanting.

"The *tiers-parti*, who have christened themselves the 'implacables,' have had a meeting, at which it was resolved to bring the home policy of the Government before the Chambers. The attacking party will be led by M. THIERS."—*Paris Correspondent of the Echo*.

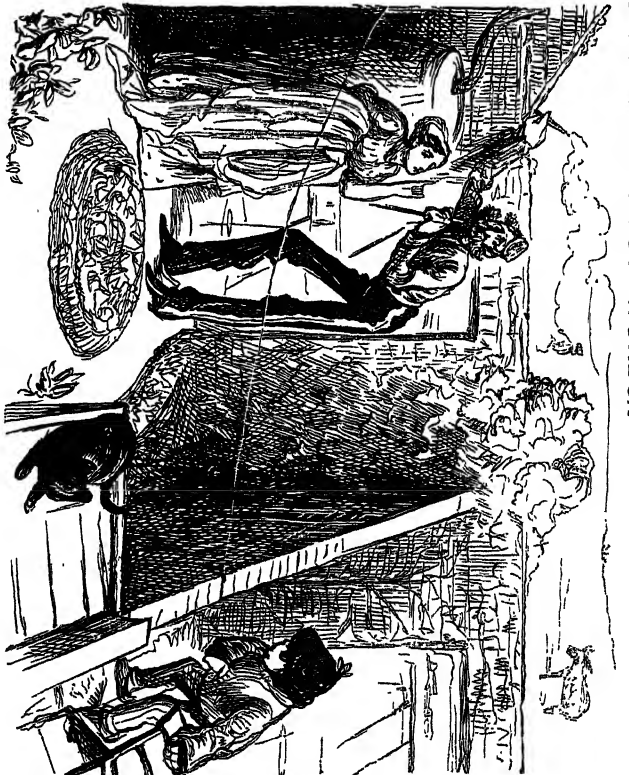
SHOULD it not be the THIERS—*parti*?

"LETTERS OF REQUEST."—Begging Epistles.

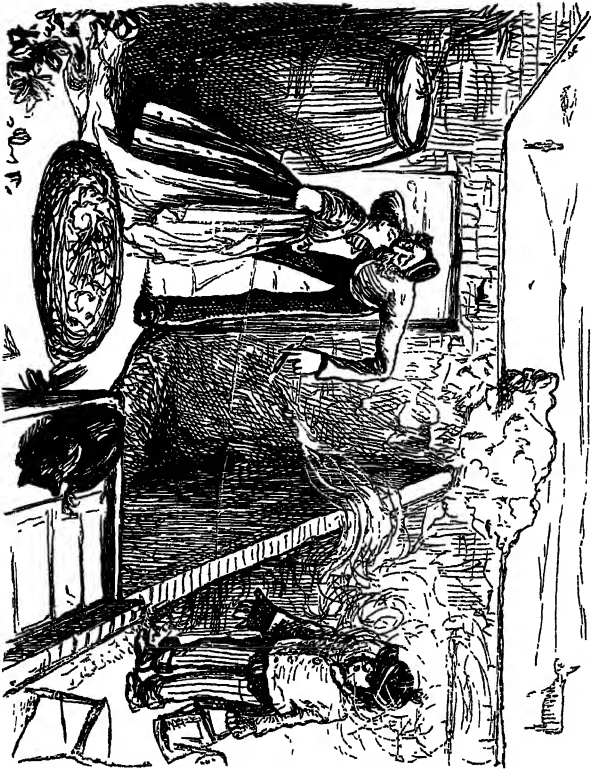
THE GIANT GUARDSMAN (A PROSE POEM WITHOUT WORDS).



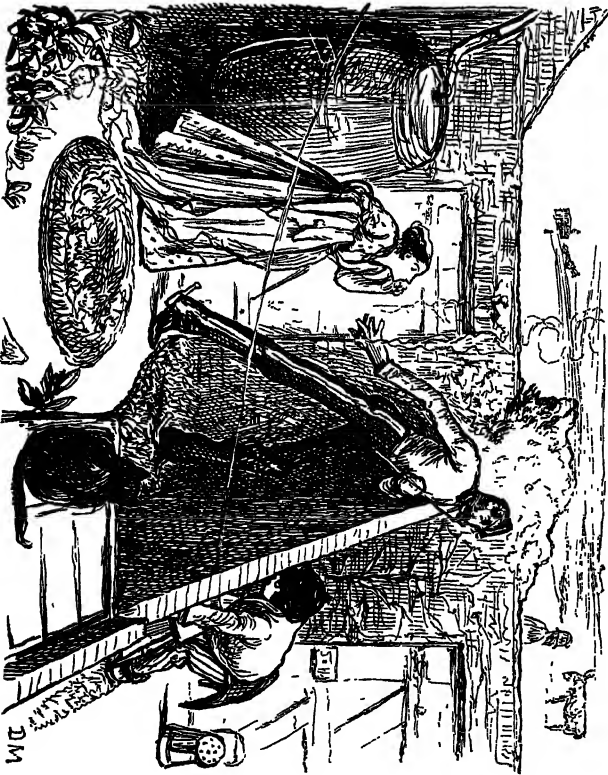
CHAP. I.



CHAP. III.



CHAP. II.



CHAP. IV.

To be Continued.
D.M.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



VERY jolly to have a friend like WILLIS. A large-hearted, generous fellow, who keeps open bedroom for friends. Perhaps he'll let me stay here for a week or so. At nine o'clock in London, with nothing particular to do, it is difficult to decide where to go. The theatres are half over; and then if you haven't got your place, and aren't dressed for the evening, it's uncomfortable. There's Cremorne. But nobody's there until about eleven. MADAME TUSAUD'S is always the same; but I suppose that's shut by this. Besides, I want something more stirring and exciting. Wonder if anything's going on at the Egyptian Hall? Might walk there. I go there: it is closed. At St. James's Hall there are the *Christys*. As

I arrive, people are beginning to leave. Policeman at door says it will all be over in ten minutes. No good going in for ten minutes. Three shillings for fourteen minutes is—three in fourteen is four and two-thirds of a minute, or a shilling over. I should like to make a night of it somewhere; but where? I almost wish WIGHTHORPE had stopped with me. I shouldn't have minded paying his cab to Cremorne, if he would have come. If I went now, I should be in time for everything: perhaps the balloon, too; certainly the fireworks.

Happy Thought.—Go to my Club, and see if I can get somebody to go with me.

Mine is a quiet little Club in a quiet corner. It's very convenient for anyone living in the country: at least so everyone says. But I can't see why it is more convenient than any other when you're once in London. It makes a home for you in town. As I enter I notice a new hall-porter, who notices me, and he evidently inquires my name of another porter. To save trouble, I ask if there are any letters for me. I don't expect any, of course. By the way, I do, though—an answer from BOODELS about publishers jumping at his poems. Porter makes a faint attempt at pretending to remember my name. I help him to it. There is a letter from BOODELS. Into the smoking-room to read it. I don't want any brandy-and-water, nor a cigar, but I call for them, and take a seat in the smoking-room. As I don't recognise anyone there, I am glad to have BOODELS' letter to read. BOODELS' letter informs me that his printing and publishing was an exceptional affair, as his publisher was a distant connection of his family's by his mother's side, and so they did it more to oblige him than for any other reason; but he was sure, if I knew any respectable firm, they would be most happy to do it for me. If it is a work of a philosophical and scientific character, why not go (says the letter) to PORGOOD AND SPERRY? He incloses PORGOOD AND SPERRY'S address (cut out of a newspaper) and wishes me luck. "P.S. You mustn't be surprised if you hear of my being married soon. Don't mention it at present. Any day you like to come down and have some fun dragging the pond, do. I shall be delighted to see you. Remember me to your wife."

Oh, BOODELS can't be going to be married. Impossible. But why impossible? Why should I be surprised?

Happy Thought.—To write him something pretty and neat back in verse. Something he can keep and show to his intended, and say, "Wasn't that thoughtful of him?"

I will. Awkward word to rhyme to—"BOODELS." Poodles. Noodles. Toodles. There's a farce called *The Toodles*. Saw it once in a country theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Toodles. Might say

"Oh, may you, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS BOODELS,
Be happy as Mister and Mrs. Toodles!"

Then Noodles has to be got in:—

"'Tis true, my dear BOODELS,
Unmarried are Noodles,
They pet their small lap-dogs,
Canaries, and Poodles.
But you," &c., &c.

Mem. To work this up, and send it to-morrow. I find that the firm that published BOODELS' lucubrations was WINSER, FINCHIN, AND WATTLEMAS. The whole firm couldn't have been distant connections.

Past Eleven o'clock.—No one in the Club I know. If I go to Cremorne by myself, it's dull; and the fireworks will be over. Besides, after all, what are fireworks unless you're in spirits for 'em? A gentleman in evening dress saunters into the Club-room, followed by two others, laughing heartily. They all order "Slings," and as the first turns round, I exclaim, "Hallo, MILBURN!" It's quite a pleasure to join in a conversation.

He introduces me to his friends LORD DUNGENESS and COUNT DE —. I couldn't quite catch the name, but it sounded like "BOOTJACK;" and MILBURN took the opportunity of whispering to me, immediately afterwards, that he was a distinguished Prussian over here on a secret embassy.

Happy Thought.—To say, "No! is he?" and watch him taking gin-sling.

Happy Thought. Hessian boots.

I put this down in my note-book as a happy thought, because, somehow or other, I can't help associating a Count with Hessian boots. I never met a real one before. Hitherto, I fancy, I had considered it as a stage title—a dashing character in a Hussar uniform, with a comic servant and a small portmanteau. I can't help thinking that (as WIGHTHORPE said at the French dinner) I am narrow-minded on some points. A literary man and a philosopher should be large-hearted. I confess (to myself in my *mem-book*) that I am a little annoyed with myself at finding the mention of a Count only brings up the idea of Hessian boots. Somehow, also, polkas with brass heels. It shows what early training is: I recollect some picture or another, when I was a boy, of two smiling Hungarians, in red jackets and brass heels dancing a toe-and-heel step to polka time. My nurse used to call them a Count and Countess, and I've never got over it. Must take care how I train my baby with the rashes.

[Our baby always has rashes all over him. There never was such a troublesome baby. When my wife and myself once went to a theatre, we heard a troublesome scoundrel described as "a villain of the deepest dye." By an inspiration I noted down

Happy Thought. Our infant a "baby of the deepest dye."]

The COUNT DE BOOTJACK does not immediately get up and dance the polka, but sucks his gin-sling rapidly, talking excellent English.

The conversation turns on farming. Ours is a country gentleman's club, and therefore, whenever we can, we do turn the conversation on farming. LORD DUNGENESS asks me how things are in my part of the world? I reply (this being safe), that the farmers in my part are complaining. He becomes interested immediately, and inquires "What about?" I have to take time to consider my answer, as I don't know what they are complaining about; nor, except for the sake of keeping up a conversation, that they are complaining at all. I throw my remark out as a feeler, because now is evidently an opportunity for me to learn something about Agriculture. (*Typ. Develop.*, vol. iii., par. 1, letter A, "Agriculture.") MILBURN takes the reply out of my mouth, by interrupting with "Pooh! let 'em complain, the English farmer doesn't know how to pull the value off his land." We are all interested now; ready to pick up intelligence about the English farmer.

MILBURN'S idea is to "let the soil rest." This appears very sensible, and I can't help expressing myself to that effect: the COUNT asks me "Why?" I reply that it is evident to reason (not to put it on agricultural grounds), that if you let it rest, it is fresh again.

Happy Thought. Got out of that very well. The explanation doesn't seem to impress them much, as they continue their argument. [I note down what I can of their conversation at odd times, for future use.] LORD DUNGENESS wants to know "Why let it rest?" "There," he says, "is the ground—there it remains—it doesn't run away."

Happy Thought, which I say out loud, "It might, in a landslip."

MILBURN complains that I will come in as a buffoon. I beg his pardon with some asperity, I meant it. The two others, the COUNT, and LORD DUNGENESS, agree with me that a landslip might make a difference; but barring landslips, there was your land, you raised your crops, you turned it over, you were always working it, lower soils and top soils, with dressings, and you'd pull off cent. per cent. every year. The COUNT remarks that that is true, in Turnips alone.

Happy Thought. Cent. per cent. in turnips: go in for turnips. MILBURN shakes his head over potatoes this year.

"Except," says LORD DUNGENESS, "in Jersey—large exports made there now." This diverts the conversation for a time to Jersey. I say, *apropos* of the potatoes, that I've never been to Jersey. MILBURN asks me if I'll go, with him? We have more gin-sling, and I

arrange to go to Jersey with him in a few weeks' time. Shall have to explain this to my wife judiciously.

The Count says that Prussians let the soil work itself; which seems clever.

"But after three years of top-dressings?" puts in LORD DUNGENESS.

I feel inclined (LORD DUNGENESS has pointed this question so strongly) to say, "Yes, what would you do then?" only it occurs to me that in that form, and from *me*, it would sound like a riddle, and MILBURN would immediately reply, "Gib it up," like a nigger (*I know him*) which would stop this really interesting and valuable conversation. So I merely listen, and look as farmerish as possible.

An Irish gentleman joins us, a large landed proprietor, MILBURN whispers to me, and plunges at once, *in medias res*, by observing defiantly that there is no farming like Irish farming. The Prussian Count attends to this closely. Perhaps this is some of the secret information he has come over for. MILBURN doubts this statement about Irish farming. The Irish gentleman offers to prove it to him on his fingers, with a cigar.

"Thus, ye'll take so many counties, ye see"—we all say "yes," and nod. "Well," he continues, "ye don't take one crop and there an end, but ye just take one afther the other and work 'em on and on, successively, and each one helps the others. Ye take one field with the other"—here he sums up on his left-hand fingers, checking them off as fields, or farmers, or counties, (we are none of us, I am sure, quite clear which) "and ye lose nothing 'av the prod'huce. The acres last for ever—it's not like hard cash or paper—and ye get your interest and principal together, increasing the first, and the second too, for the matter of that, in proportion. Ye see how 'tis?" As we all profess to have followed his argument closely, he doesn't continue, but announces himself as being dry, and orders "what you other fellows are drinking there with ice in it." Here are two people I never met before—a Prussian Count and an Irish Landed Proprietor.

Happy Thought. Opportunity for varied information. Ask Irish Proprietor if he's ever been shot at from behind a hedge. He laughs at my credulity. "They *never* do it," he says. "I reply that I had thought from the Papers, that—"

"The Papers!" he exclaims. "If ye'll believe a word *they* say of Ireland, I give ye up intirely." As I don't want to irritate him, I tell him that I don't believe every word they say, and assure him that I am only asking for information.

"Why, Sir," he says, "my property lies among the worst and wildest parts, and I might walk among 'em any day if I chose, Protestant or Catholic, no matter, without a gun or a dog, or a stick, or any mortal thing, and they'd not touch me."

Interesting conversation this: must get back to WILLIS's, though.

PUFFS OF THE PERIOD.

A FIRM of Chemists and Druggists thus advertises, in the *Post*, a species of wash—for the boudoir observe, not the pigstye:—

"MILK OF CUCUMBERS.—This celebrated American Cosmétique is now used at every Court in Europe, being preferred for its simplicity and world-renowned efficacy in rendering the skin fair, soft, and blooming. Also the AMERICAN PICK-ME-UP BITTERS, best tonic known."

The Milk of Cucumbers probably owes much of its efficacy to the property, for which those cucurbitaceous productions have been celebrated ever since SWIFT's time, of absorbing the solar rays, whereby it may be conceived they act cosmetically in taking out sunburn, tan, and summer-freckles. Otherwise, perhaps, yellow-soap in combination with soft water would be preferable for its simplicity to anything else in the way of a local application to clear the skin, unless in the estimation of very simple minds. Yet the foregoing advertisement is evidently addressed to fast "Girls of the Period." It recommends, to a class of fashionable females the "Milk of Cucumbers," and also the "American Pick-me-up Bitters, best tonic known." To be sure a state of nasal promontory calling for a cosmetic, and a condition of digestive organs requiring a stomachic, might alike result from habitual excess in cigars and brandy-and-water.

A somewhat different order of readers is appealed to in the same paper by the following equivocal announcement:—

"CONVERTIBLE OTTOMANS, for centre of Rooms; to form two Settees and two Easy Chairs—a great improvement on the ordinary Ottoman."

The Convertible Ottoman should indeed be a great improvement, and a very great improvement, on the ordinary Ottoman. The latter may be supposed to be stubborn, if not stiff-necked; and therefore inconvertible. The Convertible Ottoman is, we can conceive, less resisting, and, so to speak, meeker than the other, and accordingly more easily to be sat upon. No missionary platform can be considered to be completely furnished without at least one Convertible Ottoman that has been actually converted, and it is manifest that Convertible Ottomans would be conveniently put in their right places amongst the seats in Exeter Hall.

CONFOUND THEIR IMPUDENCE!

VOLUNTEER cads—hang them!—
Dare to grumble—hang them!—
When we, of the Service,
Condescend to slang them!

Plead, that in a field-day
Or review, no wonder
Amateurs, or regulars,
Should commit a blunder:

Hint as how at Wormwood
Scrubs, and Aldershot, too,
Line and Guards don't *always*
Know where they have got to:

That there *have* been cases
Of what *we* call "clubbing,"—
District Generals "wiggling,"
Even "Horse-Guards" snubbing:

That a brigadier—
Not a very bright one—
Has been known to give the
Wrong word for the right one:

That, if Volunteers
Do sometimes make muddles,
Blaze away their ramrods,
Or get into huddles,
Are long closing into
Square, or opening out of it,
Will talk in the ranks, or
Turn heads—not a doubt of it—

'Twasn't Volunteers,
But regular Queen's shillings,
Set Dragoon Guards riding
Into Inniskillings.

How dare snobs, who never
Mustered round mess-tables,
Do "guards," "rounds," "inspections,"
"Rooms," "parades," or "stables"—

How dare they, who scarce know
What "Eyes right!" or "Dress!" is,
Poke their noses into
Military messes?

APPLEISTS AND ONIONISTS.

WHAT shall we say of the portentous fact thus stated in a leader on prosecutions for heresy in the *Times*:—

"What in the eyes of one Bishop is saving doctrine, to be clung to and propagated, is in the eyes of another a pestilential heresy, to be stamped out before it is spread in the diocese."

Perhaps the best that can be said is a variation of a popular distich:—

"Different Bishops have different opinions;
Some are Ritualists and some Socinians."

Or, if you prefer the Latin tongue to the vernacular:—

"Quot episcopi tot sententiæ."

So much, or so little is the least that can be said—and that is the soonest mended. What's the odds, my Lords, so long as you're established?

A Truth for the Table.

SAYS the *Times*:—

"We are authorised to state that TOUSSOON PASHA was present at the Breakfast given by the QUEEN at Buckingham Palace on Monday last."

This welcome announcement will doubtless elicit a very general quotation of the adage which, in commendation of punctuality, avers that it is better to be too soon than too late.

THE SEVERITY OF THE SUMMER.

THE dog-days have come—to find cautious people wrapped in fleecy hosiery, and shivering over the fire. The weather has one canine characteristic, not usually associated with the dog-days—it is very biting.



NOVEL SCULLING MATCH,

IN ONE BOAT, AND ON A SMALL POND.

"NOW, GIRLS, WHICHEVER SIDE BUMPS THE SHORE FIRST, WINS! SO, ONE, TWO, THREE, AND AWAY! AND, IF YOU LIKE, I WILL BE THE PRIZE!"

(THE IRISH CHURCH) VENUS ATTIRED BY THE (CHRISTIAN) GRACES.

"*Simplex munditiis*," not "*naturalibus*;"

Neat, but not naked, *our* mistress must be:

Shall Babylon's trull go in "*pontificalibus*,"

And *our* Anglican maiden stripped stark shall we see?

No; the garments that GLADSTONE, with hand sacrilegious,

From her poor shiv'ring body relentlessly tore,

We'll not only give back, but her beauties egregious,

We'll cover with vestments more rich than before.

As Heathendom's Graces to fair Aphrodite

Gave the cestus and veil that her witch'ry enhanced,

Till those whom nude charms, though of magic so mighty,

Were powerless to sway, her draped beauties entranced,—

So we, Christian Graces, fair Faith, florid Hope,

And Charity—thinking and speaking no ill—

Our Irish Church Venus, in spite of the Pope,

To bedeck, will employ all our strength and our skill.

Till they who no comeliness saw to desire her,

In these limbs, bare of purple, fine linen, and gold,

Shall bow down their hearts when we gloriously 'tire her

In the metal for which creed and conscience are sold.

Not a garment she wore, when established aforetime,

But, if single-pile then, henceforth three-pile shall be;

And our ill-treated mistress shall rise, from this sore time,

Rich in all Christian Graces' best grace—£ s. d.

And Several of Them.

At the last State Concert was performed "Heaven preserve the Emperor with Variations." Would not this do for the French National Anthem?

VOCAL GOVERNMENT.

WELSHPOOL is a nice place—for Montgomeryshire, and the Welshpoolers must be uncommonly nice people, judging by a specimen of those whom they elect to govern them. From the *Oswestry Advertiser* we extract the following report of a sweet little scene at the Local Board:—

"MR. JOHN MORRIS. I say, without the slightest fear of contradiction from any man alive, that had it not been for three members of this Board there would have been no trial in RIDER's claim.

"THE MAYOR. I must make one remark upon that. I will not sit at this Board and hear insinuations and accusations made by MR. JOHN MORRIS against any member of this Board, and, repeating his own words, I will tell MR. JOHN MORRIS that, without the slightest fear of any man alive, he is not to sit at this Board and attempt to browbeat or intimidate its members.

"MR. JOHN MORRIS. Yes! and look here too. I give you notice now, that if you don't restore my water which you have taken away from me, I shall have an action entered at once. There! I don't like any clique work!

"MR. D. HUMPHREYS. MR. MAYOR, I—

"MR. JOHN MORRIS. Botheration! Sit down! can't you?

"In the midst of a general Babel,

"MR. PARKER. I rise to order. Will you please obtain order—

"THE MAYOR. I should be very happy to do so if I could. It really seems quite impossible."

Mr. Punch would like to be a member of this Board. Its proceedings may not be exactly dignified, but they are certainly not dull. He proposes to keep his eye upon it, and trusts, next week, to read of another General Babel. He always had an intense reverence for Local Government, which this sort of thing is calculated to exalt in the esteem of all right-thinking persons. Go it, MR. MAYOR, go it, MR. MORRIS, and more power to your respective and respectable elbows. N.B. Copy the Address.

A PROTESTANT POKE.—Mohammedans leave their shoes at the doors of their places of worship: Papists their understandings.



(THE IRISH CHURCH) VENUS ATTIRED BY THE
(CHRISTIAN) GRACES.

FAITH . . L-D W-ST-B-R-Y.

HOPE . . E-L G-R-Y.

CHARITY . . L-D C-R-NS.

THE SHILLING OPERAS AT SYDENHAM.



N Opera in a hot house is a common thing enough, but it is a novelty to sit and hear an opera in a greenhouse. This is what may now be done on Shilling Days at Sydenham; and people fond of novelty had better note the fact, and pay the place a visit. Amid the Crystal Palace greenery, they'll find a stage with pretty scenery, And an orchestra and chorus, whose singing is stentor'ous; And a pleasant prima donna—may bouquets be showered on her!—And a tenor, and a bass, as is commonly the case; And HERR MANNs, who does his best, as indeed do all the rest.

What with vulgar Music Halls and stupid nigger melodies, the shilling public now-a-days hear plenty of bad music; and, as *Punch* believes that bad music can do no good to any one, he welcomes with delight any chance whereby the public taste may be

improved, and therefore wishes all success to the Sydenham Shilling Operas.

A FAITH ABOVE FACTS.

No Protestant but a narrow-minded one will deny that the POPE is a fine old Roman gentleman. There is much in his Holiness for a thoroughgoing British High Tory, in particular, to admire extremely. Whatever a maintainer of Right Divine and the Royal Supremacy in Church and State may think about those of the Sovereign Pontiff's principles which are not identical with his own, he cannot but respect the gallant determination with which the POPE sticks to them all, and stands to his guns. The following passage in a speech made the other day by PRO NONO, thanking the Cardinals and other dignitaries for their congratulations addressed to him on the anniversary of his accession to his pontificate is magnificent in its way:—

"The world is divided, as it were, into two societies—one numerous, powerful, restless, and agitated; the other less numerous, but calm and faithful. . . . Thus, to-day, we see revolution with socialism in its suite, condemning and denying religion, morality, and God Himself; and on the other side the true faithful, who, calm and firm in their faith, wait patiently for good principles to resume their salutary empire, and for the designs of God to be accomplished. Ah! if sovereigns adopted these good principles, how much more easy would it be for them to govern their people! How much good could they do to their people and to themselves!"

One Sovereign at least will certainly be allowed, and even boasted by the POPE to have adopted those good principles of Government which his Holiness mentions. Perhaps he will not only grant but affirm that one other Sovereign has also sought to govern on the same principles. Are not those the principles on which Rome is governed to this day, and the Neapolitan kingdom was for a long while governed until the other? But how easy did old BOMBA find it to govern his people, and how, by trying to govern them as his son and successor tried, has it fared with the present ex-KING OF NAPLES? How easy has PIUS himself found it to govern his subjects, without the help of a French garrison and thaumaturgic Chassepot rifles? What amount of good have the POPE and FRANCIS THE SECOND done either to their people or themselves by the attempt at enforcing those principles of government which his Holiness calls good? Never mind, says the POPE. The principles are good, how much soever facts may appear to tell against them. So much the worse for the facts. Facts *anathema sint*. Dash the facts, in effect, says the Holy Father, and it is brave of him to say so. Facts are called by the vulgar stubborn things; the POPE treats adverse facts as obstinate heretics. If there is something ludicrous in this confidence, it borders on the sublime.

In Their Right Places.

"Ministers at the Mansion House." This does not, but might refer to Dissenting Ministers, of whom some eminent ones have lately been guests at the Mansion House banquets—a very desirable addition to the Lord Mayor's table.

LONDON SEWAGE AND THAMES BREWAGE.—Where dirty dogs should go, for their reflections—Barking Creek?

CASTLE OF OTRANTO BALLS.

THE entertaining Paris Correspondent of the *Post* apprised us lately that in the sphere of high jinks at that capital, "the practice of asking more people to a ball than the rooms will hold, even if the men and women are packed, has become so ridiculous as to oblige some of the late arrivals not only to occupy the stairs but the hall of the hotel." He adds the following statement of a Parisian gentleman:—

"Last night I never attempted even to approach the first floor; I found some friends in the hall below, and the servants waiting for the company were turned out, poor fellows, and we took their form seats, and enjoyed a pleasant gossip. Two ladies were brought down fainting, and one old gentleman, we heard, had indulged in a fit. Dancing was out of the question."

It hence appears that *res angusta domi* may coexist, and consist with extensive means, *res angusta cum rebus augustis*, spacious rooms with lack of elbow-room. Certainly a considerably fat man's waistcoat might have been too strait for the late MR. DANIEL LAMBERT, of corpulent memory, or for the present MR. BANTING before he had done Banting. So, if you will live out of all measure, and out of all compass, your means, unless they are boundless, must needs be straitened. Every man's house in England is his castle; but if anyone of us be fool enough to borrow the French practice of inviting more guests to his ball than his house will hold, that castle will become something like a Castle of Otranto; quite like it if, as MR. O'BALLAGHAN might suggest, they all come into it.

We may dare to conjecture that were DR. JOHNSON alive on this earth, and told about these Castle of Otranto Balls by BOZZY, also alive and toadying, the great Lexicographer, Aphorist, and Jupiter Tonans would have roared, "Sir, the man who will overcrowd his house will outrun the constable." It may be naturally surmised that the sumptuous classes in Paris, accustomed to give balls too big for their ball-rooms, are also accustomed to purchase luxuries and splendours of which the expense exceeds the limits, how wide soever, of their incomes. Anybody, you may think, who would be fool enough to do the one thing, would be also just the fool to do the other. This last supposition, however, may be questioned. It is not easy to conceive even the greatest of fools giving balls at which the crowd prevents dancing, with any view to pleasure either for himself or his company. On the other hand it is clear that the giver of such balls wants, for some reason or other, to take at least as many people as possible in. That reason may be the wish to impose, for his own purposes, on those people. It may answer the purpose of a gambler on the Bourse, for instance, to give a Castle of Otranto Ball.

Pity for the poor servants shoved out of their hall, is an amiable feeling suggested by the idea of these exorbitant balls. But if all footmen are funkeys, and all maid-servants as bad, the people who, out of mere deference to a vile fashion, can go and occupy "their form" seats, and there "enjoy a pleasant" and no doubt characteristic "gossip," are surely the right persons in the right place.

A TERRIBLE VISITOR.

MY DEAR WHALLEY,

HAVE you heard the dreadful news? It was made known to the House, just ere the witching hour of midnight, on last Monday week: when, referring to a vote of further funds for restoration of the crypt beneath St. Stephens:—

"MR. GUILDFORD ONSLOW hoped the House would not refuse the vote. A Catholic priest, a friend of his, had seen the crypt, and thought it very beautiful. (*Laughter*)."

At this awful news the House is reported to have laughed! Laughed? yes, "regardless of their fate, the little lambkins play." But your fertile mind will grasp the terrible significance of the disclosure which was made. A Catholic priest has been exploring underneath St. Stephens! When a visitor like this is admitted to a House, ought not somebody to keep a sharpish look out for the *Fanques*?

Yours, in fear and trembling,

PUNCH.

Boys will Understand This.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, being followed by a lot of children the other day, bought a quantity of ginger-bread, and tossed it among them. So says the *Star*. We hope that it is a good omen. Let him begin by giving Ginger-Bread, and then proceed to give Parliament.

EX NILO A GREAT DEAL FIT.

THE Harvest will, we trust, be a good one. Anyhow, the Crystal Palace authorities, who received 33,000 persons at the *fête* for which the VICEROY was lent them, will say that there is corn in Egypt.



WIMBLEDON. 1869.

The Irrepressible 'Arry (to Swell—Small-bore Man—who has just fired). "YA—AH! NEVER 'IT IT!!"

A PLEA FOR PITCH-AND-TOSS.

MR. PUNCH,

Those of your readers who also read the *Times*, and read it through, not over-looking, but looking over, its column of police-reports, saw that at the Temple of Summary Justice, named from the Thames, on Monday last week, eight lads, between the ages of thirteen and nineteen, were charged with playing at pitch-and-toss with pence and halfpence in various parts of the district on the previous day. It is true, Sir, that though pitch-and-toss is an amusement, not to say recreation, generally deemed unsuitable to Sunday, those who practise it thereon may be thought to harm nobody besides themselves. But that game is unlawful on all days of the week; moreover, the "gambling" of these youths "was accompanied with ribaldry and noise," constituting a "nuisance," of which, according to the *Times* reporter, "the respectable inhabitants complained." There is, therefore, not the slightest reason to imagine that Sabbatarianism in any-wise affected the judgment pronounced from the Bench as follows:—

"The Magistrate said the last Monday he presided in that Court he limited the duration of imprisonment to eight days. He should now extend the imprisonment to ten days with hard labour, and if that did not suppress the nuisance, he should go on increasing the punishment until the *maximum* sentence of three months' imprisonment with hard labour was inflicted."

The Court in this case, I quite admit, very fairly awarded what the law did give, and consistently proposed to award as much more of the same correction to gamblers at pitch-and-toss as it could. Magistrates are bound to enforce the law. But had not the law as regards pitch-and-toss gamblers better be repealed, for the benefit of their betters—the betting men? Gambling is gambling at all times and all places; on a race-course just as much as in the streets. Moreover, if the accompaniments to gambling called ribaldry and noise constitute it a nuisance, of which respectable people have a right to complain, what gambling ought to be more illegal than that which takes place on the Turf? The dearest interests of jockeydom, Sir, stand in jeopardy so long as pitch-and-toss is a prohibited pastime. Pitch-and-toss, you know, is the special form of gambling to which the Roughts are parti-

cularly addicted. If that's to remain unlawful, they will by-and-by demand the prohibition of betting such as that which ruins horsey Peers. Now, Sir, only fancy a law passed to save noblemen and gentlemen from themselves by making them liable to imprisonment and hard labour for laying a wager on a racehorse! Imagine your contemporaries (the *Record* and all) subject to a penalty for the publication of sporting intelligence with the state of the odds! This is the pass which the Turf must shortly come to, unless pitch-and-toss is legalised; or let the Aristocracy look out for Hyde Park palings. The Roughts will not submit to stand by and see their fellow-men of the Peerage and the Gentry privileged to demoralise and beggar themselves. They will insist that seedy coronets and withered strawberry-leaves, and sold up members of the House of Lords, the results of sporting, are at least as ugly as any that can be adduced against pitch-and-toss. Perhaps, there are Legislators, even in the Upper House, who will agree with them on that point. Suppose LORD SHAFTESBURY were obliged to choose between playing a game at pitch-and-toss and backing a horse, even at Ascot, I am afraid of the two he would rather play pitch-and-toss, and that in the street. So, to say the truth, if he were a moral man, would,

Yours truly,

DONCASTER.

UNGAINLYSBOROUGH'S BLUE BOYS.

ACCORDING to the *Telegraph*, the QUEEN's breakfast has settled the chief article of full dress for mornings—a Blue Dress Coat, with Brass Buttons. Dash our own if we put it on! That's final, and so the proud tailors may go marching away, and invent something comelier. We can't help women wearing whatever the things they call their minds are set upon, but, disestablish it all, a man can refuse to be a Guy, unless he have been christened by that noble name. A black frock coat, and a flower, or no Buckingham breakfasts for *Mr. Punch*—should not the QUEEN command other garb. To please his Sovereign he would come in a hop-sack, with a cabbage-leaf on his head; but he listens to no tailors, except JEREMY TAYLOR.



LOOKING FORWARD.

Lady. "PERHAPS I HAD BETTER HAVE MY HEAD SHAVED AGAIN IN A DAY OR TWO, MR. SNIPPINS. I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT MY HAIR GROWING NOW, BUT IT MAY COME IN AGAIN SOME DAY."

CROCKFORD'S AND TATTERSALL'S.

A MAN of mark upon the Turf, that calling who pursues,
Which PALMER, him of Rugely, brought to perish in his shoes,
Whilst walking down St. James's Street the Wellington passed by,
Called Crockford's in the days of yore, when great folks gambled high.

"Ah! that was once the rendezvous of noblemen and swells,"
Said then the pensive sporting-man, "the first of London's hells,
And now it is a restaurant—to that use come at last!
And hells are 'mongst old English institutions of the Past.

"Stay, are they? 'No,' methinks I hear the moral lot exclaim,
'For betting-house and gambling-house in fact are just the same,
They say that betting on a horse is quite as bad as play,
And that the betting-house should go the gambling-house's way.

"Well, that I am informed by some, will make no odds to me,
No obstacle the racing odds in taking prove to be.
Because that Act, illegal which the betting-office calls,
Prohibits not a private Club—and such is Tattersall's.

"Alas, I fear if that's the law 'twill not remain so long,
For betting no doubt gambling is, and wrong if gambling's wrong.
A betting-office if a den of infamy you dub,
What else, except a bigger, can you call a betting-club?

"'Tis with a sad foreboding that I cast mine eye upon
That pile, in time past Crockford's, which is now the Wellington;
And, all except the horse-mart, we may live, a Chapel's walls,
To the see site enclosing of what now is Tattersall's."

To the Mercantile Marine.

OFFICERS in the Merchant Service, at least those under the rank of Captain, who find their duties arduous, should marry, for then they would be sure of a helpmate.

A JENNEROUS SUGGESTION.

IN the course of a late discussion in the House of Commons touching the Royal Parks, occasion was taken by MR. EDGAR A. BOWRING to animadvert "on the various architectural incongruities and monstrosities which have of late years been placed in the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens, to the great disfigurement of those Gardens," and he "specially instanced the Speke monument, Dr. Jenner's statue, and the alcove known as 'Queen Anne's Arbour.'"

The Speke monument may speak for itself. Queen Anne's Arbour would perhaps have been relegated to Elysium some time ago, had Commissioners of Works sufficiently understood the fact that QUEEN ANNE is dead. But the statue of DR. JENNER has perhaps a special claim to be let stay where it is representing JENNER, rapt in a brown study, meditating on the subjacent pool. The little boys and girls, who, conducted by their nursemaids or governesses, are accustomed to frequent Kensington Gardens, might be taught by the governesses, if not by the nursemaids, whilst they frisk and play about its pedestal, to look up to it as the image of their great benefactor, to whom they should remember that they owe that prophylactic against disfigurement and destruction imparted in what youth of both sexes generally regard as the medico-chirurgical rite, so to speak, of vaccination. To transfer Jenner's statue from Trafalgar Square to Kensington Gardens, was as the French say, a generous idea, and there would seem to be a certain defect of generosity in its removal.

Very Kind.

THE Spanish Cortes, we learn, has passed the budget, and authorised the Government to lay out the sums necessary to be expended for the public expense during next quarter. This is very good of the Cortes. Unluckily, before the Legislature passed the budget, the Expenditure did the same, by several millions. It is all very well to authorise the Government "to lay out" money—the point is to enable the Government to "lay in" that useful article, which among other slang names bears the highly ironical one of "the Spanish."

THE FARADAY MEMORIAL.

SHALL FARADAY have a statue? He would himself have said "No." But the Philosopher, "not lost but gone before," cannot now decline merited honours. And FARADAY ought to have a statue, if anyone ought. A statue in this world, as well as a good place in another, is the meet recompense not only of the worthies of whom you have read that—

"Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,"

—but also of those others as pleasantly situated:—

"Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes."

Among these latter FARADAY was one of the foremost. Nobody, for a long time has adorned life with more discoveries ministering to its uses than he. The manufactures of steel and glass, electro-telegraphy, and the magneto-electric illumination of lighthouses, may be mentioned as a few of them. The achievements of heroes such as FARADAY are their best epitaphs—might be inscribed on the pedestals of their monuments as battles are on those of meaner conquerors and benefactors of mankind infinitely smaller—if not malefactors. As thus, to name a few:—

Researches,
Theory of Induction,
Course of Electric Currents,
Magneto-electricity,
Diamagnetism,
Liquefaction and Solidification of Gases,
Conservation of Force,
Chemistry of a Candle.

The last named is not the least of FARADAY's services, rendered, as it was in immortal Lectures, especially to boys and girls, now men and women, who will most of them subscribe to his memorial. He was a candle himself of high illuminating power; he threw great light on electricity, turned magnetism into electricity, and electricity into light, and heat likewise, demonstrating the conversion of force into force. *Cui bono?* Lighthouses, &c., improved as above-stated. Wherefore France has had the gratitude and the grace to name a street in Paris after him, and shall England rest behindhand? Englishmen, with the PRINCE OF WALES at the head of them, are taking steps not to remain so. FARADAY is to have a statue; the only difficulty about it will be to find a sculptor equal to making one. We want a MICHAEL ANGELO for the job, or at least a FLAXMAN. For further particulars, apply at the Royal Institution.

TO PLAYGOERS.

If you were to take up a newspaper, and see in it an article calling attention to the merits of SHAKESPEARE as a dramatic writer, or starting society with the announcement that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON was a distinguished soldier, and HANDEL a great musical composer; or, if you were to find in a magazine a notice of the architectural beauties of the General Post-Office, or a very particular description of the Chain Pier at Brighton, would you trouble yourself to read matter so full of novelty and interest? Your answer is such a tremendous negative, that we should as soon think of giving you an outline of the story of *Robinson Crusoe*, as of sketching the plot of the fine-flavoured, sparkling old comedy, with a *bouquet* as fresh to-day as when it was first offered to the taste of the town, which a manager of one of our younger theatres, who, for this his second exhibition of one of the masterpieces of dramatic art, deserves the recompense of a thronged house and a teeming treasury, is now nightly giving all playgoers the opportunity of seeing and enjoying. We will, therefore, only venture to remind you that there are few more distinguished names in the Blue-Book (of fiction) than *Teazle* and *Surface*, *Sneerwell* and *Candour*; that there flourished in the last century, long before envelopes, and lucifers, and photographs, a writer of the name of SHERIDAN, who, amongst other feats of genius, produced a comedy known as *The School for Scandal*, now one of the oldest inhabitants of our Stage, and which will probably be selected for the entertainment of the King of Australasia, when he comes—let us all hope, attended by a punctual cavalry escort—a few generations hence, to observe how the old country is faring; and that this "inimitable" comedy may now be nightly seen, cleverly and spiritedly performed by MR. BARRY SULLIVAN and his company at the Holborn Theatre.

If you have relished this play "many a time and oft," go and get delight out of it again; if you are one of those unaccountable beings, who have never been to Paris, never had a whitebait dinner at Purfleet, never tasted turtle-soup, never heard a nightingale, never beheld the sun rise, never been in love, and never seen *The School for Scandal*, lose no more time, but go and efface this stain from your character without a single night's delay.

Ladies, do you wish to know how you would look if patches and powder were to be the fashion again? Do not neglect to make the acquaintance of *Lady Teazle*, *Lady Sneerwell*, and *Mrs. Candour*.

A MODEST AND RETIRING PENSION.

It probably did not, *Mr. Punch*, escape your notice that in moving the addition of an economic clause to the Civil Offices (Pensions) Bill, MR. FAWCETT related, as an illustration of a scandal arising out of present arrangements relative to the subject of that proposed measure, the interesting story subjoined:—

"An Hon. Member who had sat for many years in that House, and who did not relinquish a single sixpence on taking office, which he held for seven years, having made the necessary declaration, obtained a pension equal to the whole of his salary. Now, at the time he made the necessary declaration, he was living in great luxury, having a town and a country house, a shooting-box, and kept that costly luxury a large yacht, and yet he had obtained a pension of £2000 per annum."

The declaration, which enabled the gentleman alluded to by the Hon. Member for Brighton to obtain the pleasant addition of the above-stated subsidy to an income which may be supposed to have been already more than moderate, "merely required a man to state that a pension was necessary to enable him to maintain his station." Therefore MR. FAWCETT would substitute another for it. So far as expense is an object to the nation, I won't say that he may not be right. At the same time, I am by no means sure that he may not be wrong.

Who is there that would willingly serve his country *gratis*? If such an one there be, Sir, I suspect that his service is just worth what he is willing to take for it. How many volunteers are there on the Petty Jury list, or even on that of the Grand Jury? Here and there you might possibly—I say, possibly, doubting very much whether you would in fact—find a country gentleman capable of electing to serve as High Sheriff, without being "pricked," from motives in part but not all such as those which make a citizen of London desire to be Lord Mayor. Not all, because, in aspiring to the Mayoralty, the citizen is actuated not merely by a pompous nature, but also in general by considerations with some eye to business. But is the sort of man that would choose to be High Sheriff the sort of man that you would choose to serve the nation, or even yourself, in any capacity demanding brains?

Sir, I highly respect MR. FAWCETT; but let me suggest to him that there are two ways of looking at a man who has obtained a retiring pension of £2,000, equal to the whole of his salary, that pension being plus the means of having a town and a country house, and a shooting-box, and keeping that expensive luxury a yacht, and living in great luxury altogether. One way is that of regarding him as grossly overpaid, and thinking what a shame it is that a man already living in great luxury should be enabled to live in still greater luxury at the cost of £2,000 per annum to the nation.

The other way in which such a man may be looked at is the way wherein youth are invited to regard NELSON on the top of his column; except that the former exhibits no loss of an arm, but on the contrary, a gain of £2,000 a year. He may be considered as constituting an example, in short, to youth, of the advantage that may possibly be derived from serving one's country.

Moreover, Sir, just think what a delightful spectacle a retired public servant, enjoying himself on an ample income, presents to those who rejoice in the happiness of another. MR. FAWCETT evidently sympathises less with his fellow public man than with the British tax-payer. Small blame to him, if any, for that, you will say; and of course JOHN BULL, as a commercial gentleman, cannot but ask, "How small a retiring pension can I give a public servant without being likely to find his successor not worth his wages?" Perhaps you will think MR. BULL had better err on the side of generosity than on that of paring the

STILTON.

P.S. Let a retired official enjoying, over and above private affluence, a pension of £2,000 a year, be compared with a Chelsea or Greenwich Pensioner subsisting on a smaller allowance, the recompense, perhaps, for an empty coat-sleeve or a wooden-leg. Which of these two objects, in his way, do you consider the more exemplary and encouraging one to spirited young men? If some retiring pensions were made a little less, with the amount thus saved some others might be made much greater. Perhaps this would be the preferable arrangement.

Out of Harm's Way.

LORD ROLLO has been raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom, and will sit in the House of Lords as LORD DUNNING. Certain Peers, whose names have of late been prominently before the public, must feel rather glad that they are not likely to be seen in the House, now that *Dunning* has begun to be known there.

TWO GOOD MILITARY REFORMS.—Improving the Kit, and abolishing the Cat.

THE BEST "Publisher's Circular."—A Round Dining-Table.



"THE YOUNG IDEA."

Buffles. "YOU SEE, IT'S NOT ONLY NECESSARY TO HOLD YOUR BREATH WHILE TAKING AIM, BUT YOU MUSTN'T EVEN MOVE A MUSCLE!"

Charming Visitor. "THEN HOW DID MR. STACKPOND MAKE THREE BULL'S-EYES RUNNING?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 5, Monday. Irish Church Bill in House of Lords Committee.

Archbishop Tait. MR. GLADSTONE fixes the date from which Private Endowments are reserved to us at 1660. We have older rights. Let's say second year of ELIZABETH? Statute of Uniformity, don't you see?

Lord Chancellor. No, I don't. The Primate's argument is faulty. That statute was meant for the religious benefit of all the Irish.

Lord Granville. Come, business, I should like to do a bit of business with you this evening. We'll give the Church Half a Million for all her Private Endowments. Is it a bargain?

Lord Cairns. I think you'd better put it in writing—on the paper.

Archbishop. We Bishops are not attorneys for the Church. We look at the date from far higher interests. Still, I'm sure that's very conciliatory, very conciliatory indeed of the noble Earl. I will withdraw my amendment. (*Much applause.*)

Archbishop. Well; now, about those Glebe Lands in Ulster—Protestant province, you know. Given us by the King, my countryman, KING JAMES. We really must keep those.

Lord Dufferin. I say! Why, they're worth a million.

Bishop of Derry. So much the better. And pray remember what good fellows the Ulster men are.

Lord Monck. Ulster may not like their being taken, but Ireland will.

Lord Grey. I might have supported the Archbishop, but for that absurd vote of Friday against giving homes to the Priests. Touching which I say we are not delegates to register the decisions of out-door meetings, and at hustings. Government ought to have agreed to giving the homes.

Lord Kimberley. Really, we couldn't.

Lord Cairns. You ought, I tell you. Keep faith with Ulster, which was colonised on a solemn undertaking that Protestantism should be maintained there.

Lord Chancellor. Your historical knowledge is imperfect. And I tell

THE BRITISH LION SECURE.

MR. PUNCH will have seen that his friend, the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, discussing the question of "Concurrent Endowment," adverted to the change, remarkable enough, which has taken place in the mind of the British Public, touching Roman Catholicism, since the time of the Papal Aggression—a change, says the *Times*, "such that the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is daily violated, although it is still retained on the statute book."

Yes; and *Mr. Punch*, will have noted that a change has also taken place in the affairs of Europe. Since the time of the Papal Aggression, the Kingdom of Italy has been created—in a great measure by the help of *Mr. Punch*—Constitutional Government, has, with the same assistance, been established in Austria. ISABELLA THE SECOND, through not attending to *Mr. Punch*, has been obliged to fly her queendom with FATHER CLARET at her tail, and, owing much to *Mr. Punch*, religious liberty triumphs in Spain. All these changes have been made in perfect accordance with the advice of *Mr. Punch*, and entire opposition to the preachments of the Roman Catholic Clergy and the fulminations of the POPE, and his Syllabus. The British Public accordingly thinks it has now no longer any reason to be afraid of Popery. It has not, and had not when it rebuffed Papal Aggression, any objection to Roman Catholicism as a mere religion—for those who belong to it, or choose it. The Ecclesiastical Titles Act has done its work. Perhaps, *Mr. Punch* will possibly subjoin. Nobody ever wanted it enforced. Almost everybody would willingly see it repealed—provided they first saw the French garrison finally withdrawn from Rome. Eh, *Mr. Punch*?

In the meanwhile it will perhaps be *Mr. Punch's* opinion that if ARCHBISHOP MANNING would have his order, and their flocks, show gratitude to those who have been their best friends, and greatest benefactors, he should exhort them to subscribe handsomely for the presentation of testimonials to VICTOR-EMMANUEL, GARIBALDI, and VON BEUST. So at least *Mr. Punch* will think if the honour of thinking with *Mr. Punch* has been vouchsafed to his humble servant the unsleeping

MUSTELA.

"THE MORE YOU STIR IT," &c.

THE wisest thing MR. GRENVILLE MURRAY's friends can do, would be to borrow from his adversary a New man and a FRESH field.

EARL GREY that we are as high-minded as he is, only he is for a paternal sort of Government, while we think the national will should be consulted.

Lord Punch. How can the national Will be consulted until the nation is dead and the will has been proved? My noble friend PENZANCE will tell you better than that. (*Great disapprobation.*) I have as much right to talk nonsense as any other Peer, and I will, too.

Bishop of Ely. You ought to have given the houses to the Priests. But to strip our Church naked and turn it out to fight by the side of largely endowed churches, and to expect it to succeed is to ask a miracle.

Lord Punch. If you, my dear Lord, call all those millions nakedness, I should like to see your tailor's bill. (*Shouts of "Order!"*)

Division. Archbishop victor by 105 to 55.

Lord Salisbury. On the Landowner's redemption of tithe rents I beg to say that I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, and only remark that this Bill is full of conjuring tricks. However, I prefer landlords to lunatics.

Clauses up to 67 got through, with much controversy.

Tuesday. The Bill was resumed.

Lord Cairns. Now, as to this Surplus. Don't let us decide, by the Bill, how it shall be applied. Let it be left to the subsequent discretion of Parliament.

Lord Granville. Your amendments have made an awful hole in it. Don't let's keep the rest dangling as a bone of contention.

Lord Malmesbury. Yes, do. For it will give time for public opinion to come round to Concurrent Endowment.

Lord Punch. Concurrent, my dear Lords, means—1. Acting in conjunction, agreeing in the same act, operating with. 2. Denotes union, or concomitance. (*Loud cries of "Shut up!"*)

Duke of Cleveland. I see no objection to the delay. Public opinion is changing on that subject.

Duke of Argyll. Ireland approves the Government Bill. Do not let us stultify ourselves. This is a plan to undo the decision of Friday.

Lord Salisbury. You, Ministers, are many of you for Concurrent Endowment, only you say that it is now impossible. Very well, let us hold on, and wait till it becomes possible.

Lord Kimberley. Don't lose all your amendments by one that will make it impossible for the Commons to accept the Bill.

Lord Grey. I approve the amendment.

Lord Granville. Do be cautious. Do be considerate.

Majority of 160 to 90. "Shan't."

Postponed Clauses taken. Preamble "amended;" that is, the declared principle that the surplus should not be applied for any Church or Clergy knocked out. Bill passed through Committee.

Friday. Lord Cairns. Now, we'll finally fix the date of the end of the Church at 1st May, 1871.

Lord Stanhope. I have been observing (through a Stanhope lens) the Armagh Observatory. It enjoys certain tithes, which it ought to keep. This is in accord with the spirit of the Bill, as the Observatory looks after the Lunatics.

Lord Dufferin. The scope of the Bill doesn't include the telescopes, but we'll take care of them.

Various wild or uninteresting proposals.

Lord Clanricarde. I insist on the Church being made to pay the building charges on the glebe houses.

Lord Denbigh. I am a Catholic. I said the other night that we would accept houses for our priests. I am desired by our superior clergy to retract that statement.

Lord Russell. Reconsider that Friday vote.

Majority of 91 to 56. "Shan't, we tell you."

Archbishop. Now, about that Half-Million so obligingly offered. We are agreeable. Let us enact to that effect. We only ask a pittance of Three Millions in all—a fifth of our present property.

Lord Granville. Oh! Ah! Yes! But after I made the offer, you took the Ulster glebes. The bargain doesn't stand.

Frantic Chorus, "Yah! yah! Shirk!"

Chancellor. Very fine; but we mean what we say.

Archbishop. Well, we'll put the bargain into the Bill, anyhow.

Bargain inserted without division.

Lord Clancarty. I shall move, on Third Reading, the Rejection of the Bill.

Having thus dramatised proceedings which, without such treatment by *Mr. Punch* would certainly not be understood, probably not heeded, he reverts to his usual narrative form, and descends to the House of Commons, where on

Monday, among various matters, MR. FAWCETT made some observations on SIR JOHN COLERIDGE's being retained for the defence in the Overend-and-Gurney case, and therefore being unable to serve the Crown and the country as a public prosecutor. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL thought proper to fire up terrifically, and to come down in blazing wrath on MR. FAWCETT. People abused the practice of lawyers without understanding it. Any man had a right to the services of any barrister not previously engaged. It was because barristers could not select cases, but must take what came, that their profession was that of a gentleman. If they exercised any judgment, they would be open to the base charge of selling their convictions and opinions. Was an advocate to refuse any brief because some day he might become an officer of the Crown? He did not desire to be taught his duty by MR. FAWCETT. The latter endured all this storm of barrister indignation in defence of the conventionality for which such nonsense is no defence at all, but for which there is a real one in the convenience of the system, and quietly said that he had meant no personality.

MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON (Postmaster-General) explained the Telegraph Scheme, for which the nation has mainly to thank MR. SCUDAMORE. You don't want details, but here are a few points:—

Government has a monopoly in the matter, just as with letters.

All messages, not exceeding 20 words, are to be a Shilling.

You will have forms, to which you will affix payment in stamps, and you may put the forms, when you have written your message (stupid), into any receiving-box or pillar, and the message will be forwarded. He did not say what would be done if you are careless enough not to put stamps enough—the message should be forwarded, and your friend made to pay the balance, as this will promote good feeling.

Next year you are expected to send 8,815,443 messages, which will produce about £514,000 to the revenue.

He did not say this, but we hope it will be made law. At present it is nuisance enough to come home at night, and find your hall table spotted with a lot of letters, which you open, and find wine-sellers' puffs, charity petitions, coal-vendors' price-lists, dentists' invitations, missionary appeals, and tradesmen's bills. To have these things electrotyped will be maddening. Let it be enacted, therefore, that to send anything of this sort by telegram shall be felony, and decidedly without

benefit of clergy, for the parsons are among the worst and most pertinacious of mendicants. A few executions for such crimes will do a deal of good.

Tuesday. Contagious Diseases in Animals Bill discussed in the Commons. We take leave to avoid an unpleasant topic. We always do. The simple rule is, that animals which are Contagious must not be Contiguous with animals which are not. The House's "talk was of bullocks," as SHAKESPEARE contemptuously observes.

MR. RICHARD, Welshman, stated, at great length, that all the landlords in Wales are Conservatives and Churchmen, and all other persons there are Liberals and Dissenters, and that the former oppress the latter for voting according to their convictions. He was accused of personality, but how can you deal with such matters unless you prove cases? He was also accused of exaggeration, of which he was possibly guilty, for the Welsh imagination is vivid (though it appeareth not in Welsh poetry) but those who know the Cambrian landlord know that he hath amazing notions of his rights. But Parliament should refuse all reform or relief to Wales until Welshmen begin to call themselves by distinctive Christian names.

Wednesday was devoted to the Second Reading of the Bill for legalising Trades Unions, so as to give them power to protect their funds. The Bill was read a Second Time, but MR. BRUCE does not think it satisfactory, and promises Government legislation. Understand the grievance. Unions are unlawful, therefore any rascal of a treasurer, or other official who steals the cash-box, cannot be punished.

Thursday. LORD MALMESBURY, on the Third Reading of LORD RUSSELL's Bill for making Life Peers, attacked it, but probably the "situation" in which Lords and Commons are, just now, had more to do with the issue than his Lordship's arguments. Anyhow, and with small wail, the small Bill was massacred by 106 to 77. It died very easily. Bankruptcy and Imprisonment for Debt Bills introduced to those who can neither be bankrupt nor go to prison for debt. The subject is not very interesting, but the Bills are very good.

SIR HENRY BULWER, at the earnest request of the PREMIER, abandoned his intention to raise a discussion on the questions between us and America. But he maintained that it would be better to discuss them. We disagree, and prefer CHAUCER's Sumner's Tale to BULWER's.

In Supply, MR. LAYARD was attacked for having given some directions for House of Commons adornments without getting a specific vote of leave. He defended himself with spirit, and successfully, having a general and continuous right to deal with mere details. He paid a deserved tribute to MESSRS. MOORE and POYNTER, had been much struck with the works of the former in the Academy, and said that the latter's great picture of the Israelites in Egypt was known to most gentlemen, "and had been made still more popular by a celebrated and remarkable Political Caricature." *Mr. Punch's* artist was not in the gallery, or would (he says) have made a neat speech in acknowledgment of the compliment, and we rather wish he had, as he would immediately have been taken into custody.

University Tests Bill read a Third Time and passed, amid cheers. It will be passed into infinite space, amid cheers, in another place.

It is distinctly of the Essence of Parliament (and if it wasn't, we shouldn't care) to state that the Lords and the Commons—seven of each—met at Wimbledon to let off rifles, and that whereas Coronets beat Hats last year, Hats beat Coronets, signally, this year. Division, 333 to 315. Best shots among Lords, SPENCER and DENBIGH (a Catholic, ha! where's WHALLEY?) best among Commons, FORDYCE, M.P. for Aberdeenshire. They all shot with Small Bores—but we refrain from a jest that is old, obvious, offensive, and inappropriate. In fact, it never occurred to us.

Friday. A wonderfully learned discussion on Central Asia. We have sent to MR. STANFORD for maps, and will publish the whole debate, with illustrations, charts, and original anecdotes of SHEER AH (all sheer inventions,) in a double Supplement.

Much fun on the question whether the grating should be removed from the front of the Ladies' Gallery. A very lively letter from a lady, read by MR. LAYARD—quite *Punchy*. The grating is not to be removed. It was justly remarked that the ladies who want only to see and hear can do so, and others ought not to have "another evening amusement" provided for them by the Legislature.

The Juvenile Stakes.

IN this year's competition at Wimbledon all ages have been provided for, down to the very youngest, for whom the "Enfield Nursery Prizes" seem specially designed. But is it not a great risk to entrust an Enfield to such inexperienced hands? Would not a popgun be safer?

SCOTLAND'S LONE FLOWER.

LORD ELCHO has forbidden flower-gardens in the Camp of the Royal Scottish. On second thoughts, however, his Lordship has made an exception in favour of the gigantic thistle before the Scottish mess-tent. None but an ass would think of meddling with *that*!

SANITARY GARDEN PARTIES.



GARDEN parties as a rule are pleasant things enough, if pleasant people are invited; and a man who has an hour or two to spare before he dines may kill the time agreeably by going to such gatherings. Flirting and playing croquet—synonymous amusements—are provocative of appetite, and benefit the health more than smoking a præ-grandial cigar, or sitting in hot club-rooms to read the evening papers.

But there are other garden parties which are still more pleasant things, namely, parties of poor children who are taken to the gardens of Kensington

and Kew and other pleasant places, there to roam and romp about, and enjoy fresh air and sunshine. During the last eight summers one Society alone has given garden parties to some thousands of poor children (statisticians may be grateful if we add the figures 152,710), and has provided them with balls, and bread, and bands of music, and skipping-ropes, and kites, and other marvellous enjoyments, at a total cost, it seems, of £238 18s. 8d., or actually less than a half-penny a head.

How great a pleasure may be given with a very little money, garden parties such as these abundantly may prove. But for their assistance, many thousands of poor children, pent up in courts and cellars, might never see a green tree or a blade of living grass. All success, then, to the Ladies' Sanitary Association, whereby these wholesome children's parties have been rightly set on foot.

N.B. Autographs, however bad, are most thankfully received at the office, 8, Pont Street, provided they be placed at the bottom of a cheque.

There any one who wishes may obtain due information how his money will be spent, and will be certainly assured that some hundreds of poor children will be the healthier and happier the more sovereigns he sends.

FAS EST ET AB HOSTE DOCERI.

1.

THE Lords may love the Irish Church

"Not wisely, but too well;"

The Lords may wish the Gladstone Bill

Had rung BILL GLADSTONE'S knell,—

May give her back a little here,

Grant her a little there,

Till the beggar that came in to them

Comes out a millionaire.

Until that Church is dowered with all

That GLADSTONE would have ta'en,

And dares to hope that godliness

Will be to her great gain.

2.

LORD WESTBURY may in her cause

His faith and fervour wed;

LORD GREY may fling his flowers of speech

Upon her threatened head;

CATERS on her altars desecrate

May wake his Kentish fire;

With DENMAN'S wisdom, MARLBOROUGH'S wit

May in her cause conspire;

From bright MAGEE, blunt LITCHFIELD,

DERRY—ne'er Derry down,—

The Bishops' shout, "Oh, STANLEY, on!"

May THIRLWALL'S accents drown;

Well for the Irish Church if Lords

Were Lords and Masters too,

If but my Lords' work were not done

For Commons to undo!

3.

But though their Lordships so unwise

And ostrich-like may be,

To think no force worth counting with

Save force that they can see,

Upon "the Bill" must *we* pin faith,

"And nothing but the Bill"

And deem good, by unfriendly hands

If proffered, merely ill?

Must we so lump in black and white

Our Whig and Tory views,

As to bolt *all* that GLADSTONE bids,

All SALISBURY asks refuse?

"Not so," says *Punch*, for one: "not so;"

Sure, if slow-witted BULL;

The nettle we've to handle here,

Needs cautious hands to pull.

4.

Then shut up,—noisy pack—your bark

Echoed from hound to hound,

That yelps about the Lords, and cry,

"Down with them to the ground!

Shall they presume our Commons' work

With rude hands to o'erhaul—

Re-mould the Bill against our will,

And of us take the wall?

Ask us their changes to discuss,

Their reasonings to weigh—

Seek in their chaff what grain may be,

And when we find it, stay?

One voice alone the nation has,

We hold the nation's powers:

We of the Commons are the Lords,

Their wills must bow to ours."

5.

Not so: the nation has pronounced

Its verdict fair and free,

"What for the many's meant the few

No more shall hold in fee.

Those who the altar serve shall live

By the altar as of yore;

Nor tens of Protestants usurp

On Papist thousands more."

But from the wealth one Church yields up,

If we a way can find

To clothe the other's nakedness,

We'll give it judgment kind.

Better use fat Church to help lean,

Than leave both Churches bare—

That madmen's beds may be more soft,

And landlord's rates more rare!

JOHN PARRY.

MR. PUNCH feels that he has only to announce that his dear friend—everybody's dear friend,—JOHN PARRY, is compelled—only for a brief time, let us hope,—to decline attending *Mrs. Roseleaf's* delightful Evening Parties, and needs help. If one-tenth of those who have been made happy, or forgetful of their sorrows, by the genius and remarkable personations of JOHN PARRY, would remember their obligations to him, his Benefit on the 15th (Thursday next) would be indeed a Bumper. It is not often that it is in the power of the public to acknowledge their indebtedness to a Public Benefactor, and such *Mr. Punch* considers to be his dear friend, JOHN PARRY.

The Gallant Scots.

As a party of very pretty girls approached the camp of the Royal Scottish at Wimbledon, the band struck up—

"The Camp-belles are Coming!"

BOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

MR. GREENVILLE MURRAY makes light of the effect of LORD CARINGTON'S tap on the head. But to judge by the disgraceful scuffle in Marlborough Street Police Court, he was decidedly afraid of the effect of MR. NEWMAN'S box on the ear.

WIMBLEDON v. WESTMINSTER.

At the Wimbledon match the Commons have beaten the Lords, for the first time. Let us hope that in the Westminster match the Lords have not beaten the Commons for the last.

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND'S GIFT TO THE IRISH PRIESTS.

"PANEM sollicitant: si non lapides, date glebas."



PRIVATE RICKSHAW GOES DOWN TO WIMBLEDON AGAIN, DETERMINED TO PICK UP SOMETHING THIS YEAR.



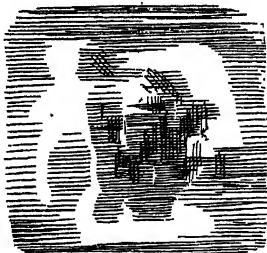
HE HEARS FROM "OLD HAND" OF THE FOURTEEN THINGS HE MUST REMEMBER, FORGETTING ONE OF WHICH HE IS SURE TO COME TO GRIEF.



Another "Old Hand" (just as he's going to fire). "Now, if you miss this shot, my boy, you are done for!"



THOUGHT HE MADE A "BULL"—COULD SWEAR HE GOT "ON." BUT IT WASN'T MARKED, SO HE LOST HIS CHANCE FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.



HE TRIES AGAIN, BUT THE TARGETS ARE SO VAGUE.



SO HE TAKES IT EASY, AND SHUTS HIS EYES.



AND THE FORE SIGHT TAKES THE FORM OF A LIVELY PEACOCK!



AND ULTIMATELY COMES IN FOR A CONSOLATION PRIZE—A SECOND-CLASS TARGET, WEIGHING SEVERAL TONS



THE CHANGELING.

NURSE CANTERBURY. "WHICH WE'VE TOOK THE GREATEST CARE OF 'IM, MEM, AND 'OPE YOU'LL THINK 'IM GROW'D."

MRS. PRIME MINISTER. "THAT IS NOT *MY* CHE-ILD!—NOT IN THE LEAST LIKE IT."

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



STILL at the Club. The conversation (kept up, with animation, by the COUNT DE BOOTJACK, MILBURD, LORD DUNGENESS and the Irish Proprietor) turns upon Drainage. I can't tear myself away from Drainage, as this is to me a novel topic. ["D" for Drainage, *Typical Developments*, Book V.] The Prussian Count questions (as I understand him, or rather as I *don't* understand him) the utility of Alluvial Deposits. MILBURD, who really seems to know what he's talking about on this subject, observes that the great point is neither to exhaust the land by over-manuring and working off three crops for one, nor to under-fertilise it by constant drainage. This (I say, thoughtfully, as I cannot sit there without making some observation) is mere common sense.

MILBURD retorts, with some sharpness, "Of course it's common sense; but who does it?" to which I can only reply, as he seems annoyed, "Ah! that's it," and take a sip at my gin-sling. A pause. More orders to waiter.

Happy Thought.—To say that the Drainage question involves many "slings."

No one seems to notice my having said this, except the Prussian Count, who smiles somewhat patronisingly, and says, "Yes, we drain slings," then laughs again. I laugh, out of compliment, not that I see anything funny in what he said, as it was only a sort of explanation of my joke. The Irish Proprietor asks me if I farm at all. I reply, "No, scarcely at all." This reply sounds like a hundred acres or so, nothing to speak of. [It really means five hens that won't lay, two pigs (invalids), a cock that crows in the afternoon only, and a small field let out to somebody else's cow.]

MILBURD observes that he's heard I've a very nice place in the country. I tell him I shall be very glad if he'll come and see me there. Feeling that this invitation to only one in the company may be taken as a slight to the others, I add (not knowing their names, and I can't address the Count as DE BOOTJACK) "and any one who likes to come down." They murmur something about being delighted, and then follows a sort of awkward pause, as if I'd insulted every one of them.

Happy Thought.—To break the silence by saying, "I like living in the country."

The Irish Proprietor remarks, that I must come to Ireland if I want to see country. "Ye must come over," he says, heartily, "to my shooting-box this side o' Connemara, and I'll show you Ireland."

Happy Thought.—A real opportunity of seeing life and character: the Fine Old Irish Gentleman; bailiffs shot on the premises; port wine; attached peasantry ready to die for the Masther; old servants saying witty things all over the house; cardrivers; laughter all day; flinging money right and left; FATHER TOM and whiskey-punch in the evening, and no one at all uncomfortable except a hard landlord and a rent collector.

I accept with pleasure.

Irish Proprietor wants to know when I'll come, as he shan't be at home for the next four months, but after that will I write to him? I promise.

Note.—Jersey with MILBURD, Ireland with MR. DELANY.

Happy Thought.—Must arrange for my wife to go somewhere with my mother-in-law.

Prussian Count says he must go to bed. I rise too. We say good-bye. He asks me if I'm going anywhere near Brussels this year. I

reply, "No. Jersey and Ireland—I shan't go any farther." "Well," he returns, "if you do, look me up." I promise I will.

Happy Thought.—Ask him to write down his address, so that I may know his name, which of course can't be DE BOOTJACK.

The Count answers that everyone knows him, and that he's always to be heard of either at the Legation or the Embassy; or, if it's after November, and I go on to Turin, "just inquire at the Palace, and they'll tell you my whereabouts, and we'll have a pipe and a chat." I reply, "Oh, yes, of course," as if I was in the habit of calling at Palaces, and having pipes and chats with LORD DERBY.

"He's a greater swell than LORD DERBY when he's at home," says MILBURD, to whom I relate my parting words with the Count. I really *must* go and see him, and drop Ireland and Jersey. More character and life in Brussels, Vienna, and Turin. Diplomatic life, too. The COUNT DE (I *must* get his right title, as it would never do to go to the Palace at Turin, and ask for a Prussian Count, describing him as a greater swell than LORD DERBY, with a name like DE BOOTJACK)—The Count would introduce me everywhere.

Happy Thought.—Get up my French and Italian.

Happy Thought.—Say "good night," and go to WILLIS's, in Conduit Street. MILBURD and LORD DUNGENESS will walk part of the way. MILBURD is suddenly in wonderful spirits. It is almost daylight. MILBURD sees a coffee-stand, and stops. He says, "Wouldn't it be a lark to upset the whole lot, and bolt?" I laugh [*Happy Thought*—like the monks of old, "Ha! ha!"] and get him to walk on. By Burlington Arcade he stops again, and says, "Wouldn't it be a lark to knock up the beadle, and when he came out just say 'How are you this morning?' and run away?" LORD DUNGENESS wishes there was a jolly good fire somewhere, as we'd all have a ride on the engine.

MILBURD observes "he should like to have a row somewhere," and DUNGENESS proposes St. Giles's or Wapping. MILBURD says to me, "Yes, that's your place (meaning Wapping) for character, if you want to fill up *Typical 'Elephants'*." [He will still call *Typical Developments* "Typical Elephants." That's the worst of MILBURD—always overdoes a joke. I will really get one good unanswerable repartee, to be delivered before a lot of people, and settle him for ever. One never knows, now, whether MILBURD is serious or joking.] It occurs to DUNGENESS that he knows what he calls "a crib" where the last comer has to fight the thieves' champion, and "stand liquor" all round. "It's a sort of den," he adds, "that it's not safe to go into without about five policemen." But he doesn't mind.

Happy Thought.—To say, "Should like to see those places very much." But got to be up to-morrow morning, so must go to bed now. Very sorry. Staying with a fellow, so won't do to be too late. As I open the door, MILBURD says, "Don't forget Jersey." Nod my head: all right. As much as to intimate that I'm ready for Jersey at any moment. Can't help thinking what a good fellow WILLIS is to let me have his room in town, and to write to say I might be expected.

Happy Thought.—Simple arrangement a latch-key. Feel as if I were getting in burglariously. Gas out. Wish I knew where the stairs commenced. Stupid practice having a bench in the passage. They might have left out a light—

Happy Thought (in the dark)—instead of leaving a light out. [Mem. Put this down, and work it up as something of SHERIDAN's. People will laugh at it, then.] Fallen against the umbrella-stand. Awkward if the Landlady is awake. She's never seen me before, and I should have to explain who I was and how I got there. Might end in Police. WILLIS ought to have written to his Landlady about me.

Happy Thought.—Stairs at last, and banisters. WILLIS lives on second floor. Snoring on first floor. Stop to listen. Lots of snoring about. Landlady below, perhaps; maid-servant above; lodgers all round: all snoring. Something awful in these sounds. Not solemn, but ghostly, as if all the snoring people would certainly burst out upon you from the different doors. Simile occurs to me—*Roberto* and the Nuns. That ended in a ballet. Fancy this ending in a ballet—with the Landlady. Daylight streams in through window on second flight. Very pale light: makes me feel ghostly, especially about the white waistcoat: a sort of dingy ghost. Up the next stairs quietly. Pass RAWLINSON's bed-room. More snoring. RAWLINSON snores angrily. The other people down below contentedly; except one, somewhere, who varies it with a heavy sigh. Glad to shut the door on it all, and go to bed.

Happy Thought (in connection with the ballet and Roberto).—"WILLIS's Rooms." Good idea this. Should like to wake up RAWLINSON, and tell him what I'd thought of. Won't: don't know him well enough. My portmanteau has been moved into the bed-room evidently. But here's my bag on the sofa: everything in it for the night ready. See these by the pale daylight. Look at myself in the glass. Say, "This won't do: mustn't stop out so late." Hair looks wiry. The bed-room is quite dark, so I must light a candle to go in there, as somehow the stupid idiots at home have put the only thing I really *do* want for night in my portmanteau, instead of in my bag. Delicious it will be to go to bed, and get up when I like in the morning.

Happy Thought.—Bed.

In the bed-room. Hullo! why, I can't have made a mistake: *there's some one in bed*. Is it some one, or a cat, or—no, *Some One* fast asleep. WILLIS come back, confound him! He turns. It isn't WILLIS. But—I can't make it out: these are the rooms I was in before. Yes. I go gently back and examine. Yes, not a doubt of it. I return still more gently, and examine sleeping stranger by candlelight. Don't know him from Adam. Wonder what he's doing there. Sleeping, of course. He can't be a thief. Thieves don't take all their things off (his boots and trousers are littered all over the place anyhow), and go to bed. Drunken lodger, perhaps, mistaken the room. I really don't know what to do. Most awkward situation. Shall I call RAWLINSON up to look at him? What shall I say to RAWLINSON? Say, "Look here, RAWLINSON, sorry to disturb you, but just come and see what I've found in WILLIS's bed."

I mustn't do it too suddenly, or nervously, or RAWLINSON might be frightened into a fit. Recollect hearing once of a man being awoke suddenly, and frightened into a fit. But I think, by the way, that that

had something to do with a sham ghost and a turnip. Perhaps, on the whole, I'd better take my things and go away quietly. Where?

Happy Thought.—Hotel.

Must unpack my portmanteau, and get my things out first, as I can't lug the horrid thing down-stairs without disturbing the house; in which case I should have to explain to everybody. Perhaps there are eight or ten lodgers, and the Landlady. I still stand surveying him by candlelight, as if there were some chance of his getting up, of his own accord, in his sleep, and going away to a hotel instead of me. I only hope he won't wake. He is waking. I can't move. He is awake. We stare at one another. He says, "Eh? Why? What the —?"

Happy Thought.—To answer very politely. Say, "Don't disturb yourself. Quite an accident."

Happy Thought that will come into my mind. Scene from somebody's opera or oratorio, *The Sleeper Awakened*. Whose? Perhaps a continuation of *Sonnambula*. This all flashes across my mind as he says, hazily, "Accident!" Then starting bolt upright, "Not fire!! Eh?"



THE SONG OF THE PASSÉE BELLE.

"The Bismuthive Cream is on my brow,
I've Belladonna in my eye,
Then meet me, meet me in the evening,
When the bloom is on the wry."

COLNEY HATCH AND EARLSWOOD.

WHAT do old nurses mean by a "blessed baby." The only baby that can with any likelihood be called blessed, is a baby that enters this world with the one thing indispensable to the enjoyment thereof in its mouth—a silver spoon. The subjoined paragraph (not entitled an advertisement) in a fashionable newspaper relates to finery designed, apparently, to invest one of those possibly blessed babies:—

"MOONSHINE.—A layette of extraordinary beauty is now on view in—Moon's New Show-rooms—Street. It has been prepared for a Parisian lady, and is thus described by a poetical contemporary:—The wardrobe of the coming angel is a beautiful, feathery, lawny, lacey, silky confection, soft and pure as Moonbeams, and cost £450."

This information about a layette valued at £450 may be supposed to have been addressed to lunatics, some of whom, lunatics of the softer sex, might like to have such a thing bought for them at such a price. Its wind-up, however, descriptive of the "coming angel's" wardrobe, was evidently written by an idiot.

DR. GLADSTONE.

(An Irish Melody.)

AIR—"Nora Creina."

WHEN released from State control,
And safe from Government seduction,
Orange Boys, yourselves console,
We'll set to work at reconstruction.
Then our Church again will rise
Upon the site that's clear for action,
Pointing nobly to the skies,
And give unbounded satisfaction.
Oh, good DOCTOR GLADSTONE, dear,
Our darling honey, DOCTOR GLADSTONE!
All the pills,
For Ireland's ills,
Don't equal your pill, DR. GLADSTONE.

Disestablished, disendowed,
No longer, a perpetual blister,
Poor old Ireland we'll corrode,
And vex her with her English Sister.
Then, from all restraint exempt
On ruling hard and fast decisions,
We, at least, won't earn contempt
By not composing our divisions.
No, good DOCTOR GLADSTONE, dear,
Our sound, staunch Churchman, DR. GLADSTONE,
Out we'll kick
Each heretic,
And all free-thinkers, DR. GLADSTONE.

Hence, with *Essays and Reviews*,
We'll drive all them that bother men so;
Ritualists we will refuse
To stand, or tolerate COLENSO.
They'll be drummed out to that tune
To which the Rogue, degraded, marches.
Don't you wish their likes, as soon
God rid of by the Court of Arches?
Oh, good DOCTOR GLADSTONE, dear,
High Church, but Liberal, DR. GLADSTONE;
We will be,
A Church set free,
To rule itself, by DR. GLADSTONE.

Converts must, in course be made,
Galore, unto our ministration;
In Religion when Free Trade
Has reconciled the Irish nation.
Disestablishment delay
Not one unnecessary moment:
Och, the devil fly away
With all the dirty base endowment!
Yes, good DOCTOR GLADSTONE, dear,
Our gentle surgeon, DOCTOR GLADSTONE;
We will, sure,
A perfect cure,
Bedad, be made by DR. GLADSTONE.

NOT ABDICATED YET.

LORD DERBY still seems to reign over his party, and not to have forfeited his claim to the title of "The E(aryl) King."

BUMBLE'S MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

PERSONS of education, out of Colney Hatch, and never having been in it, or in any other such institution, Spiritualists to wit, are seriously attesting impossibilities, if there are any, in the nature of things. But what of that? *Credo quia impossibile est*, as the Saint said, and was not shut up. Now, then, it may be seasonably mentioned that an eminent surgeon, yet living, remembers having heard people, in the early days of vaccination, declare positively that they knew persons on whose heads that process had developed cowhorns. It was not merely that they had been told so, and believed it. They vowed and swore they had actually seen those who had been vaccinated, with horns growing on their heads. Are you sure they were mad? For aught you know, were they not right?

There are some, perhaps, even now, who can sincerely believe that those people really saw what they said they saw, and were in nowise out of their senses; but, on the contrary, very sensible people. And the *British Medical Journal* names two gentlemen who, very likely indeed, are quite capable of entertaining that belief:—

“At a recent Meeting of the Croydon Board of Guardians, while the subject of the appointment of a public vaccinator was being discussed, MR. NEWMAN, one of the Guardians, took occasion to oppose the proposal. He believed, he said, that it was a cruel and barbarous action to put poison into children; and he did not want a better proof of this than the number of children in the union-house that developed the itch soon after vaccination. In this statement he was supported by MR. COLES, another Guardian, who asserted, on the authority of the nurse, that there was the proof in the children themselves.”

There is really no reason whatever for doubting that the eruption mentioned by the *B. M. J.* did, in fact, ensue on vaccination in the Croydon Workhouse. We will be bound to say, we would bet any money, that it does so in a great many Workhouses. Croydon Workhouse may, or may not, be exceptional as to the common conditions of the development of that disorder. Every boy will tell every other boy who has cut his finger that he will die after it. Of course MR. NEWMAN and MR. COLES have, as wise men, weighed that saying well; and their idea of the consequence of vaccination is to be respected—accordingly.

Medicine and Surgery come by nature to Poor Law Guardians, such as MESSRS. NEWMAN and COLES, and certain others to whose credit our British and Medical contemporary also relates the following anecdotes:—

“At a recent Meeting of the Board of Guardians of the Holyhead Union, one of the relieving officers called attention to the case of a pauper who was said to have dislocated his shoulder four months ago, and asked the Guardians to send the man for treatment to a bone-setter. It was thereon remarked by MR. WALTHER, a Surgeon, one of the Board, that, if the case were one of dislocation, the man ought to be placed under the care of the medical officer; on which several of the Guardians objected to this proposal, one of them especially asserting that medical men knew nothing of bones or their treatment.”

MR. WALTHER, continuing his professional remonstrance, extracted from the Chairman a decision that the Board could not legally pay a bone-setter:—

“On which a Guardian proposed that a subscription should be raised for the purpose.”

This enthusiast, however, found among his fellows no seconder of a proposal to go so far as to sacrifice money to their animosity against regular practitioners; and ultimately “it was determined that the medical officer should report on the case to the next meeting.” At the same institution:—

“A case came before the Board a fortnight previously which was reported to be one of fracture badly treated, but which, on examination in the presence of the Board, MR. WALTHER showed to be a case of joint-inflammation, no fracture or dislocation having occurred.”

The Holyhead Guardians, perhaps, thank MR. WALTHER less than you think they ought to for his assistance in their deliberations on medical matters. In regard to those matters they probably share the sentiments of their two compeers at Croydon. The ideas of these gentlemen about vaccination indicate them to belong to the denomination of “Medical Dissenters,” so calling themselves, founded by MORISON, the great original advertiser of the Universal Medicine. Freedom of medical conscience, medicine being obviously a mere matter of persuasion, clearly ought to be respected much more than it has been by a too scientific legislature; but still there is one consideration which MR. NEWMAN and MR. COLES of Croydon, and doubtless also the Medical Dissenters of the Holyhead Union, might do well to perpend. Whilst it may be true that horns, as well as a cutaneous affection, have often resulted from vaccination, it is equally true that, as testified by authentic pictures, the consequences of taking Morison's Vegetable Pills have in full as many instances been the most alarming eruptions of crops of turnips, carrots, greens, radishes, and onions. In the meanwhile Rate-payers have to consider whether they act rightly in allowing the medical arrangements of Unions to be directed by Medical Dissenters.

PUNCH'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

A GREAT day through the Union is the Fourth day of July,
When cannon roar, and bunkum's talked, and stars and stripes wave high:

For on *that* day, seventeen seventy-six, was signed the Declaration
Which proclaimed the Thirteen Colonies an independent nation.

Momentous Deed—whose signers did the bonds asunder pull
‘Twixt go-ahead young JONATHAN and stubborn old JOHN BULL;
Upon an infant giant's front set freedom's seal and crown,
And KING GEORGE's low-browed statue from its pedestal pulled down.

And now almost a century has run its round of years
Since amid jubilee and prayer, and strife of hopes and fears,
That momentous Declaration was given to the world,
And still brighter and still broader shows the flag then first unfurled.

Bold hands that would have rent it have met sharp and sudden stay:
And Slavery's stain that dimmed it has with blood been washed away:
Now its stripes suggest no scourges, its stars no night of wrong,
Well may Declaration speech be proud—glad Declaration song.

An Irish echo of that song may *Punch* have leave to raise,
For correction of vain boasting, and chastening of self-praise?
To tell what you claimed freedom for, seventy-three years ago,
What you *can't* be independent of,—declare yourselves, or no.

Abjuring your allegiance unto the British crown,
To the powers of law and duty in allegiance you bowed down:
Asserting rights of man, and ends of Government and rule,
You claimed no right of man to brag, of mobs to play the fool.

'Mong the wrongs done by your stepmother, Great Britain, was not this,
Of making you uphold as right whate'er you had done amiss:
Of branding as the deadliest sin in others, what in you
Is held venial if not virtuous, and claims praise not blame, for due.

You can't be independent of the truth—howe'er you strive—
That sauce for Gander's sauce for Goose—be the birds dead or alive;
That if in the *Alabama* case we're wrong, right you can't be,
When to work their will in Cuba, filibusters are left free.

You can't be independent—declare whate'er you will—
Of the great law that good feeling breeds good, ill-feeling ill;
While for civil war in Ireland you wish and work and pray,
Can you complain if towards the South some English feelings stray?

Oh, Woodman!

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* calls attention to the deplorable and disgraceful fact that several of the finest trees in Kensington Gardens, and particularly five or six noble old Scotch firs, have been brutally felled. Who was the Vandal that—by the hands of his servants—felled them? He must be a very stupid feller.

A VERY SUFFICIENT REASON.

FOR the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the camp at Wimbledon, the butts have been gravelled. The reason given by LORD ELCHO, we understand, is the discredit “the Turf” has fallen into.

A Double Meaning for Dis-Endowment.

PEOPLE seem to forget that the monosyllable “dis” used in composition has two meanings. There is the Latin “dis,” which means separation; the Greek “dis,” which means doubling. In the case of the Bill for “Disendowing the Irish Church,” the Commons employ “dis” in the former sense; the Lords, in the latter.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

CONSIDERING the richness of CANON GREENWELL's finds in the Barrows of the North of England, very general disappointment has been felt at finding so little in the Cairns of the North of Ireland.

“Coming Events,” &c.

IN the match at Wimbledon the Commons beat the Lords. In the contest between these two bodies, expected to come off almost immediately at Westminster, many persons are hoping that the Commons will be again victorious. Betting in favour of the Lower House.

A MATCH AT LONG ODDS.—The Spider against the Fly, over the Beacon course, Newmarket.



AN OBVIOUSLY ABSURD QUESTION.

"ANY NUTS, MA'AM?"

THE PORTSMOUTH SEVEN.

RIGHT HONOURABLE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, hurrah! Be of good cheer, JOHN. Fraud is not universal amongst the small shopkeepers of England. Although, according to a Parliamentary return lately issued, there occurred during the quarter of a year four hundred and forty-seven convictions for using false weights and measures in the Metropolitan district; in Lancashire, two hundred and three; in Staffordshire, two hundred and eight; in Sussex, Wilts, Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Monmouthshire there were none at all; in Berkshire and in Cornwall only two; and, remarkably enough—

"In Hampshire there were only seven, and all in Portsmouth."

We are Seven—seven jolly rogues are we. *Septem apud Portesmoutham.* Who and what were they, who constituted those seven local exceptions to the honesty of all Hampshire? Who they were is what hath not appeared, but ought to have. What they were may be more or less accurately inferred from the circumstance that Portsmouth is a maritime town, with a mixed population. Thence also may likewise be divined what they were not. The general conjecture will doubtless be, that they were probably marine-store dealers, and certainly not pure Hampshire men.

CHAOS WITHOUT KNOX.

THE Marlborough Street battle let others relate,
We'll deal with but one or two facts,
MR. D'EYNQUERT presides, but the suitors, they state,
Disdain Court by violent acts.
But what, most of all, we can venture to say
Our sense of congruity shocks,
The parties to this most inglorious fray
Came to blows in the absence of KNOX!

THE WIMBLEDON "COMMONS."—The Seven who beat the Lords.

LET IT PASS.

"The Irish Church Bill, which last night passed through Committee in the House of Lords, will be reported on Friday," &c.

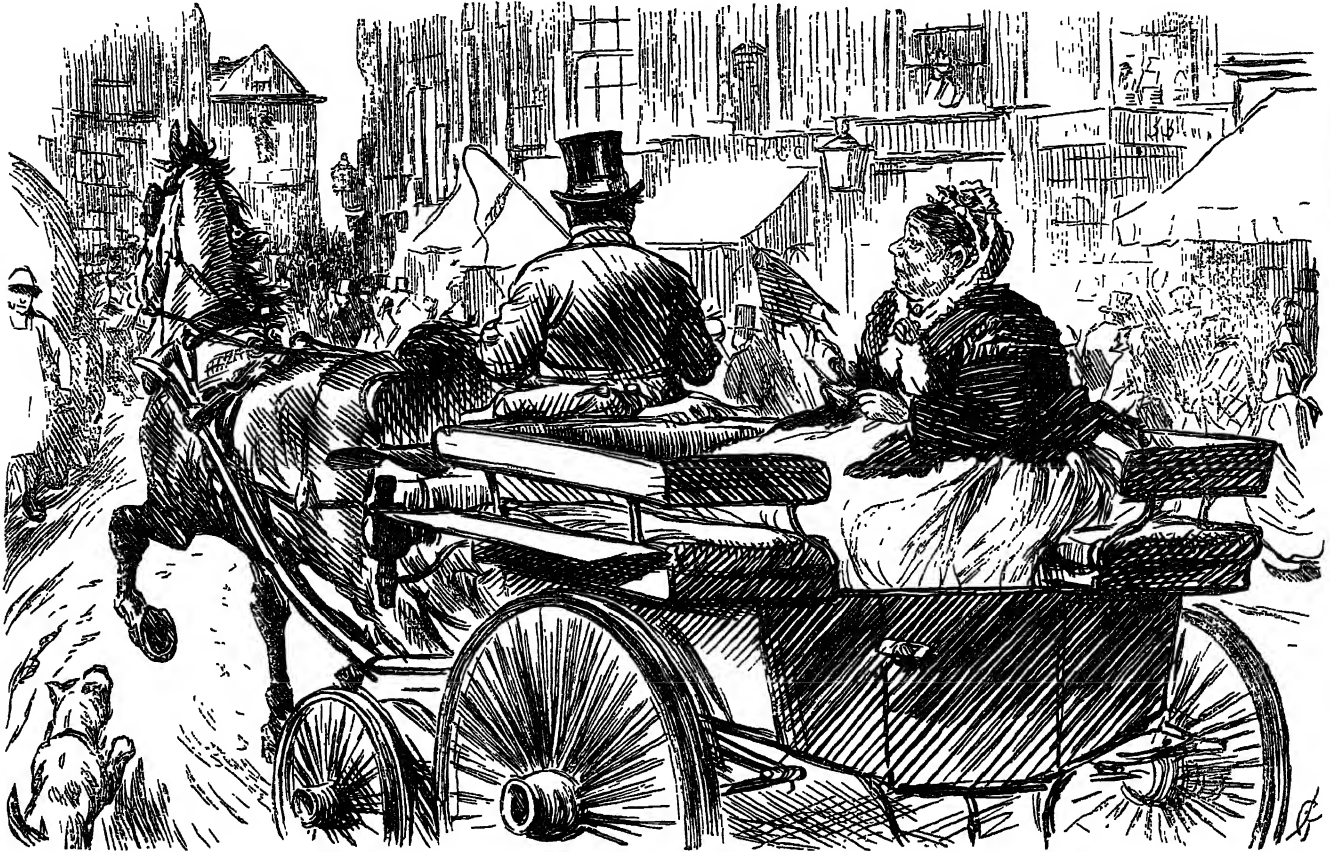
"REPORTED" again! More columns of heavy artillery! And why on this particular Friday? To us, in our weariness of glebes and concurrent endowments, it seems as though the Irish Church Bill had been reported not only on every Friday, but on well-nigh every other day of the week for the last six months! And now there are disheartening prophets ready to predict that, if the Commons are firm, and the Lords firmer, the work will have to be done all over again in a post-grouse Session, or in the beginning of 1870, with more speeches, more amendments, more excited strangers, more leading articles, more public meetings, and more divisions both in Parliament and the parlour. If so, the consequences must be fatal to some of us. Are we never to have peace again,—never to be cheerful any more? Is the Irish Church Bill to be like the Jew Bill, punctually passed by the Commons, as punctually refused by the Lords, for ten years or so? Mr. Punch wishes his country to know that he holds himself ready at a moment's notice to be called to the Upper House, if *Dod's Peerage* is to be considerably enlarged. Any telegram signed "W. E. GLADSTONE" will be attended to instantly night or day. (N.B.) Mr. P. has made up his mind to decline a Life Peerage.

A Fraternal Act.

In the report of the Banquet at the Trinity House, we read that "In the absence of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, who is Master of the Corporation, the PRINCE OF WALES graciously consented to preside on the occasion." We were, therefore, not surprised to find that His Royal Highness "wore the uniform of an Elder Brother."

QUERY IF SUFFICIENT?—The only objection to Concurrent Endowment—Current Opinion.

WIMBLEDON SWEETMEATS.—Bull's-Eyes.



RE-ASSURING.

Nervous Old Lady (Band in the Distance). "OH, THERE ARE THOSE DREADFUL VOLUNTEERS, JOSEPH! I KNOW THE HORSE WILL TAKE FRIGHT! HADN'T YOU BETTER TURN HIM ROUND!!"

Coachman (who will have his own way). "OH, LET 'IM ALONE, 'M; HE 'LL TURN 'ISSELF ROUND, AND PRETTY QUICK, TOO, IF HE'S FRIGHTENED!!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, July 12. With the thermometer at 120° in Wimbledon Camp, and with the ink drying up in the pen on its way from the inkstand to the paper, *Mr. Punch* shows a fortitude equal to that of the Early Christians, to whom the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH likened the Volunteers, in writing any *Essence* at all. He by no means pledges himself to finish it; but if, with the aid of copious draughts of iced Vichy water, he should be enabled to do this, so much the better for a sweltering universe. He only hopes that nothing will occur to irritate him while at his work, as he declines being responsible for his actions in such circumstances.

Now, to polish off this Irish Church business in the Lords. PRINCE ARTHUR came and sat among the Peeresses, and PRINCESS LOUISE came and sat by him.

Lord Clancarty. Reject the Bill altogether. The Coronation Oath—

Symptoms of throwing things at Lord Clancarty.

Lord Lurgan. A good Bill. No fear of religion being supplanted by Popery. We Episcopalians are too much in earnest to let Protestantism fail for want of funds.

Lord Derby. My objections to the Bill are not altered by the Amendments; but send down the Bill, and let the Ministers take the responsibility of refusing 'em.

Lord Lyttelton. The Bill is wise and just. There is a great change of opinion as to Concurrent Endowment, and I should be glad to see it.

Lord Leirrim. We have heard very good speeches, and if you were a spouting club, you should have my plaudit. But eloquence is one thing, honour another. You've all taken oaths to preserve our institutions. Both the other House.

Bishop of Tuam. Cheese-paring, cruel to Curates.

Lord Clancarty. Blessed if I take the trouble of dividing. There!

Lord Derby. A lot of us want to Protest. Will you give us till Thursday?

Lord Granville. With all the pleasure in life. Protest, and—but you all know that story of LORD ELLENBOROUGH?

The Lord Chancellor. THAT THIS BILL DO PASS?

Lord Devon. I think, you know, after all, that it is no good enacting that the Irish prelates shall keep their seats here. It's preserving Ascendancy.

Lord Redesdale. Not as Bishops, but as Peers.

Lord Penzance. Don't you see that their baronies are their franchise, and if you destroy the bishoprics they have no representative rights? They have nothing to sit upon.

Lord Punch. Well, their characters are very angelic, I am sure, but they are not cherubim. ("Throw him out of window!")

Archbishop Tuft. It ought to be managed for them somehow, though. Call 'em Bishops of the Disestablished Church.

Lord De Grey. No, no. We can't make Rotatory Life Peers.

Lord Punch. That would not be good for the common wheel. ("Will you shut up?")

Lord Cairns. The plan may be an anomaly, but so is the whole Bill.

Lord Punch. An anomaly, my dear Lords, means an irregularity, a departing from ordinary law. It is derived— (*Savage tumult.*) I move the adjournment of the House to this day eight months. (*He is carried out of the Chamber, but runs round, and pops in from behind the Throne.*) Here we are again!

Lord Cairns. I was going to say, when interrupted, I am sure with the best intentions, by my noble and learned friend—

Lord Punch. You're another!

Lord Cairns. To say that the Bishops do not sit for baronies, but by Express Parliamentary—

Lord Punch. Can't be Express and Parliamentary too. Can it, SALISBURY—you understand railways?

Lord Cairns. Provision, and are appointed by the QUEEN.

Lord Punch (to the Princess). Your Mamma, my dear.

Lord Carnarvon. LORD DEVON's amendment is for the good of the Church.

Lord Chancellor. They will have no function here, and had better not be withdrawn from their dioceses.

Lord Devon's amendment carried by 108 to 82.

Lord Punch. So, out go the Irish Bishops. Bravo, my Lords, who says you're not Radicals? Come, get on, HATHERLEY. Oh, STANHOPE. Ah, you may speak; you always talk sense. That *History of England* of yours, though it may want the sparkle of MACAULAY—I beg your pardon—pray go on—*perge*, in fact.

Lord Stanhope. I wish to give your Lordships an opportunity of reconsidering your decision about refusing houses to Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers. PITT wanted to give them. SIR G. C. LEWIS said that in Ireland improvement must begin from above, not below. If we give houses to one faith, we must give them to all. The Catholics would like them. At present the Bill does not send peace, but a sword.

Lord Houghton. The measure has the merit of leaving no vested interest unprovided for. Its effect will be small. But we ought to conciliate the Irish, and I think this clause almost more important than the whole Bill. I have spoken to some of the highest Roman prelates, and I know it will not be unwelcome.

Duke of Somerset. I must say that this Bill is a most disagreeable operation—

Lord Punch. And yet you don't like it, eh? ("Order!") I didn't come in with an order. I paid like a man. (*Roars of laughter.*)

Duke of Somerset. As to calling this a Liberal measure, when it appeals to every sectarian prejudice, bah! And there's MR. GLADSTONE, once the foremost champion of the Church, now her deadly enemy. He's like Coriolanus. The three Commissioners, Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanthus—

Lord Punch. Do you know where they sat? (*The Duke takes the hint.*) *Lord Kimberley.* MR. GLADSTONE's true statesmanship is shown by what the noble Duke complains of. PITT's scheme was quite different—he wanted to get a State hold on the Catholic Church.

Lord Granard. I assert that we Catholics are not for the scheme. We can provide for our own clergy, and we do.

Duke of Leinster. I have given a house to a priest, a manse to a minister, and a parsonage to a clergyman, and all live in peace and amity. (*Lord Punch.* "Bravo, Augustus! Orom a Boo!")

Lord Dunraven. The Catholics are disappointed with the Bill. It re-endsows the Protestant Church.

Lord Harrowby. Here you go. Accepting the Bill in obedience to what you call popular opinion, and now sticking in a clause in utter defiance thereof.

Lord Russell. The scheme promotes real equality.

Lord Westbury. The public don't understand the question enough to form an opinion on it. There is no sin in endowing the religion on which nineteen-twentieths of the Christian world depend for salvation. Will you deal damnation round Europe? I pray you pass this clause.

Lord Granville. I protest against it, though I am pleased to see this quite new liberality towards Catholics. All parties and all churches in Ireland oppose Concurrent Endowment. Neither the Government, the Commons, nor the country will accept this plan.

Lord Cairns. No. It won't wash.

Lord Denbigh. I said our Prelates would not have it. I was wrong.

Lord Denman. I rise—(*Shouts of discontent.*) Then I sit down.

Lord Stanhope's Amendment carried by 121 to 114.

Lord Punch. We are Seven, my old cockalorum tibbies.

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL THEN PASSED THE LORDS.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR begged leave to call the attention of their Lordships to the disgraceful conduct of the noble Lord who had last spoken. With a levity totally opposed to the temper in which—

Lord Punch. Levity is the soul of wit. I move this House do now adjourn. What do you mean by levity? All this is a solemn farce, and on Thursday GLADSTONE will knock out every Amendment you've stuck into the Bill, except, I suppose, that Half-Million. Let's go to bed—it's nearly midnight. What doth levity out of his bed at midnight? I'm awfully glad the business is done.

Loud and universal cheering.

And it all happened just as his Lordship had predicted, for on

Thursday, in the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE announced that the Government would cut out all the Lords' Amendments, of any importance, except as above. He likened the Lords to people up in a balloon. He should

Restore the Preamble.

Put back the date.

Alter the Curate plan.

Refuse the Income-Tax alteration.

Agree to protect some Annuitants.

Disagree to the Fourteen Years' clause.

And the gratis Glebe Houses.

And the Ulster lands.

And the Deduction of Poor Rates.

And the Concurrent Endowment.

And the Holding up the Surplus.

MR. DISRAELI was sorry for the spirit in which the courtesy and forbearance of the Lords was to be required. The Bill was an awkward one, because MR. GLADSTONE had tried to legislate on abstract principles, which was always a blunder. However, he wished to facilitate matters, and he hoped that the division on the Preamble, which involved the principle of the Amendments, would save many others. So there was a brief debate, and then the original preamble was carried by 346 to 222—Majority for Government, 124. And so they went on disagreeing with the Lords, and restoring the old form, dividing three times more, with similar results. On

Friday. The same process was resumed, and to the same result. All the rest of the Lords' Amendments were rejected. There was good speaking by the leaders, who got excited from their sheer weariness, as MR. BRIGHT said. MR. DISRAELI again deplored the conduct of Ministers, and MR. GLADSTONE defended it, and the Bill, which he prophesied would be the religious regeneration of the Church. A Committee was appointed to draw up the Commons' reasons for disagreeing with the Lords, and the latter sat (talking about the discomforts of their House, miserable reporting, now improved, and other things) until the Irish Bill and Reasons could arrive. They entered at about half-past one in the morning, and the debate was fixed for the following Tuesday. So much for the Beginning of the End. "Would 'twere grouse-time, Hal, and all well."

MR. PUNCH deals *en bloc*—sitting on a block of ice from Wenham Lake, which is in Norway—with the rest of the Parliamentary work of the week. Supply—very likely the public will get a road through Kensington Palace Gardens, for carriages—Contagious Diseases—Bill for treating the Land of Intestates as other property is treated. On this, MR. BERESFORD HOPE announced the ingenious doctrine that land in England was becoming less and less a thing thought of as a source of wealth, which could be obtained so much more easily from other quarters, but as a thing to be got as a means to a social position, and to do good to the poor. Any estate—the larger the better—that MR. HOPE will settle on *Mr. Punch*, on the above understanding, will be accepted. The Lords, having done with the Disendowed Churches, went at the Endowed Schools.

APPLE-SAUCE FOR THE GUN-CLUB.

IN answer to an objection against pigeon-shooting, that amusement is argued to be not more cruel than game-shooting. Undoubtedly; and if game-shooting means a *battue*, pigeon-shooting is no less sportsman-like. But then dog-fighting and cock-fighting, in point of cruelty to animals, do not at all exceed pigeon-shooting; on the contrary, it exceeds them, for dogs delight to bark and bite, and it is the nature of gamecocks to be still fonder of fighting, by which, therefore, they please themselves as well as afford pleasure to their spectators; whereas, for pigeons, being shot is no fun at all. Much the same may be said of bear-baiting, badger-baiting, and bull-baiting, as of cock-fighting and dog-fighting, and, when you consider apple-sauce with relation to Michaelmas-day, you will see that in the lawfulness of pigeon-shooting, the Roughs have certainly a just ground for demanding the liberty to revive those old English sports and pastimes, so as to be, for diversion, on a par with the Swells.

EPISCOPAL BRAINS GAUGE.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR says that the Resignation of Bishops Bill is "not intended to effect by any compulsory proceeding whatever the resignation of any Bishop." This statement must be reassuring to the British Public, which regards Bishops with that loving reverence remarkable as a peculiar feature of the commercial mind. For if the retirement of incapacitated Bishops were to be made compulsory on proof of their incapacity, then the question would be, how that could be proved; and perhaps the House of Commons would decide that all Bishops over a certain age should be liable to be called upon to show themselves in possession of their faculties by chopping sticks and counting hobnails.

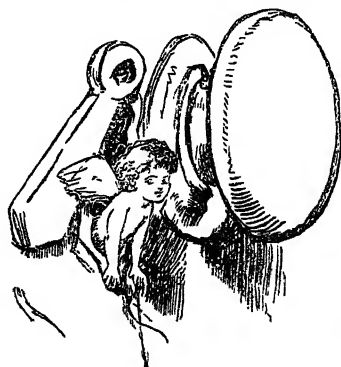
Spiritualism.

THE *Manchester Examiner* ends its account of a ghost in a hotel in that city as follows:—"Meanwhile the house is nightly crowded by hundreds of visitors, who, excited by curiosity, thirst of knowledge, or other desire, have been exorbitant in their demand for spirits, to the no small profit of the landlord." What insatiable people not to be satisfied with one spirit!

A SLIGHT CONFUSION.

"A DELIGHTED Evangelical" is decidedly mistaken. It is the Deputy Keeper of the Records, not the Editor of the *Record*, who has been knighted.

CUPID'S CHEAP TELEGRAMS.



For a surety, when the Telegraphs Bill shall have become law, the charge for telegrams having been reduced to a moderate figure, then, as the *Times* observes, "one great advantage, to be anticipated from cheap and extended telegraphic communication" will be "to diminish the ever-increasing burden of letter-writing." It is possible, indeed, that letter-writing will ultimately be altogether superseded, so that even lovers will correspond, or at least that suitors will transmit their declarations, and passionate and sentimental effusions by the penny post no longer, but by the sixpenny wire. Now this they will probably have to do in messages of twenty words each, which will necessitate a condensation whereof examples will in good time occur in the course of actions for breach of promise of marriage, telegrams having been substituted for the amatory epistles at present commonly produced in Court as evidence against the defendant, which that fool has furnished himself. Here is one of them, read in Court at Reading, according to law report, "with much unction by DR. KENNELLY":—

"My darling LIZZIE, On this charming day, when heaven seems, by the warmth of its caresses, to make love to earth, I must confess I am not cold to such a delicious inspiration, and I conjure up for my contemplation and charm your lovely image—funny little nose, bright blue eyes, a complexion (*sic*) of roses and lilies, and a mouth so mutine (*sic*) and tempting that a man would suffer a great punishment to get one little kiss. It must be wrong to care for a girl whose attractions are so manifold, and a man must have something in him who bars (*sic*) every one else from attempting a progress which he can only see with sorrow. Write to me, little Pettie. *Au revoir*, BAB. A.V."

Had the Post been superseded by the Electric Telegraph, "A. V." might perhaps have epitomised his ideas as above imparted to his "darling LIZZIE" and "BAB" in sentences abridged, but also embellished, somewhat thus:—

Blazing hot day. Heaven making love to Earth. A. V. sends ditto to L.

Tootsiums. Kicksy-wicksy. Kiddlums Kiddlums Kiddlums. Funny little nose.

Conjure up lovely image. Bright blue eyes too. Also rose and lily complexion, and mutine mouth. Popalorum Tibby blows a kiss.

Ducky-dovey. Love you to idiocy. Feel self growing imbecile.

Man who bars every one else from attempting a progress which he can only see with sorrow must have something in him. *Au revoir*, Bab. Excuse nonsense. Doody.

It is possible, however, that though love-telegrams will be sententious, the words employed in them will often be, singly, even still longer and finer than those which men who write love-letters, generally containing poetry, now, most of them, use. Because, though a message at a given sum may be limited to a certain number of words, there will probably be no limitation of the letters constituting each word. Erotic telegrams, therefore, will very frequently perhaps be couched in terms as turgid as those of a Popish pastoral, or the high-flown letter which the parish-clerk in *Peregrine Pickle* writes to replace *Peregrine's* to his lady-love, lost by *Tom Pipes*. Here arises a question whether the compound words of a Germanised telegram, proposed as single words, ought to count as such—whether, for example, "ever-dearestgirl," word of five syllables, would be fair. It remains to be seen whether cheap electro-telegraphy will much lighten the labours of the postman on Valentine's Day.

Forage at Wimbledon.

THE fine weather which we have had for the last two weeks has been favourable to the Camp on Wimbledon Common in all respects but one. Mushrooms are good things, and they commonly spring up on Commons, but moisture is necessary to their development, and the encamped Volunteers have missed the repasts which, if their Camp had been less dry, might have been afforded them by the *Agaricus campestris*.

A Shocking Solecism.

A TELEGRAM from Lisbon says:—

"The vines are extensively dilapidated."

Hey? The time of grapes is not yet; and how can vines be dilapidated except as to grapestones?

DRAWBACK ON DINNER.

(A Song of the Whitebait Season.)

"GIVE me an English dinner—plain
Substantial roast and boiled for me;
French toys and kickshaws I disdain,"
Says many a man, and no fool he.

Soup, fish, and joint, if all correct,
May mean about the best of food;
Turtle and venison, recollect,
And salmon likewise, may include.

But condiments, in measures vast,
By Britons ever in demand,
At boards convivial, to be passed
Make you require the cruet-stand:

Which you must call that JOHN may bring;
Or else disturb your neighbour to:
Then unto him you do the thing
You would not that he did to you.

Ah, there's the rub we all do feel!
And ev'n the best of friends must own
That, to enjoy a British meal,
He who would dine, should dine alone.

So, if you not alone would eat,
But food and conversation share,
Around that festive table meet
Whose viands skilful chefs prepare.

There none cry "Hand the mustard, please,"
Domestic dinners' constant fault,
Or, what's most true when you want ease,
"I'll trouble you to pass the salt."

You take your dishes as they come,
With their ingredients nought combine;
But, if you dare to sin as some,
Mix also, sugar with your wine.

Rump-steak, potatoes, bread, stewed-cheese,
A pint of ale, a go of rack,
At times on such good things as these,
For want of better, one falls back.

Of better, what's perhaps the best
Is, that you need not shout and roar
For waiters; or your fellow-guest
Be, things to hand, bored by, or bore.

Sauces have no man plagued to reach;
Let every native board be crowned
With mustards, peppers, salts, one each,
Vinegar, and the rest, all round,

HRUMNK!

THE LONDON AND BARKING BANK.

MR. WILLIAM HOPE is said by a contemporary to have "stated in evidence that he believed the metropolitan sewage could be utilised at a fabulous profit." So probably thinks the Metropolitan Board of Works, for it prefers obstructing the channel of the Thames, and poisoning the Barking people, with the sewage of London, to endeavouring to convert it to any use. Let us hope that the profit which might be derived from all that amount of matter, adapted for deposition in the right place instead of the wrong would prove to be real, and not fabulous. For then the stuff now accumulating day by day in a morbid mud-bank off Barking, would by the chemistry of nature, be continually transmuted into a proportionate quantity of bread, potatoes, and pasture; thus, instead of undergoing slow and ever pestiferous decomposition, being rapidly reconverted into esculent forms.

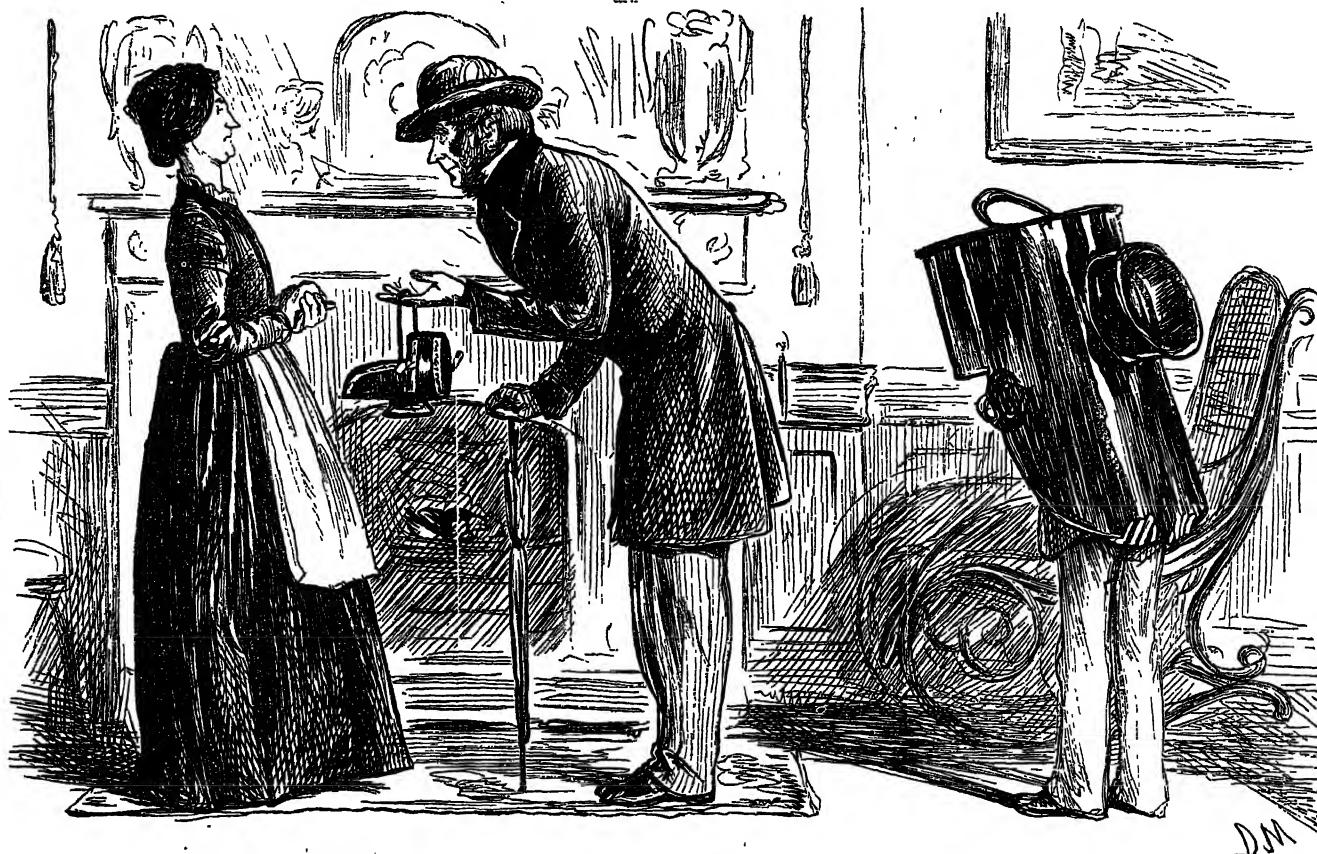
Mrs. Ramsbotham Junior.

AN Eton boy, her nephew, told her that when mythological pagans died, they were turned into stars, as for example, Orion.

"Ah," said MRS. RAMSBOTHAM JUNIOR, "it must have been a great constellation to the survivors."

DIALECTISCHISM.

AN Ex-Member of the Dialectical Society is said to be writing a pamphlet on Spiritualism, to be entitled *L'Home qui rit*.



A TARTAR.

DR. M'CURRIE (A CHILLY OLD SOUL), HAVING ASCERTAINED FROM HIS LANDLADY THAT COALS ARE SIXPENCE A SCUTTLE, POLITELY INSISTS ON PROVIDING A SCUTTLE OF HIS OWN, AND BEGS TO RETURN, WITH MANY THANKS, THE CHARMINGLY TASTEFUL ARTICLE SHE HAD INTENDED FOR HIS USE.

THE THIRD ATLANTIC CABLE LAID.

(Between *Minou*, in the Bay of Biscay, and *St. Pierre* in Newfoundland) July 14, 1869.

ANOTHER tie completed of the Old World and the New!
Another path of lightning laid beneath the Atlantic blue!
Another nerve-cord throbbing 'twixt the young heart of the West,
And the various life that stirreth under Europe's ancient breast!

We have read, yet scarcely heeded, the reports from day to day,
As Great Ship and Great Cable measured their watery way:
For so this world of ours spins down the stream of thought and
act,
That what was last year's marvel is this year's familiar fact.

And a small thing now it seems to us, that, from Brest to Newfound-
land,
London and Paris and New York, through a hemp and copper band,
By the twinkle of a lamp, and the quiver of a wire,
Hold interchange of words and wills, like gossips by the fire!

Is this for good or evil? tends it to peace or war,
This bringing those so near whom Heaven has set apart so far?
Sure for use of more than markets, ebb and flow of more than
gold,
Thus Time and Space are conquered, and the severing sea controlled.

Is not our sordid purpose shaped to issues past our ken,
By the mysterious power that rules the destinies of men?
Are not these buried cables, these wires of speech and thought,
The warp and woof whereof the web of the wide future's wrought?

We may ask—we cannot answer: deep, as in Ocean's breast,
The unseen wires whose unseen fires flash betwixt East and West,
Lie hidden, in the awful depths of the Almighty will,
The secrets of the future, and the ends of good and ill.

LET WELLS ALONE.

MR. PUNCH had, somehow, fancied that there was a good rule in reference to public appointments. The first thing is to get the best man. If the best man is to be found among the natives of the country whom the public servant is to serve, and who are to pay him, take that native. If not, take the best foreigner you can get. But, of course, this rule does not hold good when the appointment is in England, and a German wants it. If it did, *Mr. Punch* fancies that at the present moment the name of the Librarian at the India Office would be *WELLS*, and not that of the doubtless well qualified German gentleman to whom the DUKE OF ARGYLL has given the place. An Oriental scholar was needed, and *Mr. Punch* believes that MR. *WELLS*, Turkish Prizeman at King's College, London, who was the only man that could talk to the SULTAN, when here, in his own tongue, whose acquaintance with Arabic is of the most intimate sort, and who has written admirably both in Oriental languages and about Oriental topics, might have very properly been selected, but his claim was necessarily rejected because a German gentleman was in the field. Germany is an Oriental region also, which is an equally good reason for the choice. We are glad MR. *WELLS* has been passed over, because he will have the more leisure to give us other delightful stories like "Mehemet the Kurd."

A Change for Old Ireland.

MAY HOPE (not BEBERSFORD) turn out to have told no flattering tale to the RIGHT REV. SAMUEL, Bishop of Oxford, when she said that to him which made him say to the Lords, in the Irish Church Bill debate, that he was "hopeful of a great resurrection in Ireland." A resurrection will be a great improvement on insurrections.

A PLEASANT COMPANION FOR MONTHS TO COME.—We are glad to see a new pastoral story, "*The Vicar of Bullhampton*," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, illustrated too with WOODS cuts.



EASING THE CURB.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "HAVE NO FEAR, MY DEARS! I SHALL JUST DROP ZE CURB A LITTLE."

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR OLD WOODEN WALLS.



ADMIRAL PUNCH presents his compliments to the old salts and splendid swells who have the happiness to form the Admiralty Board, and begs to know what to their thinking is the use of keeping afloat a lot of obsolete old hulks at some half-dozen of our dockyards, now that such ships are quite unsuitable for purposes of war, and, ugly as they are, cost the country something handsome for repairs and yellow paint? As economy is just now the order of the day, *Admiral Punch* would mildly hint that some thousands of pounds yearly might be saved by chopping up these old ships into firewood, without weakening in any way our national defences, or at all imperilling the safety of our coasts. A better use, however, for these old wooden walls of ours would be to put them in commission as Homes for Homeless Children, and to station them in various ports and harbours in the kingdom, as a fleet of floating schools to train up true blue British tars. *Admiral Punch* has lately inspected the ship *Chichester*, at her moorings off Greenhithe, and was so thoroughly delighted with all he saw and heard there, that he wishes all the hulks now rotting near our dockyards were put to the same service as this now useful ship. Here some hundreds of young school-less, shoeless, shirtless little urchins caught hap-hazard in the slums, have been saved from growing up into roughs, ruffians, and rascals, and trained to be good sailors, and to earn their livelihood by doing honest work.

The *Chichester* is kept afloat by voluntary charity, and three five-pound notes suffice to feed and clothe and educate a boy there for a year. Economists might grumble were the House to pass a vote of funds for floating schools, nor is it likely that the country will soon be so enlightened as to learn that keeping prisons costs more than keeping schools. Any lad who may be rescued by such vessels as the *Chichester*, at a cost, while he is trained there, of but fifteen pounds a-year, might possibly have grown into a ruffianly garotter, and have been sent to gaol by his enlightened country, at a cost for every year there of not less than thrice as much.

Let the hulks now rotting useless, and not costless, near our dockyards, be put to such good service as the admirable *Chichester*, and how many poor street boys will be rescued from the chance of going convicts to "the hulks."

ROO-EY-TOO-EY-TOO! TO 2,375,963 CORRESPONDENTS.

WHAT ho! A Goblet! Drink for *Mr. Punch*! He was born, Sirs, on Saturday, the 17th July, 1841. Consequentially, Saturday last was the One Thousand, Four Hundred and Sixty-Third hebdomadal return of his natal day. Affably thanking the Universe for its well-merited confidence in his *baton*, he dippeth his beak in the Gascon wine, and adviseth the inhabitants of the said Universe to look out for his Two Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Sixth hebdomad, when they will hear something to their advantage. Hooray!

And, by the way, Sirs. *Mr. Punch* is not going to be published in future at the North Pole, or on board the *Great Eastern*, or in the silver mines of Potosi, or under the Great Wall of China, or in the caves of Elephanta, or in the Grotto of Antiparos, or in the Apollo Gallery at Versailles, or in the whirlpool of the Maelstrom, or at the top of the Great Pyramid. Equally unfounded is the story that there is any "changing of hands" in respect to the immortal *Punch*, one and indivisible. He is *Punch* of Whitefriars, published by his friends, BRADBURY, EVANS, & Co., and he intends to be published there by them and their descendants in strict entail for eleven hundred and forty-seven years, when the Millennium, brought about by his endeavours, may render them unnecessary. But until then, and possibly afterwards, he remains, your, the Public's, and the Universe's friend,

Punch of Whitefriars.

Alsatia.

Bat and Ball.

In a report of the well-contested Cricket Match between Eton and Harrow, cleverly won by Eton, at Lord's on Saturday, you may have seen that BEBBIE having, after a good innings, been caught out:—

"Another of Harrow's best bats, APCAB, succeeded to the vacancy, and at 86 the Eton captain retired from the attack, MAUDE resuming."

May the gallant Captain and Cricketer of Eton retire no sooner than at 86 from bowling in the game of life, and the brave Best, of Harrow, have an equally long innings.

ST. SWITHIN'S, 1869.

EVEN the rainy Saint is bland and benign to the Crystal Palace. On the morning of Thursday the 15th he was distinctly heard to say—making a line of TENNYSON's still more emphatic—"there *shall* not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day;" and it is only fair to add, that he kept his saintly word, and so merited the confidence the Directors placed in him, when they fixed a "Grand Pyrotechnic" Festival for his anniversary, and trusted that his waterworks would not interfere with their fountains. He deserves to have a great set piece specially in his honour in the next display, with plenty of Roman Candles and St. Catherine wheels.

Perhaps never since his canonisation in the reign of Pope Aquarius XVI., has St. Swithin been so much the subject of conversation as he was on the Sydenham Slopes last Thursday; and the blessings that were showered down on his head, in acknowledgment of his thoughtfulness in not showering down any accumulated moisture on ten thousand nice bonnets, must have well repaid him for not being quite in his element. He is now at liberty to do something for the harvest and the hops, but if he can make another exception in favour of the Dramatic Fête, and the Fireworks to follow, on Saturday the 24th, all kinds of fine compliments shall be paid him.

I spent my money and time very agreeably over "Sydenham's Works" on the 15th. I varied my amusements and my diet, and as the day was true summer and the thermometers in high spirits, perhaps a short account of what I did deserves to be put upon Record by yourself, *Mr. Punch*, and SIR T. DUFFUS HARDY.

I played croquet, and had my hair cut; I got upon a velocipede and had my hair privately dyed; I went to an opera, and was shampooed; my portrait was taken, and my *carte de visite* expeditiously printed; I lost property, and on being weighed, was delighted to find that I had not lost something else, my frame being already too spare; my boots were highly polished, so were my manners; I liked the Camera Obscura, but not the dark railway carriage in which I rode from Balham; I behaved circumspectly in the Circus, and went the round of the Picture Gallery; I enjoyed draughts (of cream soda, manufactured by a wheel, and a dexterous young woman whom I did not envy having to recollect a dozen different syrups for a dozen thirsty applicants), was introduced to the automaton Chess Player, and made acquainted with his checkered career, and admired a large number of charming young persons in ruffs and *papiers*, whose affable demeanour to their companions convinced me that they were in a fair way to be speedily mated.

I saw the Nawab and the other great "Bengal lights;" I visited the rosary and the geraniumry; I studied the raw material in the Technological Museum, and the cooked material in the Saloon Dining Room; I listened to organs, pianos, bands and babies; I promenaded and lemonaded; and as a grand finale to the day's Programme (is not threepence rather too much to charge for it?), almost as pleased as the excited school-boys who were my neighbours, I rapturously applauded the maroons and the balloons, the saucissons and asteroids, and Magnesium lights (which *Mrs. Malaprop*, near whom I had the honour of sitting, would call sausages and asterisks, and Magnesia), the cascades and the fountains ("red hot" as one of the lads well expressed it), the comets and the rockets, the batteries and the salvoes, the temples and the palm trees, and all the rest of the successful splendours achieved by Mr. BROCK, who seems fired by a noble sky-aspiring ambition constantly to surpass himself.

And then, after admiring the dazzling cornice of light round the beautiful Palace, I came home in a girandole—no, I mean in a railway carriage—where there might be more travellers than seats (that young couple seemed to put up with the inconvenience very patiently), on a line of railway more remarkable on this occasion for safety than speed, past stations not conspicuous for architectural beauty, and to a terminus to my journey and my paper, my sole regret being that in my misplaced confidence in the Saint, I had encumbered myself with, and lost, a valuable cotton umbrella.

ANERLEY H. NORWOOD.

A Noble Marksman.

In the *Morning Post*, the other day, appeared a letter on "Pigeon-Shooting," vindicating it from a charge of special cruelty, and signed "WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE." Doubtless the cruelty of Pigeon-Shooting has been greatly exaggerated, and its champion is a dead shot, otherwise one might ask whether his signature should not have been "WILLOUGHBY DE BROKENWING?"

GALLANTRY IN THE HOUSE.

THERE is no truth in the report that MR. HENRY HERBERT, the advocate of better accommodation for the Ladies in their Gallery, has been offered the vacant post of President of the Virgin Islands. Rather grilling this weather behind the grating.



CROQUET.

Clerical Instructor. "Now, HOLD THE BALL FIRMLY WITH YOUR FOOT, MISS SCRAMBLE, AND TAKE CARE NOT TO HIT YOURSELF THIS TIME!"

Miss Scramble (who is getting rather bored). "Ah, WELL, IN CASE I DO, SUPPOSE YOU HOLD THE BALL FOR ME, MR. SMILER!"

THE MARGATE BATHING-WOMAN'S LAMENT.

It nearly broke my widowed art,
When first I tuk the notion,
That parties didn't as they used,
Take reglar to the ocean.

The hinfants, darling little soles,
Still cum quite frequent, bless 'em!
But they is only sixpence each,
Which hardly pays to dress 'em.

The reason struck me all at once,
Says I, "It's my opinion,
The grown-up folks no longer bathes
Because of them vile Sheenions."

The last as cum drest in that style,
Says, as she tuk it, horf her,
"I'm sure I shall nqt know the way
To re-arrange my quoffur!"

By which she ment the ed of air,
Which call it wot they will, Sir;
Cum doubtless off a convict at
Millbank or Pentonville, Sir.

The Parliment should pass a law,
Which there's sufficient reason;
That folks as wear the Sheenions should
Bathe reg'lar in the season.

Shakspearian Rudeness.

HER MAJESTY has just conferred the honour of knight-hood upon Six Gentlemen. Six! Ha! ha! If it had been five, or seven. But Six! Ha! ha! We must quote—it can't be helped. When the QUEEN left them, did she say, "I will now take my leave of these Six dry, round, old, withered Knights?" Of course not—they are all estimable and some of them comely gentlemen—but are we going to be done out of a Shakspearianism because it is inapplicable? Perish the thought!

A BOOK ALL TITLE PAGES.—The Peerage.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

As the Stranger comes up suddenly from under the bedclothes, and inquires if it's a fire, I can't help noticing (in the flash of a second) that *his* appearance, about the head I mean, is rather conflagratory than otherwise. His hair is red, long, and rough; his face is red, his moustache and beard is red.

Happy Thought.—The Fire King in bed.

I explain that it is *not* a fire, and that, generally, no danger is to be apprehended.

"Then," says he, stupidly, "what's the time?" As if he'd been expecting me at a certain hour, and I had anticipated the appointment.

It doesn't seem to occur to him that he is causing me any inconvenience; and, having once ascertained that there's no fire, he strangely enough appears to take no further interest in me, but lies down again, and, turning away on his side, mutters, "Well—all right—never mind—don't bother—get out!" He is not a bit afraid; only, after a short, spasmodic gleam of intelligence, he relapses into the heaviest drowsiness.

This is so annoying that I determine to try if his sense of justice will not bring him out.

Happy Thought.—To say, simply, but emphatically, "I beg your pardon: you've got my bed."

He replies, gruffly and drowsily, without stirring, "You be somethinged! Don't bother."

Now I *do* think that to come home at three in the morning, happily and pleasantly, expecting to turn in and rest, then to find a red-haired stranger, whom you never saw in your life before, and fervently hope never to see again, in your bed, and, on your informing him of his mistake, to be told that you may be "somethinged" (a word worth five shillings in a police-court), and are not to "bother," is rather a strong proceeding, to say the least of it.

"Yes," I reply, "but I *must* bother." I am becoming annoyed, and

I *will* have him out. Why should I pay for a bed at a hotel? Why not *he*? Or, stop—

Happy Thought.—If he won't move out he might pay for my bed at a hotel. By the way, isn't this rather like a street-organ nuisance? "Give me so much, and I'll go away." Can't help it if it is. It's only fair.

I continue, louder, so as to stop his going to sleep, "You've got my bed."

From under the sheets he murmurs pleasantly, "I'll have your hat!" as if he thought my address to him mere low, vulgar chaff. As if I should come (I can't help putting this to him pointedly) at three o'clock in the morning merely to indulge in low, vulgar chaff with a stranger! Does he think it likely?

He pretends to have fallen asleep again. Humbug! I repeat, angrily, "I tell you, Sir, You're in my bed."

He replies, more stupidly than ever, "All right!"

I say, sarcastically, "Well, Sir, as you don't dispute the fact, perhaps you'll kindly turn out."

This *does* rouse him, as he turns round and asks me, in unnecessarily strong language, who the blank I am? what the blank I want? why the blank I come there bothering?

I answer, simply, that WILLIS lent me his bed.

He retorts, "Well, WILLIS lent it *me*!"

I did *not* expect this, and am staggered for the moment; so much so that I can only say, very inadequately, "Did he?"

"Yes," continues the Stranger, angrily, "for as long as I like to stop." Evidently implying that he's not going to get up yet.

"But," I remonstrate, "WILLIS lent it to *me* *first*."

"Couldn't," returns Red-Haired Stranger, rudely: "I've just come straight from him. He gave me his latch-key." And, sure enough, on the table lies the fellow to RAWLINSON'S.

"But I came up this afternoon," I inform him. I feel this is weak as an argument.

To which he replies, "And I came this evening."

"Yes," I reply, admitting the fact, "but I came here first:" where-with I point to my portmanteau. I don't exactly see why he should take this as corroborative evidence, but it strikes me (as a *Happy Thought* at the moment) that it will quite knock him over; which, however, it doesn't at all.

"Well," says he, clenching the matter, "I came to bed first."

I can't deny this. Don't know what to do. I should like to have the power of producing some crushing argument which should bring him out of bed.

Happy Thought.—Fetch RAWLINSON.

I look into his room cautiously, and, as it were, breathe his name. I breathe it louder. He is awake and bolt upright in bed with the suddenness of a toy Jack-in-the-Box. Then he laughs: then he asks me, "Can't you eat 'em?"

I ask, rather astonished, "Eat what?"

He replies, "Turnips," seriously; from which I gather that he has not yet mastered the fact of my being in his room, and that, despite his sudden liveliness, he is still dreaming. After a few more disjointed words, he laughs and apologises, and adds that, as he's quite awake now, he wants to know what's the matter.

"Ah! that must be GRAINGER," he answers, when I tell him of the red man in bed. He says this with an evident conviction that what I've told him is so like GRAINGER: GRAINGER down to the ground, in fact. It appears that WILLIS has been staying with GRAINGER, and that GRAINGER has come straight up from WILLIS, with permission to use his room, while WILLIS uses GRAINGER's in the country. "I don't see how you can turn him out," observes RAWLINSON, thoughtfully, but at the same time settling himself once more under the sheets, as much as to say, "and you can't expect me to give up my bed."

Happy Thought.—To say, "It's rather hard to have to turn out at this time to go to a hotel." I say this piteously, with a view to appealing to his sense of compassion, as I had before to GRAINGER's sense of justice. RAWLINSON, comfortably under the clothes again, agrees with me. "It is," he says, "confoundingly hard." "Such a nuisance," I continue, plaintively. "Horrid!" returns RAWLINSON, under the clothes, in a tone which signifies that he really doesn't care twopence about it as long as he's left alone.

Happy Thought.—The selfishness of Bed. Note. This is worth an Essay. I stand there hesitating.

Happy Thought.—To suggest "Isn't there a spare bed in the house?"

RAWLINSON answers, decidedly, "No."

I can't help feeling that if he got up and looked, I dare say he'd find one; or, in fact, that if he interested himself at all in the matter, he might do something for me.

It occurs to me at this moment that I have often professed myself able to shake down anywhere, and rough it. I suggest (I can only suggest, as I feel that now not having any, as it were, legal status in WILLIS and RAWLINSON's rooms, I am there simply on sufferance—a wayfarer—a wanderer, glad of a night's lodging anywhere, anyhow.)—I suggest that the sofa might do.

RAWLINSON, half way to fast asleep, replies, "Yes."

Happy Thought.—To say that the table-cloth would do for sheets, &c., in the hope that he'll return, "Oh, if you want sheets, here you are," and jump out and give me some out of his cupboard. He does not seem to be particularly struck with the ingenuity of the idea, and again, more feebly than before, replies, "Yes."

Hang it, I think he might do something. I am angry, I can't help it. I go back to the sitting-room. Broad daylight. I might sit up till RAWLINSON, or the red man, rises, and then go to bed. The sofa is a hard horse-hair one. Suddenly I become determined. I'll go to a hotel, and then write to WILLIS, and complain. Complain? of what? Something's too bad of somebody, but who's to blame? I'll have it out to-morrow morning. Go to bed-room to get portmanteau. Red man has locked his door to prevent intrusion. My night things are in the portmanteau. I tell him this through the door. He won't hear. I thump. No. I anathematise the servant at home, who didn't pack up my things in my bag, as I told her.

Happy Thought.—Write down instructions in future. Anathematise RAWLINSON, Red Man, WILLIS, everybody. Descend stairs with bag. Feel reckless; don't care whom I wake now. Landlady, maid, lodgers, anybody. "Confound 'em! they're all sleeping comfortably, while I—" I bang the bag down in the passage, and open the door. Where's a cab? All gone home. There's one up in Regent Street, crawling. I don't care what noise I make now. "Hallo! Hi! Cab! here!" As I put my bag in the cab, it occurs to me that this looks uncommonly like having robbed the plate chest, and coming away with the contents.

"Where to, Sir?" I think. I've only once been to a hotel in town. Morley's. Stop; on second thoughts, Morley's wouldn't like being rung up at this time. A railway hotel is the place where they're accustomed to it.

Happy Thought.—Charing Cross, where the Foreign Mail trains come in. Always up and awake there, and suppers, and Boots, and Chambermaids, all alive at night as well as by day.

Happy Thought.—Much better, after all, to go to a hotel than to WILLIS's. Here we are. How sleepy I am. Discharge cab. How sleepy the night-porter is. Everything gigantic and gloomy. Large hall, large staircase, large passages, small porter with small chamber-candle. A doubt crosses my mind, and I wish I hadn't discharged the cab. "Can I have a bed here?" "Yes," says the porter, with a sort of reluctance which I attribute to his sleepiness. He then consults a mystic board, and I find I can be accommodated with Number Three Hundred and Seventy-Five.

Happy Thought.—Go up by the Lift. Rather fun.

Answer: No Lift at night. Should like a soda-and-brandy, I say. Not that I want it, but to give him to understand that I am not an outcast, to be placed in Number Three Hundred and Seventy-Five, five stories high. No other room? No.

Happy Thought.—"Not got one on the First Floor?" This also is to give him an idea of my importance. I am not a bale of goods, to be shoved up into Number Three Hundred and Seventy-Five. I have an idea that rooms on the First Floor are about two guineas a day, and (I fancy) are let out in suites to Ambassadors or Distinguished Foreigners.

Happy Thought.—Ambassadors have their rooms for nothing. Paid for by their Government. Wish I could say I was an Ambassador. MILBURN would have done it. There is no brandy and soda out. He can give me some, he says, when the bar opens, about three hours hence. Idiot! Will he bring up my bag? No; the house-porter will do that. He communicates with the house-porter through a pipe in a hole. He tells me to go up-stairs as far as I can, and I shall meet the house-porter with my bag.

I go up the grand staircase. As I ascend, I think of pictures of staircases in the *Illustrated London News*, and people going up them. Don't know why. Look down long corridors. All sorts of boots out: keeping guard before the doors. Like a prison on the silent system: the prisoners having put their boots out. On the landing of last staircase I meet the house-porter with my bag. He leads me (gaoler and prisoner—gaoler carrying bag full of stolen property) down one corridor, up another, through a third, up small stairs, into a fourth corridor smaller than the previous ones. We come suddenly upon Number Three Hundred and Seventy-Five. He has a key ready: the door is opened: bang goes my bag on to a stand. I walk forward towards glass, examine myself leisurely, debate, will give my orders to the Boots, and take it, generally, very easily, having arrived at a haven of rest.

Happy Thought.—A haven where I wouldn't be.

Happy Thought.—To be called at ten, and have a cup of tea brought. He will be good enough to open my bag, and put out my things. I like a hotel, because you are waited on so beautifully: much better than at home.

Before I can turn (quite leisurely, and with something of a "swagger," just to show him that though I am up in Number Three Hundred and Seventy-Five, I oughtn't to be)—before I can turn to give my orders, the house-porter has gone, without—confound him!—without undoing a single strap!

Happy, but very angry, Thought.—To ring, and show him I will be attended to. My hand is on the bell. I pause. On second thoughts, I'll pitch into him to-morrow morning. Go to bed now. Let me see—take my note-book to bed, and make *mems* for to-morrow. Royal Academy to-morrow.

Happy Thought.—After night's fitful fever he sleeps well. He went away (house-porter did, I mean) without my telling him when I wanted to be called. Doesn't matter. Call myself, and ring the bell when I awake, to call him and pitch into him. Wish I'd got all my regular night things. Know I shall catch cold.

Der Freischütz in Ireland.

A TELEGRAM from Dublin, the other day, told us that:—

"A body of 800 armed Catholics lay in wait in Wolfe's Glen for Protestants, but encountered none."

In the opinion of many people it is a pity that those Catholics were disappointed of meeting their Protestant match in the Wolf(e)'s glen, and that *Zamiel* didn't fly away with both sides.

Fashionable Habit.

Le Follet, this month, announces that:—

"Open bodies are very fashionable."

This is a healthy fashion, at any rate.

THE LORDS' BLUNDEE.

SAID an Irish Lunatic to an Irish Rector, "The Lords must have mistaken you for I when they are for transferring 'the surplus' to 'the surplice.'"

THE GIANT GUARDSMAN (A PROSE POEM WITHOUT WORDS).



CHAP. V.



CHAP. VII.



CHAP. VI.



CHAP. VIII.

(To be Continued.)



"A CAUTION."

Comic Man. "WHAT'S YOUR FIGHTIN' WEIGHT, GOV'NOR?"

Muscular Curate (readily). "TWELVE STONE TEN, SIR; AND IF YOU ASK ME SUCH ANOTHER FOOL'S QUESTION, I'LL TAKE YOU INTO THE BALCONY, AND DROP YOU OVER!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, July 19. A fortnight ago *Mr. Punch* remarked of the University Tests Bill, which had just been passed, amid cheers, "It all will be passed into Infinite Space, amid cheers," in another place. That was exactly what happened to it to-night. It was not rejected,—certainly not; only LORD CARNARVON carried the Previous Question by 91 to 54, and the measure rolled away into vacuity. Of course you know,—and if you do not, it is of small consequence,—that the Bill was in favour of Dissenters, whom it proposed to admit to University advantages. LORD CARNARVON thought that the end of the Session, and when people were thinking of the Irish Bill, a bad time to discuss the other topic. Thank the Destinies, the ingenuity of man is never at a loss to find a reason for Not Doing It.

"Without Repose, by neat excuses won,
Say what were earth,—a world with all things Done."

The Commons were dull enough over the Education Grant. MR. FORSTER gave statistics. There is increase in the demand for Education; but of the children of the humbler classes only a quarter of those between 6 and 10, and a fifth of those between 10 and 12, receive real teaching. Perhaps this may be an available fact for those who believe in the necessity of Compulsory Education. Here the well-to-do have a tremendous advantage,—they Dare not keep their children from school or home instruction.

Mr. Punch was glad to join in the vote of £25,000 for completing the South Kensington Museum. On the British Museum vote, MR. WALPOLE complained of the vile way in which many Readers make out their tickets, thereby causing delay. There should be a clerk, whose sole business should be to inspect the tickets, and tear up the illegible ones, shying the fragments in the face of the illiterate. This would not only be instructive to them, but a pleasing amusement for the rest of the Room, as pleasure should be combined with study. On the National Gallery vote there was some æsthetic talk, of the feeblest kind.

PARLIAMENTARY SHOOTING SAVED.

THE Lords against the Commons shot
At Wimbledon, and lost the game
This time; the Irish Church Bill got
Off, in contesting, much the same.
But as to shooting, oh, how near
To having none was either House!
Prolonged debate might have, both Peer,
And Commoner, withheld from Grouse.

Or, if dismissed awhile, to chase
Their feathered prey on mount and moor,
They might have been condemned to face
An Autumn Session's awful bore,
Constrained to work when they would play,
The partridge o'er the plains pursue,
Or, stationary, pheasants slay,
Or slaughter hares in a battue.

But noble Lords have saved their own,
And honourable Members' sport,
And, when a few days shall have flown,
The Parliamentary Report
Will be but the repeated pop
Of their breech-loaders on the Hills,
Both Houses having shut up shop,
Whilst birds alone bring forward bills.

Fashionable Nomenclature.

CERTAIN articles of ladies' dress have names which, if appropriate, strike one as rather curious. Among others we notice that the singular excrescences which are worn now on the back, are spoken of as "*paniers*." Their effect is to give ladies the appearance of a hump, like that upon a dromedary. It were scarce polite to add that their name may well remind us of articles which sometimes may be seen upon the back of another kind of animal.

SALISBURY ON GLADSTONE.

THE observations of the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY in the House of Lords touching the PREMIER have been translated by a Cabman, as follows:—"He won't hear no argumint from nobody, he won't—he's sitch a harbitrary cove."

Tuesday. The Irish Church Bill.

Lord Granville. We do not mean to be contemptuous, but we cannot accept your Lordships' Amendments.

Lord Cairns. You promised attention to them, and so got votes on the Second Reading. Now, see here. We'll give up everything, Ulster glebes, residences *gratis*, and all except this. We will not have your anti-religious preamble, we will not have the surplus taken out of the hands of another Parliament, and we will have our plan of commuting life interests, and the curate arrangement. We want no collision.

Lord Kimberley. Really, we can't agree.

Lord Grey. Do. Or I shall say that either you do not care what becomes of the Bill, or you want to degrade the House of Lords. GLADSTONE is very rude to us. We can't have Concurrent Endowment now, but it is the Ministers' fault.

Lord Shaftesbury. Most violent and revolutionary measure. I prophesy, &c. &c.

Lord Russell. The preamble is needless, and I shall vote against Ministers, in the hope that one day the way may be seen to Concurrent Endowment. I am not up in a Balloon, I think.

Duke of Argyll. Whoever says we want to provoke collision, he's—never mind. A Ministry attempting such a thing ought to be impeached. I tell you your Church has been treated with liberality and generosity.

Lord Salisbury. No such thing. We are not resisting the will of the country, but the will of one Arrogant Man.

Bishop of London. I protest against secularisation.

Lord Granville. The language used against us is offensive. I appeal to our friends to support us at a critical moment.

Lord Chancellor. I could hardly sit to hear such things said. The idea of calling such a man as the PREMIER is, Arrogant! LORD SALISBURY had better take *Rosaline's* advice to *Biron*, and spend a year in a hospital by way of taming his mocking spirit. Come, my Lords, let us cultivate Christian love.

Duke of Manchester. An odd speech. This Bill is pitching a sword into the face of Irish Protestants.

Lord Winchelsea. If this House is to be struck down, JACK CADE may as well do it as any other public character. We needn't fear the Papists, let us fear the party whence another OLIVER CROMWELL may arise. I shall defend the right, though I take my chance of the Block.

Then did the Lords stand by their preamble alteration, by 173 to 95.

Lord Granville. That's a wopping majority against us. I can do no more till I have seen my colleagues.

Wednesday. A Cabinet Council, which sat three hours. In the evening, *Mr. Punch*, banqueting with the LORD MAYOR LAWRENCE, all the Philosophers, and all the Painters, had just inserted his Beak into the Loving Cup, when a message was whispered to him,—“*We Swallow.*” (Fact.)

“So do I,” said *Mr. Punch*, suiting the action to the word. Consequently, after this communication, he was quite prepared for the gushing scene on

Thursday. When arose

Lord Granville. We are for peace and conciliation, and I am sure you are. Suppose we keep the date of disendowment at 1 January, 1871, as originally proposed?

Lord Cairns. Quite so, I'm so. By all means. Peace and conciliation,—nothing can be sweeter, I'm sure. My Lords, EARL GRANVILLE and I have had a private and quiet talk together. (Cheers.) I dare say you'll believe that we talked like men of the world,—that I said nothing about the Coronation Oath, and sacrilege, and that he said nothing about the National Will, and sacred justice. But we came to the point; and I must say, my Lords, that it's a pleasure and a joy to do business with such a man, not to say such an earl.

Lord Granville. I'm sure—

Lord Cairns. Just so. Well, there was no time to consult my friends; but I think they will trust me; and I am the Leader of Opposition. I'll tell you the bargain. The date as the Government pleases. We've modified the curate matter. As to commutation, they are to give us twelve per cent. instead of seven additional, if three quarters of the clergy in a diocese resolve to commute. As to the residences,—well, we ought to have 'em for nothing; but it is not worth while making a row over £100,000. Then, as to the Surplus, we stand to our guns, and the surplus is to provide “for unavoidable calamity, or to be employed in such manner as Parliament shall hereafter direct.” There,—I detest the whole Bill; but we could not make a better bargain for the Church.

Archbishop Tait. Yes, I think we must take it; and, after all, it is something like a re-endowment. I can't abide Voluntaryism.

Lord Carnarvon. The difficulty of the case justifies LORD CAIRNS.

Lord Salisbury. He has been a gentle *Antonio* to a hard *Shylock*; but we are not so badly off—I don't mean we, the Church that we love.

[Everybody went on congratulating and complimenting everybody for a long time.]

Lord Fingal. The Catholics are most grateful.

Lord Bandon. The Protestants are not.

Lord Granville. Quite delightful, I assure you, the way I have been spoken of. Pray understand that CAIRNS, not I, got you the twelve per cent.

[One division taken, which gave Government 47 to 17—on the residences—but many Lords got behind the Throne, not to vote.]

Bishop of Tuam. You are committing a National Sin, and a National Injustice.

Lord Granville. All right. [Committee to draw up reasons. Cheering.]

Friday. The House of Commons was suddenly transformed into a Cave of Harmony. MR. GLADSTONE, in a most eloquent speech, retracted the Balloon, enlarged upon the merits of the Irish Bill, as finally amended, and paid a glowing tribute to the House of Lords. He also complimented the Opposition in the Commons for the manly, but not factious way, in which they had fought for their principles. He wished the Church of Ireland God-speed on her new career. The Bill would, in a few days, become Law.

Various other Members raised the chorus of congratulation, a few discords only serving to enhance the pleasing general effect. MR. DISRAELI consoled his friends by denying that there had been any unconditional surrender, and declared that “a wise and conciliatory settlement” were the most prudent words in which to describe the result. But he hoped that no more attempts would be made to legislate on Abstract Principles.

The Catholics and the Dissenters expressed their satisfaction, and MR. MIALL promised the new Church all aid. Finally, amid loud cheering, the Lords' Amendments, as last settled, were agreed to, and the Bill was returned to the Peers.

Tuesday in the Commons was remarkable only in that MR. GLADSTONE gave his adhesion to the Bill for Marrying Your Wife's Sister. He thought that it might have a disturbing influence among select circles, but that the general mass was to be thought of, and wanted the Bill. Whereon, SIR J. HAY politely told him that he seemed to desire to abolish the Commandment which relates to conjugal relations. Several large majorities supported the Bill, and it got into Committee.

Wednesday. MR. F. A. MILLBANK asked the SPEAKER what could be done to LORD SALISBURY for calling MR. GLADSTONE Arrogant. The SPEAKER said that the Commons knew nothing of what was done in Another Place.

The Bill for Protecting the Property of the poorer sort of Married Women passed by a large majority, and ought to become law, in spite of the advanced state of the Session. Women want this, not votes.

Thursday. SIR JOHN COLERIDGE, being very angry at the Tests Bill's rejection by the Lords, made his feelings known somewhat irregularly. MR. BRUCE contradicted a statement that the Habitual Criminals was to be dropped, and then we had a long New Zealand debate—the Colonists insisted on being left to manage their own affairs, so they must now manage their own fighting. MR. WHALLEY attributed the rebellion to “the Hau Hau Virgin Mary and the Jesuits.” We quote, and are ashamed to do so. Afterwards, more æsthetics, and complaint that Manchester gentlemen gave for a picture what it was worth, and thus prevented the nation from getting it under its legitimate value. Very wrong of Manchester.

Friday. The DUKE OF ARGYLL produced the Indian Budget. A decided Deficit, but no cause for alarm.

The Commons allowed themselves to be bored with speeches about MURPHY, the Fire-brand, and his having been prevented from doing mischief. All rational people felt that a wise measure of police had been adopted by the authorities who sat upon him. Then Ships were talked about until past two in the morning. But everything hath an end, and that of the Irish Session is not far off.

PUNCH TO THE POLICE.

MY DEAR COLONEL HENDERSON,

Do you ever read a novel? If so, you may perhaps remember the tale of *The Three Clerks*, by my friend, MR. TROLLOPE. I am reminded of this story by the tale of the three bank clerks at the Marlborough Street Police-Court, where they were charged by the police with being drunk and disorderly, and were proved to have been as sober and as steady as MR. KNOX himself, who dismissed the charge at once, and censured the policemen who had trumped it up against them.

Stories similar to this have been related since by correspondents of the *Times*, showing that “the force” have a weakness for strong swearing, and will lie through thick and thin to contradict a truth which may chance to tell against them. Tales such as these bring such discredit on the service which is under your command, that I trust you will do all within your power to prevent them. We pay policemen to protect, and not to bully and browbeat us. Black sheep who try to levy black-mail by force of their blue uniform, should be drummed out of your army to the tune of “*The Rogue's March.*” The public will soon lose their respect for the police if they be perjurers and bullies, and they may as well be all dismissed, if nobody respects them. “Every man his own policeman,” will soon become the cry; and people will refuse to pay for keeping up a force which proves to be a nuisance.

Yours truly,

THE RIGHT REV. OLIVER TWIST.

(Apropos of the late Debate.)

IRISH Prelates, from TRENCH down, seemed thankful

“To save what they could from the fire:”

Only TUAM will not take a bank full

Of dross, from the Lords to retire!

But the Primate of England appears—

Chief Steward of Church scrip and store!—

As the *Oliver Twist* of the Peers,

Audaciously “asking for more.”

Tales and Details.

A “CALCUTTA *savant*,” named CAMERON, has made up his mind that in Borneo dwell Men with Tails. He wants to fit out an expedition to ascertain the fact. Among his requisites are long-range rifles. But this seems absurd. If the creatures are men, and he shoots them, he must be hanged. If they are not, *cui bono*? We recommend him to compromise, and try Salt.

Money not Monarchs.

“THE average life of a sovereign being taken at eighteen years—” What an unpleasant statistical statement for kings and queens to read, if they see it without observing the context, which will show them, to their great relief, that these short-lived sovereigns are not flesh and blood, but gold. There are crowns which do not last so long.

KEIGHLEY WORKHOUSE ECONOMY.



EXPERIENCE, *Mr. Punch*, has proved to you that you must not believe all you read in the newspapers, representing a bench of Magistrates as having committed a small child to gaol for stealing a radish, and so forth. But as to Poor Law Guardians, you are not, perhaps, able to say that you have found most charges of inhumanity reported against them turn out, on investigation, to have been unfounded, or indeed generally exaggerated very much. You will not, therefore, probably feel greatly inclined to question the accuracy of the following statements occurring in a letter to the *Times*, dated Upwood, July 20, and signed J. A. BUSFIELD:—

"At the Keighley Petty Sessions this day, a man was brought up for begging. His defence was that he went to the workhouse the previous night and asked for a bed, which was provided. He had no supper, and the next morning he left at seven o'clock, without breakfast, and passing through the town in search of work asked a little bread at one or two houses, which was given to him, but he was not guilty of any incivility, and he had not received more than would afford a reasonable meal. He further stated that he had no offer of food in the workhouse upon condition that he would work for it, and as he said, he must therefore either ask for it in the streets or starve."

However, Sir, the excess of your charity will peradventure suggest to you that there may have been some mistake in this matter. You may conjecture that the relieving officer, or person under him whose duty it was to feed the casuals, happened to forget it for once in the way, or may not have offered, simply because he was not asked for food. Such good-natured surmises do honour to your heart, *Mr. Punch*, but they are not confirmed by what follows:—

"On receiving this statement the Bench sent for the Master of the Workhouse, and were informed that formerly it was the practice to give a casual his breakfast upon condition that he performed some remunerative work, but that now the Guardians had made an order that neither food nor work should be provided. Under these circumstances the man was discharged."

Now, Sir, those Guardians were, like other Guardians, elected by the Ratepayers, were they not? Very well; then the Guardians represent the Ratepayers. Such as the Guardians, such are the Ratepayers—except in as far as they disavow any of those other gentlemen's proceedings. Do the Ratepayers of the Keighley Union disavow that order of the Guardians whereby starving casuals are provided with neither food nor work? If they don't, if they stand by their Guardians, then they proclaim those Guardians to be their own Guardians—Ratepayers' Guardians, Guardians of the Ratepayers' pockets, not Guardians of the Poor. And then, too, Sir, give me leave to say that they also proclaim their distinct and total disbelief of Christianity, their disbelief of it in every particular, even that of its morality, nay more, their belief of the direct contrary of its moral teaching as to the duty those Guardians of theirs not only ignore, but positively contradict in an order by which, expressly, the casuals being hungry, are not fed. "What then?" asks somebody—not you, Sir. What? Why, disendow and disestablish the Church of England throughout the Keighley district. Of what use can clergymen be to its population more than they could to so many pigs? Who would be surprised or shocked if such people as the Keighleyites should unite in making a great bonfire of the Scriptures; were to sing old Rose and burn the Bible—especially the New Testament. Nobody but *Mrs. Grundy*, who can stand seeing Scripture morally, but not physically, treated as waste paper.

But suppose the Keighley people do not generally coincide in theology with the late MR. THOMAS PAINE. In that case their attention is invited to the statement, concerning the casual and the circumstances above related, that, "under these circumstances the man was discharged." So, they will think, ought, at the earliest opportunity, to be their Board of Guardians. Say they do not think so, then I repeat, they may as well burn the Four Gospels; but the Poor Law Commissioners, even if prepared to approve of that demonstration, will of course take steps for compelling the Keighley Guardians, and others, if there are any such, at least to show so much humanity to even casual paupers as they are bound by statute. Of downright starvation the very casual pauper himself, I suppose, the Poor Law Board would not

willingly let die. Whether the Keighley Guardians, and some others, would or no is a question scarcely soluble by your very humble Servant,

SKILLIGOLEE.

Mr. Punch's Protest

AGAINST THE PASSING THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

MR. PUNCH, for himself and all other Journalists,
PROTESTS

1. Because this bringing the affair to a tame compromise is an injury to himself and those whom he has named, inasmuch as it Eliminates a variety of very good words, as Crisis, Antagonistic, Complication, Constitutionalism, Sacerdotalism, Vituperative, Demonstration, Commutation, Disestablishment, Disendowment, and other valuable polysyllables, and the weather is too hot for the Crystallisation of new ideas.
2. Because he, personally, is done out of an awful lot of effective Cartoons, which would have been supplied by a Collision, particularly a view of BEALES marching upon the House of Lords, and one of MR. DISRAELI demanding the impeachment of MR. BRIGHT for bad Latin.
3. Because though he never believed in a Crisis, a great many able penmen have insisted there was one, and they are brought to open shame by the ridiculous business habits of Englishmen.
4. Because we shall all be deprived of the daily satisfaction of seeing the House of Commons well pitched into by the *Standard*, as Atheists, Dissenters, and Robbers, that estimable journal having actually calmed down, on the morning after the arrangement, and being able to utter nothing stronger than the mild complaint that "fidelity to principle has been supplanted by a dog-like subservience to a man. We see the result of this in that monotonous assemblage of dumb-founded mutes which calls itself the Liberal party, and which knows no higher line of duty than to vote as MR. GLYN directs, and ketow to MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT. The policy which has reduced the Ministerial ranks to that perfection of discipline exhibited in a school presided over by a flogging usher, has knocked out the brains of the party, and substituted for an assemblage of thinking men a fortuitous concourse of stilted mediocrities, whose *mot d'ordre* is to vote as they are told, and yell down the Opposition speakers."
5. Because English people were learning something about the Geography of Ireland, and several accomplished persons had been known to speak with comparative exactitude as to the relative positions of Dublin and Galway, Cork and Coleraine, and had the debates lasted another year, there is reason to believe that most people would have had a distinct notion of the situation of the four provinces.
6. Because the passing the Bill is a new evidence of the tyranny of England towards Ireland. The former, having ever been a plunderer of the latter, now robs her of her last grievance.
7. Because Parliament will now have an excuse for addressing itself to trumpery topics like Education, Pauperism, Emigration, Sanatory Regulation, Crime, Taxation, and the like, which are exceedingly dull themes, and which offer no points for fiery orators or sparkling wits.
8. Because he did not want to go out of town, and hoped for an autumn Session as an excuse for sticking to his Club, whereas now he must go and be bored with scenery, bad cooking, and dear lodgings at some sea-side place.
9. Because he hates Papists.
10. Because he hates Protestants.
11. Because he hates Every Body, and means to, until the weather permits him to wear clothes.

FINIS.

Music Hall Cads.

MR. PUNCH reads in the *Daily News* that at one of the Music Halls a fellow sings reflections on the QUEEN for living more in the country than in London, and that he is much applauded by counter-skippers from West End shops. *Mr. Punch* trusts that decent artisans (who understand why HER MAJESTY is compelled to dwell in comparative retirement) will abstain from rewarding the singer with bouquets in the form of pewter pots. But when is Licensing Day?

LOOKING BEFORE THEM.

THERE was one great quality possessed by the Volunteers at Wimbledon, which must have struck even the most careless observer—their foresight.



THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

HOW WOULD IT BE IF THEY CHANGED INSTRUMENTS?

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

IN these days of unabashed puffing, fifty times in every season BYRON and WALTER SCOTT are congratulated on being in Elysium, so that those respectable writers may be spared the mortification of being told, as it is the conscientious puffer's business to say, that they have been completely distanced by a new poet or a new novelist. But there is a burst of honesty sometimes, and here is one. It is not often that a publisher has the candour to advertise a thundering puff, and then to append its antidote, as in this case,—we cut from the *Athenæum*:—

"Among the young poets who, during the last few years, have made themselves a name among our neighbours across the straits, no one arrived at that essential end more swiftly than Mr. *****. At his first stride he touched the goal. His verse is finished, rapid, with a Byronian accent—now recalling POPE, now CHURCHILL—rich in antithesis, and drenched with classical ambrosia."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"We can only regret that 'The *****' is not likely to penetrate more than a few bachelor smoking-rooms."—*Press*.

As the poem is neither so good nor so bad as is above stated, *Mr. Punch* does not give its name or its author's, especially as the latter may do better things when he acquires larger sympathies. The candour of the publisher deserves all praise.

A Card.

THE *Morning Star*, in a frankly phrased announcement that it has changed its proprietary, and is going in for more decidedly Revolutionary Doctrines (the words meaning wholesale and wholesome changes) states that it will be written by men "who know what they want, and say what they mean." All *Mr. Punch's* Young Men are (after hours) at the *Star's* service. They know what they want, which is to do as little work as possible in return for fabulous guerdon, and upon every conceivable occasion they say that they mean to do it. We think that the *Star* had better offer them engagements.

THEATRICAL.—The only people who never suffer in the long run—Managers of Theatres.

DEADLY DRIVING.

FOR those who take their walks abroad in the crowded streets of London, here is a rather pleasant morsel of intelligence. We find it in the REGISTRAR-GENERAL's report:—

"The expected number of deaths by horses or vehicles in the streets is 105 in 27 weeks; the actual numbers recorded in the 27 weeks of this year are 106. Eight persons were killed by horses, 3 by carriages, 6 by omnibuses, 15 by cabs, 33 by vans or waggons, and 40 by carts. One person was killed by a dray."

It possibly may interest a practised statistician to calculate how many deaths may be "expected" through bad driving: but when the calculation is confirmed by actual experience, there seems to be fair reason that some one should do something to endeavour to prevent a recurrence of the fact. Carters, van-demons, and cabmen appear to be the deadliest of drivers now in London, and ought to be most strictly watched by the police. If a few of them were sentenced somewhat heavily for manslaughter, the rest might learn the lesson that they ought to be more careful, and in course of time might even be persuaded that they really have no right to drive over other people, at the rate of five a week, as it appears is now the case.

Johannes Fulgidus.

LATIN is catching, like love. From sitting near his classical chief, PEREGRINUS, MR. BRIGHT has taken to quoting the first-mentioned language, and the other night he described MR. DISRAELI's coming to the House with dishevelled hair—*crinibus disjectis*. Bravo! Why doesn't he companion the *Juventus Mundi* with a *Senectus Tuesday*? or, better, translate the *De Amicitia* for the Society of Friends?

VISION OF IRISH WALL-FRUIT.

IRELAND was thrown into a state of unparalleled excitement by the debates in the House of Lords on the question of adhering to their Amendments of the Irish Church Bill. The eyes of all the potatoes were on the PREMIER.



A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

GHOST OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. "AGREED, HAVE THEY? ODS BODDIKINS! GADS MY LIFE, AND MARRY COME UP, SWEETHEART! IN *MY* TIME I'D HAVE KNOCKED ALL THEIR ADDLEPATES TOGETHER TILL THEY *HAD* AGREED!"

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



WAKE up in the Hotel apparently in the middle of a dream.

Happy Thought (on the instant).—To note it down, as it seems a connected story. My Dream. (*Example of Connected Dreams for Typical Developments*, Vol. IX., ch. ii., par. 3, under "D," for Dreams, i.e. *Dreams of all Nations*.) I thought LORD WESTBURY came up to me, somewhere in a room or a garden, took me aside and said something to the effect that "his real name was Sarsaparilla." I don't think I was surprised at the announcement, or perhaps I hadn't time to express any astonishment, as immediately afterwards I was attempting to creep on all fours under a kitchen-table, which some one (I don't know who it was, as I didn't see him) said was a Monastery for Little Boys. Then, immediately, I seemed to be in India, about to be executed for insubordination to a General who was crying. I didn't know any of the officers except BOODELS, who was explaining to me the principle of the guillotine. I replied to some one (to BOODELS, I fancy) that I must write home to ask permission. But for what I don't know, unless I meant permission to be executed. The dream, at this point, became confused, and by the way, on looking over the above notes, it doesn't seem to me so clearly connected as it had at first appeared. I am sure there are some missing links which have escaped my memory. I'll think of them during the day, and put them down. My impression about the insubordination in India and the guillotine is so vivid that I am really quite glad to find myself in the Hotel bed.

Happy Thought.—Ring the bell and order cup of tea, to thoroughly wake me. First, to find the bell. It's generally, in hotels, near the bed. No it isn't. Or above my head. No.

Happy Thought. (Brilliant, in fact.)—To trace position of bell-handle by following the wires at the top of the room. I should have made a good detective. There are no wires. I sit up in bed, and then observe that the bell-handles are on either side of the fireplace: as if it was a dining-room. It's absurd to have a bed-room like a dining-room: the architect ought to have known better. By the way, is it the architect's business? Curious how ignorant one is on these really common subjects. I never thought of it before, but now I do consider the matter, it appears to me that the architect only manages the outside of the building—its architectural part—and has nothing to do with the inside. Then who does the stairs? and the doors? Carpenters and upholsterers? I wish I had a dictionary here, I'd look out what *façade* means, as I know it's the architect's business to attend to that. Odd, now I think of it again, I do believe I've left out Architecture under A in *Typical Developments*, Vol. II. However, I shall show the publishers only Vol. I., which is complete up to *Abstractions*. Get up and ring the bell. Get into bed again. Delightful to think in bed. To lie and think: then take note-book and jot something down. Jot down my arrangements for the day. 1st. *Get up. Wash and dress.*

Need hardly put *that* down, but I will. There's nothing like regularity in details. 2nd. *Have breakfast, &c.* Start a separate heading, *Letters to write*. By the way, they haven't answered that bell. Out of bed to ring again. Jump in once more. Quite exercise. Jot on. *Letter to Boodels*. I've got lots to write, I know, but can't think just now to whom. One to WILLIS about his bed and the stranger GRAINGER in it. That's all. No. One to my wife. Forgot *that*. What can I say?

Happy Thought.—Mustn't say "I'm enjoying myself very much in London." Will write, "Horrid place, London this time of year." (*Happy Thought: Height of the Season.*) "Wish I was back home in our cottage. But can't: business with publisher—most important. Kiss baby for me. Love to Mamma." (I mean MRS. SYMPERSON, my mother-in-law. Must shove in that). Ring the bell again. That's the third time.

Happy Thought, (for letter to my wife) to throw in pathetically, "The longer I stay away the more I am convinced there is no place like home." This will be a sort of apology for my staying away ever so long now, perhaps including going to Jersey and Prussia to see COUNT DE BOOTJACK. Looking at the sentence in two ways, there is one in which it isn't very complimentary. [*Happy Thought.*—Look at it in the other way. Wife will, I hope.] Finish up letter with, "There is no news here." (Where? I don't exactly know. Epistolary Conventionalities. Good title for handy book. Suggest it to publisher. Wonder whether he'll "jump at it.") Finish with "I am, dearest FRIDDY" (short for FRIDOLINE) "your ever affectionate husband"—By the way, why sign my Christian and surname to my wife? (Ring the bell again. That's the fourth time. I suppose I am so out of the way they don't care about me in Number Three Hundred and Seventy-Five. Too bad; because what should I do in case of fire? Ah well, p'raps one would hardly want a bell then, except to ring and order a cab. Say, for instance, "There's a fire here: so I shan't stay any longer. Get me a cab." Back to bed for the fourth time. That's eight jumps in and out, and the room crossed eight times: walk before breakfast. To resume. Why should I sign any name to my wife's letter? Odd I've always done it, but its absurdity never struck me till this moment.

Happy Thought.—"Your ever affectionate Husband." Full stop, and a dash to the final "d" of husband. This, as it were, marks an era in letter-writing. I wish they'd answer the bell. Fifth time of jumping out and in and ringing. Pause: no answer. Sixth time. Enter Maid suddenly, "Did you rang, Sir." Yes, I did rang, I answer crossly. Can't help being cross—she's an elderly woman of the very plainest pattern. [*Note for Typical Developments: Physiognomy: Effect on Persons.*] I complain. Rang ten times: exaggeration pardonable. She never heard the bell—it's not her landing. "Then why did she come?" I feel immediately afterwards that this question is ungrateful. What did I want? Well—I—(my memory is so treacherous. Odd. For the moment I've quite forgotten what I had been ringing six times for?)

Happy Thought.—Oh, please take clothes and boots, and brush 'em. "Here they are, Sir, outside." Ah, taken while I was asleep. Oh (as she is leaving the room) I know: Tea and a bath. She understands me and retires. Note down what else I've got to do to-day. Do the Royal Academy.

Happy Thought.—Get up, and go early. It takes me a long time getting up. Wish I could do what heroes in novels do. Their toilet never takes them more than a few minutes. "Ten minutes sufficed him to complete his toilet, and then hurrying down the stairs he met," &c. &c., or "To jump from the rude couch, and to buckle on his armour, was with SIR REGINALD the work of a few seconds. When fully accoutred he descended the steps and found LADY EVELINE on the Terrace," &c., &c. I should like to fill this out ("Come in!" to Boots, with bath) with details. "To jump from the bed, look in the glass, brush his hair, blow his nose, wash his face and hands, tub himself, brush his teeth, put on a clean shirt of mail, ask for a clean pocket-handkerchief, and get his armour brushed and polished, was with SIR REGINALD the work of fewer seconds than it has taken me to write this."

Happy Thought.—After breakfast tell Boots to pack up bag, bring it down, and I'll call for it in the course of the day. Very Happy Thought, because by this means I don't have to lug it about town. (By the way, where am I going to sleep to-night? At WILLIS's, if GRAINGER's gone: call and see). I don't have to pack it myself. And I fetch it without any ostentation. Without ostentation means that ten to one against this particular Boots being in the Charing Cross Hall, and so I shan't have to tip him. Don't deserve tips for not answering bells. Almost a proverb this—"Who answers no bells, gets no Tips."

Happy Thought.—Compose a book of new Proverbs. Offer this to a publisher who'll jump at it. What a lot of things I shall have to offer to the publisher when I go with Vol. I. of *Typical Developments*! Might make a fortune if he only goes on jumping. "New Proverbs" is a first-rate notion. Stop, though— isn't it rather sacrilegious? (That isn't the word I want, but, I mean, isn't it rather treading on SOLOMON's ground?) Wouldn't do this for anything. By the way, didn't TUPPER? That's rather against it. But mine's a totally different notion. "New Proverbs" with the celebrated motto,

"Let who will, write their songs, give me the composition of their proverbs," or words to that effect. *Mem.* Find out *who* said this, and *when*: date, &c.)

Dressed and breakfasted. Now to the Academy.

At the Royal Academy. Early. Very early. No one there. Up the steps into the hall. Not a soul. No one to take the money. Perhaps they've abolished payments. Good, that. So gloomy, I'm quite depressed. See a policeman. He reminds me that—of course—how idiotic!—the Royal Academy has gone to Piccadilly, and here I am in the old Trafalgar Square place.

Happy Thought.—Take a cab to the New Academy.

Ah, nice new place! Inscription over the entrance all on one side. Leave my stick, and take a catalogue. Hate a catalogue: why can't they put the names on the pictures, and charge extra for entrance? I know that there used to be a North and a South and an East and a West room in the old place.

Happy Thought.—Make a plan for seeing the rooms in order. Go back, and buy a pencil. I'll begin with the North, then to the East, then to the West, and so on.



"BLOW FLY FISHING."

THIS IS HOW OLD PUFFINS (WITH THE AID OF A BLOW-TUBE) GETS OVER THE EXERTION OF THROWING A FLY.

SPADE AND SAW v. RIFLE AND BAYONET.

THE sorely-tried Military Authorities who have to decide on inventions, have had laid before them a light steel spade, which screws into the butt of the rifle, as the saw-backed sword-bayonet into its muzzle. When an old-fashioned soldier used the butt of his piece as a weapon, he used to be said to "club his musket." Henceforth, it seems, spades will be added to clubs, to help the points of the military game. But now that "spade-drills" and "earthworks" are to be among the chief reliances of the soldier of the future, the art of war seems really to be changing into husbandry. "Turning rifles into spades, and bayonets into saws," is quite as apt a symbol of the change, as "beating spears into shares, and swords into sickles."

Playing at Priests.

MR. PUNCH observed a paragraph headed as above, and of course passed it over, having had enough of Ritualism. But, seeing it again (paragraphs you want to neglect always crop up, somehow) he found that three small boys got into a chapel, lit candles, and were enacting priests. Surely Ritualism will feel sympathy enough for fellow offenders to pay their fines.

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

VI.—LINES BY RAIL.

Off with a friend to Brighton,

I went in the Express;

My heart was light,

My hat was white,

I wore a summer dress.

I went to meet my fair one

Upon the Brighton Pier.

Ah, now I do not care one

Dump—but you shall hear.

For mate from mate

To separate

Does seem to me a pity;

Yet I came from Victoria,

My friend came from the City.

And when I say my friend, I mean

A friend who was at school with me:

And who since then,

Now we are men,

Has often played the fool with me.

I was alone, and thought of Her,

Who was no flirt or hoyden;

The City train, I'll here explain,

Joins t'other one at Croydon.

Perhaps I'm wrong in this detail,

I'd had one gin-and-seltzer,

With ice, and so.

The change, you know,

Might have been somewhere else, Sir.

At all events my friend and I,

In this fine summer weather,

Were far apart, that is at start,

But somewhere came together.

So came together that we winked,

But couldn't talk, a bother;

We sat in carriages distinct,

And far from one another.

He was so far from me he might

Have been among the Feejees;

But let that pass,

Necessitas

Non habet any leges.

I thought of her, I dreamt of her,

My own, my darling LAURA;

They woke me from a sleep, so deep,

Because I was a snorer.

I'd slept an hour, I do believe,

The snooze was not a light 'un;

And then we stopped, from what they dropped,

I gathered *t'wasn't* Brighton.

I muttered something 'twixt my teeth,

The mat beneath I stamped on.

Oh, rage! despair! Where, tell me where

We are? "Sir, Littlehampton."

My friend went on to Brighton,

He met my darling LAURA.

Said he, "Miss L.,

The truth to tell

'Tis I am your adorer!"

"Yes, your pretended lover has

With some one else decamped: on

My word I do,

Declare 'tis true—

He's gone to Littlehampton."

The pair they laughed,

I telegraphed—

But p'raps you've heard before of it?

If so, tho' true,

This isn't new,

And you shall hear no more of it.

But for this fickle friend of mine,

Who thinks himself a Crichton,

Whom I'll—no, not another line,

About my trip to Brighton.

A NOODLE'S NOTE-BOOK.

If you wish to see human nature in one of its blackest and most repulsive phases, observe the countenances of the eleven riders in an omnibus when the twelfth passenger enters with a wet umbrella.

In seeking lodgings ask how long the servant has been in her place. Depend upon it you will never be comfortable where there is a constant change of slaveys. A good landlady keeps her family, her temper, a civil tongue, and above all her servants.

Unless you are a very strong person, never rush rashly into a row. A man with uncertain soles to his boots should always avoid a scrape.

"At the end of the piece," said the successful author to the Manager, whose house was not filling, "the audience rose like one man!" "Yes," replied the Manager, "far too like one man to please me." But Managers, like farmers, are always grumbling. This reminds me of one who described the condition of his "business" thus: "When it was over, Sir, the audience went out arm-in-arm."

Never judge by appearances. Perhaps you think JONES's face an honest one. Frame it with the Old Bailey dock and see what a change there is in it. Picture the best faces you know in a like position, and say if one and all would not answer to the reporters' phrase,—a "suspicious-looking character."

There are certain people who declare they don't care what they eat. Never ask them to dinner, for be sure they will go away and abuse everything.

"Fine straightforward man, GRINDER—man of his word. Never knew him break it. Says he'll sell you up, and does so." *From an unpublished and (so blind are Managers!) unacted Comedy.*

Dear dogmatic old JOHNSON declared a man who makes a pun would pick a pocket. My friend FILCHER says it may be true, but what crimes are the anti-punsters not capable of! Pocket-picking, after all, is only a perverted accomplishment.

Always avoid men who are continually saying, "To make a long story short," &c. They never do.

He was a smart fellow, who, when a man kicked up a disturbance at a theatre, exclaimed, "That gentleman is a disgrace to his order."

Isn't "holding the candle to the deuce", merely making light of wickedness?

ANOTHER WOMAN'S GRIEVANCE.

MR. PUNCH,

OUR champion, MR. MILL, has written a book on *The Subjection of Women*. As yet I have not read it, but I hope when I do I shall find an indignant protest against one of our wrongs, which has not received sufficient attention from the Press, the Parliament, and the People. I mean the obligation we are under, when we marry, to take our husband's name, whether we like it or not. It ought to be made optional by Act of Parliament. If the husband's name is more euphonious, more aristocratic than the wife's, let her adopt it; but do not compel the wife to exchange her own sweetly pretty name for one which may be grotesque or vulgar.

I write sensitively on the subject, because I am about to suffer by this most unjust arrangement. Look at my signature. Can any name be more pleasant to bear, more desirable to retain? Imagine then what my feelings are, when I reveal to you that on Thursday week I shall become MRS. SPILKINS, MRS. HORATIO (I think the HORATIO makes it worse) SPILKINS. HORATIO is a dear old fellow, neither vulgar nor grotesque, with three thousand a-year, and I would not give him up for a Marquis, but his very absurd name embitters my cup of happiness. When the dearest friend I have in the world, SARAH JANE GRIDRIP, was married to her cousin CLARENDON, she was of course delighted to bid adieu for ever to GRIDRIP, and become MRS. CLARENDON FITZHERBERT (she now signs herself SARA JEAN); but nothing—no, not even the knowledge that should I ever unhappily be left a widow, I shall have the right to vote for Town Councillors at Bablecombe,—can reconcile me to the exchange of MARMION-MOWBRAY for—SPILKINS! Fancy: the SPILKINS!

"Do, dear Mr. Punch, use your influence to get this altered. (Cannot an Act of Parliament be passed by Thursday week, to save me from being LELLA SPILKINS all my life?) You will then endear yourself more than ever to thousands of girls who would be glad to have the chance of keeping their maiden names when they marry."

Yours, very sincerely,

LEILA FRANCES KATHARINE MARMION-MOWBRAY.

Ex Fumo dare Lucem.

PEOPLE have been writing to the *Times* of the appearance of fire-flies in Kent, and asking how they are to be accounted for. Quite naturally. What *should* come of the "Kentish fire" of excited Irish Church partisans, but Kentish fire-flies?

TO PLAYGOERS.

ARE you a Chessplayer as well as a Playgoer, a fanatic about that serious and solemn diversion, competent to engage in it blindfold, competent to carry on any number of games at one and the same time, the proud author, it may be, of a new opening, the happy inventor of a brilliant ending, a member of Chess clubs and an attendant at Chess congresses? Should you be an enthusiast of this description, it is only fair to warn you that if, allured by its title, you are going to the Royalty, to see MR. HALLIDAY's new "farcical Comedy," *Checkmate*, in the expectation of learning something from it about your favourite pastime, its history, science, and bibliography, you will meet with a check and be disappointed. But if, after some consideration as to where you should go to be amused, you select the little theatre in Dean Street, you will receive a check (in exchange for your money), and certainly not be disappointed; indeed one can guess pretty well what you will say, after being highly diverted with *Sir Everton Toffey* and *Miss Charlotte Russe*, and *Sam* and *Martha*—with a clear satisfaction in the tone of your voice, you will repeat to yourself the title of the frolic—*Checkmate*—and in the accents of deliberate conviction, you will add these remarkable words, "a good move."

The title may be metaphorical, or metaphysical, or metempsychosical, or whatever you, and the Materialists, and the Positivists, and the Philistines are pleased to term it, but the piece itself is merry, and mirthful and comical, so much so that in the entertaining society of MESSIEURS DEWAR and DANVERS, MISS OLIVER and MISS C. SAUNDERS, you will probably forget the heat and the House of Lords, the Preamble and the Prorogation, and laugh, as oblivious of Cabinet Councils, and Ministerial Crises as we all are of the Bill of Rights and the arrest of the Five Members.

Understand clearly the risk you run in visiting the Royalty. What with *Checkmate*, and the piece of fun that follows it, *Billy Taylor*—author, MR. BURNANP; actors, the clever quartet before mentioned, with the agreeable addition of Miss BROMLEY and Miss BISHOP; concise criticism, high Jinks—you may so over-exert yourself with laughing as to require, on leaving the theatre, a restorative compounded of ice, soda-water, crushed lump, and either the vintage of Bordeaux, or the more homely growth of our own Counties of Devon and Hereford, with their combs, and cream, and great men, their cattle, cathedrals, and—apples.

A Lady's Note.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in the papers that among the Bills now being prepared for the Prussian Landtag there is said to be one for introducing Civil Marriage.

That's easy enough, but will somebody prepare a Bill for introducing civility *after* marriage? That is what I should like to see—and hear. How would *you* like, if you were a lady, to have to ring the bell yourself, and be scowled at if you spoke when my lord is reading the paper, and if you answer the parlour-maid when he happens to be retailing an anecdote, O law! Write upon this subject, and oblige,

Yours, affectionately,

Griselida Terrace.

A SNUBBED WIFE.

Something to be Overhauled.

THE Naval School at New Cross has, according to the *Standard*, (which appears to Mr. Punch to have made out its case) "succumbed to Bumbledom." A master who set himself against dirt, bullying, and worse, who protected the young boys, and caused all to wash themselves, has been forced to resign. One defender of the Bumbles writes that "boys will be boys." We beg pardon, they are boys, and will be men, and it is to be wished that they should be humane and clean men, and not cruel and dirty men. But Bumble perhaps thinks that a Naval Cadet ought to be a Naval Cad.

WUT AT WIMBLEDON.

A SCOTCH Volunteer, one of the knot of critics round the firing-point where the Line-prizes were being shot for, on asking, with some contempt in his voice, "Whaur thae lads come frae?" and being told "Aldershot," was heard to mutter, complacently, "Hech, Sirs! Alder shots sud be better shots, I'm thinkin'!"

A Dog's Tale.

"During the past fortnight Mr. Cooke has made complaints that he could not carry on the business of the Clerkenwell Police Court, owing to the barking of the dogs captured in the street, by order of the Commissioners of Police."

Is this the Barking nuisance we hear so much of?

THE HEAT.—A Contributor sends us the following, as the best joke he could make during the hot weather:—A Tailor who supplies equestriennes relies upon his habits for his custom.



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE!"

Sledge (in answer to the reproachful look of his Cabman). "WELL, IT'S YOUR RIGHT FARE; YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS I DO!"
Cabby. "OH! WHICH I'M WELL AWARE O' THAT, SIR! BUT—" ("more in sorrow than in anger")—"AN' YOU A ARTIS', SIR!!"
[Gets another Shilling!]

FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

A PARISIAN, writing from England, relates how he has visited the Exhibition of his compatriot, MADAME TUSSAUD. After seeing the Chamber of Horrors, he looks at the sleeping and breathing beauty, so dear to us all in childhood's holidays, and exclaims:—

"Dans ce lit une jeune femme (de cire) représentée dormante. Un ressort caché soulève le drap à intervalles égaux, et simule le léger mouvement causé par la respiration. L'illusion est absolue . . . et non sans charme."

"La femme est, en effet, d'une beauté extravagante. Et, ma foi! si elle était à marier . . .!"

Here's a suggestion! Perhaps in a week or two we shall read an announcement, under the head of Marriages, which will inform us how the Sleeping Beauty was attended to the altar by all MADAME TUSSAUD'S Waxworks, dusted for the occasion. In a public-house, whither our Lively Neighbour had retired to refresh himself after, I suppose, the overpowering morning in Baker Street, he says:—

"Ce sont des bières de toutes les couleurs, entre autres de Ginger-bier composition savonneuse et mousseuse. . . . véritable invention de pharmacien que ce ginger-bier. Prenez en couché et dans une cuiller à bouche, l'illusion est complète!"

I wonder where he got his Ginger-bier? It will hardly bear thinking of! Did it, I wonder, occur to him to ask, whence the name of Ginger beer? Is it Ginger and beer mixed? Which is the beer, and which is the Ginger? It is curiously and wonderfully made, and well worthy the attention given to it by

Yours, Por.

Question and Answer.

The Church 'as 'Adfield's 'ate. Why does he din it
Ad nauseam? "Church" has got two H's in it.

IN TWO WORDS.—CAIRNS and GRANVILLE's loosing of the Irish Church kept—"Soleitur (præ) ambulando."

A REAL GRIEVANCE.

THE Thames Tunnel is dis-established. It was finally closed a few nights ago, and has been bought by a railway. This, you know, is a grievance for Londoners. When country friends came to town, we have been accustomed to send them, first, to the top of the Monument; secondly, to the Thames Tunnel; and, if they ever returned (which few did), thirdly, to the British Museum, which completed their annihilation. Now the Tunnel is gone. What substitute is offered? Somebody suggest something. It must be a very long way from civilised regions, very improving, and awfully fatiguing. As everybody will be off in a few days, to sponge on the hospitalities of country friends, there is no immediate haste, but it is due to them that we should have something invented before the winter.

Mrs. P. on the Irish Church Bill.

MRS. PARTINGTON says she cannot think MR. GLADSTONE was polite in calling the Irish bishops Panthers, out of some Latin book. If he had said Leopards, when he was making 'em change their spots, and go from one spot to another, the delusion might have been clearer. But she disapproves of the whole scream of sectarianising the surplice, which ought not to be on a lay figure.

"The Grand."

"CLIMÁCTERIC, climácteric," so accent WEBSTER places. Nay, "Climácteric," JOHNSON says, revised on WALKER's basis: Penultimate, or antepen, it's all the same to me. While the unpleasant fact remains that I am

SIXTY-THREE.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The Opera is closed, and the great singers are not gone. We congratulate lovers of art on the probability of their being now allowed to hear some good music.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HE Catalogue, on reference to it, is, I find, divided into galleries all numbered.

Happy Thought.—Take Number One first, and so on, in order. Where is Number One? I find myself opposite 214. I won't look to see what it is, as I want to begin with Number One. This I ascertain by the Catalogue is Gallery No. IV, and the picture is *Landing Herrings*. By C. TAYLOR. Go into another Gallery. 337. *The Nursing Donkey*. A. HUGHES. Oh, this is Gallery No. VI. Retrace my steps to another. Let me see: think I've been here before. Have I seen that picture? What I want is Number One. What number is that? Oh, 214. *Landing Herrings*

again, of course. To another room. Now then. Old men talking. Can't help stopping before this picture, though I want to go on to Number One. This is 137. *Politicians*. T. WEBSTER. R. A. Capital. But this is Gallery No. III. People are crowding in now. Nuisance. Wedged in. Beg pardon. Somebody's elbowing my back. Big lady stops the way. Beg pardon. Thanks. Squeeze by.

In another Room. I hope Number One this time. 429. *Soonabharr*. J. GRIFFITHS. Gallery No. VII. Bother Soonabharr! Try back again.

Beg pardon several times for toes and elbows. No one begs my pardon. Irritating place the Royal Academy, when you can't get a settled place. Where is Number One? Beg pardon, bow, bend, toes, elbows, push, squeeze, and I'm in another room. Hot work.

Happy Thought.—Watch old lady in chair. When she goes I will sit down. Getting a seat is quite a game: like Puss in the Corner. She does go at last, and, though elbowed, hit, trodden upon, backed upon, and pushed, I've never moved. I sit. Now then to take it coolly. Where am I? What's that just opposite? Have I seen it before? 214. *Landing Herrings*. C. TAYLOR. Gallery No. IV. That's the third time I've seen the picture.

Happy Thought.—To look out in Catalogue for what is Number One. Number One is *Topsy, Wasp, Sailor, and Master Turvey, protégés of James Furrer, Esq., of Ingleborough*. A. D. COOPER. Wonder what that means? He might have called it *Topsy Wopsy & Co.* Funny that. As I am being funny all to myself, I see two ladies whom I know. Miss MILLAR and her Mamma.

Happy Thought.—Offer Mamma a seat, and walk with Miss MILLAR. Opportunity for artistic conversation. Clever girl, Miss MILLAR, and pretty. "Do I like pictures?" Yes I do, I answer, with a reservation of "Some—not all." "Have I been here before?" I've not. Pause. Say, "It's very warm, though." (Why "though"? Consider this.) Miss MILLAR wants to know "Whose that is?" I say, off-hand, (one really ought to know an artist's style without referring to the Catalogue), "MILLAR'S." I add, "I think." I refer to Catalogue. It isn't. We both say, "Very like him, though."

Miss MILLAR observes there are some pretty faces on the walls.

Happy Thought.—To say, "Not so pretty as those off it." I don't say this at once, because it doesn't appear to me at the moment well arranged as a compliment; and, as it would sound flat a few minutes afterwards, I don't say it at all. Stupid of me. Reserve it. It will come in again for somebody else, or for when Miss MILLAR gives me another opportunity.

Portrait of a Lady.—The opportunity, I think. Don't I admire that? "Not so much as ——" If I say, "As you," it's too coarse, and, in fact, not wrapped up enough. She asks—"As what?" I refer to Catalogue, and reply, at a venture, "As STOREY'S Sister." Miss MILLAR wants to know who she is? I explain—a picture of "Sister," by G. A. STOREY.

We are opposite 428. *Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face*.

CALDERON. We both say, "Beautiful!" I say, "How delightful to pass a day like that!" Miss MILLAR thinks, with a laugh, that it's rather too spooney. (Don't like "spooney" to be used by a girl.) "Spooney!" I say.

Happy Thought.—Opportunity for quoting a poetical description out of *Typical Developments*, just to see how it goes. If it doesn't go with Miss MILLAR, cut it out, or publisher won't jump. I say, "See this lovely glade, this sloping bank, the trees drooping o'er the stream, which on its bosom bears these two lovers, who know no more of their future than of the drifting stream which is taking them." She observes, "That is really a poetic description! Do you like rowing?" Yes, I do, and —

Happy Thought.—Wouldn't it be nice to have a pic-nic up the river? Miss MILLAR says, "Oh do." She knows some girls who will go. I reply I know some men who will be delighted: only she (Miss MILLAR) must let me chaperon her for the day. (This with an arch look: rather telling, I think. Couldn't have done it so well before I was married. Being married, of course there's no harm in it.) "Oh yes," she replies, "of course." Wonder if she means what she is saying. I ask what day? and take out my note-book. I say, gently, "I shall look forward to ——" Before I can finish, I am suddenly aware of two girls and a boy (from fourteen downwards), very provincially dressed, rushing at me with beaming faces, and the taller of the girls crying out (the three positively shout—the uncouth wretches!) "Oh, BROTHER WIGGY!" (they all say this,) seizes me round the neck, jumps at me, and kisses me. The lesser one follows. Same performance. I can't keep them off. They are my wife's youngest sisters and little brother just from school, whom I used at one time foolishly to encourage. FRIDDY told them about my song of the little Pig, and they always (as a matter of endearment) call me "BROTHER WIGGY." I shall write to my wife, or tell her when I get home, that her family must really be kept quiet. I can't stand it. I smile, and look pleased (everyone is turning to observe me except Miss MILLAR, who pretends to be absorbed in a picture,) and say, "Ah, BETTY! ah, POLLY! how d'ye do? When did you come up?"

Happy Thought.—When are you going back again? Give them half-a-crown to go to the refreshment-room, and eat buns and ices. They go. Miss MILLAR has found her Mamma, and gone into another room. Hang those little SYMPERSONS. Somebody treads on my toes. I will not beg his pardon. I am very angry. Somebody nearly knocks my hat off pointing out a picture to a friend. He doesn't beg my pardon. Rude people come to the Academy. I'll be rude. I'll hit some one in the ribs when I want to change my position. I'll tread on toes, and say nothing about it. Very tall people oughtn't to be allowed in the Academy.

Happy Thought.—Walk between tall person and pictures. Must be rude at the Academy, or one will never see any pictures at all—at least, close to.

A hit, really a blow, in my side. I turn savagely. "Confound it, Sir—"

"It's that donkey MILBURN, who introduces a tall young friend as Mr. DILBURY. "What picture do you particularly want to see?" asks MILBURN. I tell him Number One. DILBURY will show me.

"But first," says DILBURY, taking me by the arm, "here's rather a good bit of colour." He is evidently a critic, and walks me up in front of a picture. "There!" says DILBURY.

I refer to Catalogue. Oh, of course—

214. *Landing Herrings*, C. TAYLOR, for the fifth time. I tell him I know it, and so we pass on.

Alaska.

We read in a contemporary that Alaska, better known as "Russian America," is now quite "civilised," having "rum-shops, billiard-saloons, and gambling-houses in abundance." MR. SEWARD is said to be *en route* for this bright spot. The late MR. WRIGHT used to say in the *Green Bushes* that to be "civilised was never to be satisfied." Alaska should assuredly be satisfied with such charming opportunities ready to hand for ruining its health, pocket, and morality. One feels inclined to spell the word without the final *K*, and to finish with a note of *Ex-not Ad-miration*.

Question and Answer out of Blackstone.

WHAT is the most profitable right young Noblemen can exercise now-a-days?

Right of Turbary.

Why?

Because it is the right of *cutting the Turf*.

CANINE CONUNDRUM.

WHY does the River Thames just now resemble a Plethoric Pug?

Because it's especially bad at Barking.



A PLEDGED M.P.

M.P.'s Bride. "OH! WILLIAM, DEAR—IF YOU ARE—A LIBERAL—DO BRING IN A BILL—NEXT SESSION—FOR THAT UNDERGROUND TUNNEL!!"

PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.

JERRY SNEAK writes to us to ask whether RUSSELL GURNEY, who has taken charge of MR. LEEFVRE's Bill, is "the GURNEY married" whose life, by one THEODORE HOOK, he has seen advertised? He says he can hardly think so, or RUSSELL GURNEY would have hesitated before taking up a measure calculated to render quite intolerable a position which many married men already find it as much as they can do to bear. What nonsense (he goes on to say) to bring in a Bill to give a wife the control of her own property! As if, under the law as it stands, she had not already, in most instances, the control, not only of her own property, but of her husband's; as though, indeed, she did not, as a rule, contrive to make her husband absolutely her own property, and to treat him as such. J. S. concludes by asking whether there be any property of a married woman so notorious as her determination to have her own way, and her power of getting it; and quotes, as a case in point, his wife's requiring him to sign every petition in favour of the Bill in question which she can hear of in London. He has already signed ten, and expects he will have to complete the dozen; but he protests, notwithstanding, that he has acted under domestic duress, and hopes no weight will be allowed to petitions on the subject. He does not think a Select Committee can be of any use, as he knows that, if the married women wish to have the Bill carried, they will require the married men to give evidence in its favour; and of course they will do it.

Politico-Chemical Change of Colour.

Now that the Irish Church Establishment that was has been dis-established and disendowed, a leading organ of Irish Protestant opinion proclaims that "the natural alliance of the English settlers in Ireland is with the Whigs of England." So the immediate effect of the Irish Church Act has been to turn Orange Blue.

THE HEAT AGAIN.—What mental process most nearly resembles a *minute's* reflection?—Second Thoughts.

BY OUR COCKNEY.

WHEN is a Yew tree not a Yew tree? When it's a 'igh tree.

Talking of that, *Mr. P.*, what a nice line the Great Northern to Hedgware is, to be sure. I am, as you know, werry partikler about my 'H's, but "'ang me," as my friend 'ARRY BELVILLE says, "if t'aint 'nough to spoil your pronunshiashun for a Hage and Hall time to 'ave to 'ear such names of stations one atop o' t'other, as the followin' as called out by the porters an' guards."

'Olloway.
Seven Scissors Road.
Crouch Hend.
'Ighgate and 'Ampstead.
Heast Hend.
Finchley and 'Endon.
Mill 'Ill.
Hedgware.

There's a lot for you! And t' other line goes to Arford, Atfield, and Saint All-buns. Saint *All Buns* would be a good feast, eh, Sir?

Hivy 'Ouse, 'Oxton.

Yours,
ENERY.

To the First Commissioner of Works—Greeting.

No doubt 'gainst official rules you have been an offender arrant, Agreeing to pay eight thousand pounds without due Treasury warrant. But mosaics will last, and you've got the right-men, so, as mouthpiece of the nation,

Mr. Punch is glad to grant LAYARD a Mosaic dispensation.

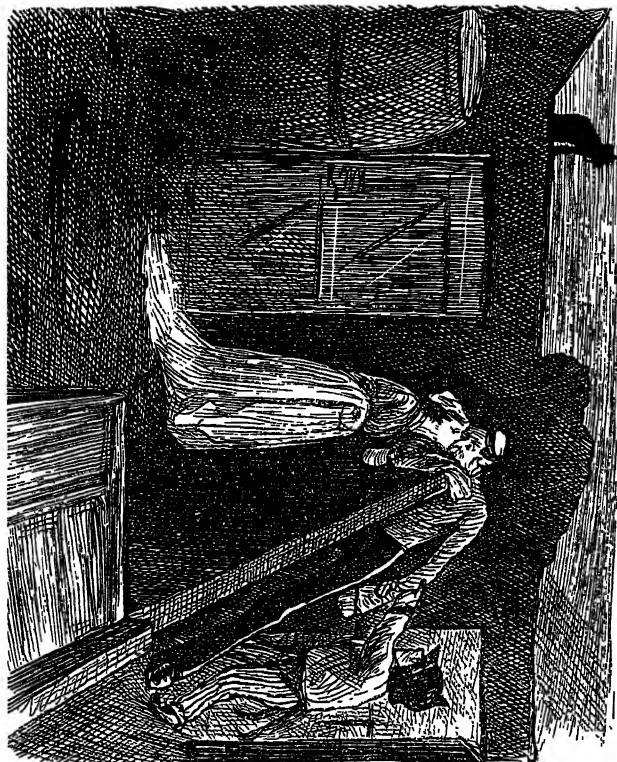
WRONG IN A LETTER.

MR. GRENVILLE MURRAY invokes in his favour the Liberty of the Press. What MR. GRENVILLE MURRAY represents is not the Liberty of the Press, but its Liberties.

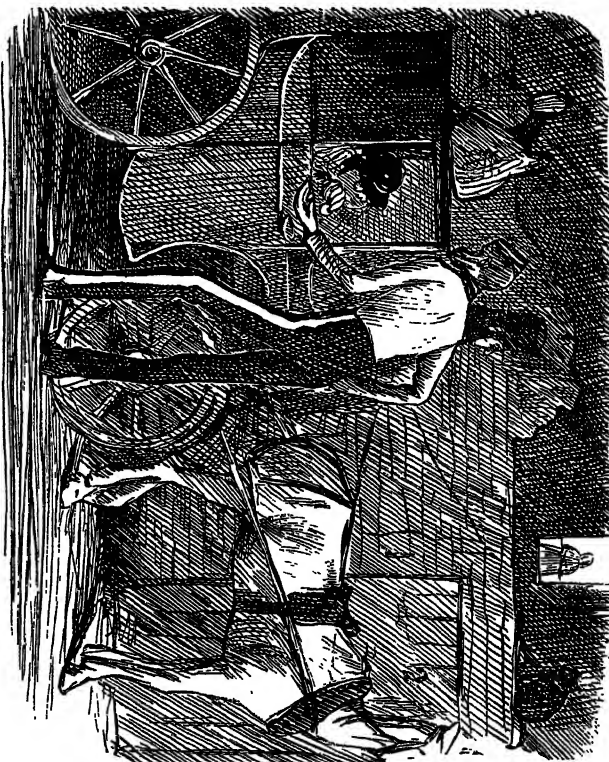
THE GIANT GUARDSMAN (A PROSE POEM WITHOUT WORDS).



CHAP. IX.



CHAP. X.



CHAP. XI.



CHAP. XII.

(White Page 46.)

GIANT GUARDSMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

(IMPORTANT.)

To the Editor.

Royal Hotel, July the —.

SIR, MAY I avail myself of your widely-spread Journal for publication of the following strange incident, which happened to me one evening, about a month ago.

My house (No. 1, Paradise Cottage) is a semi-detached villa; No. 2, next door, is tenanted by a very strange person, an artist (although I am told his connections are respectable enough).

On the evening in question I was watering my plants, when I was shocked by the sound of a kiss, which appeared to proceed from my neighbour's garden, accompanied by a foul effluvia of tobacco-smoke.

Prompted by a pardonable curiosity, I dragged a chair as noiselessly as I could to the foot of the wall, and climbing thereon I cautiously looked over. The adjoining garden was empty, but I perceived through the fast gathering gloom what seemed to be a heap of white linen huddled up in a corner, and part of which was in an evidently incandescent state.

To get my watering-pot and empty its contents on the burning mass was the work of a minute, when suddenly the shapeless object shot up into a towering ghost-like figure of exceeding height and tenuity, and crowned with a small apex or head, from which burning sparks were emitted freely.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered myself to move, I sprang to my garden gate, and rushing out into the road for assistance, I was fortunate enough to meet a stalwart soldier hurrying home to barracks. I brought him into my garden, where I explained what had happened, and begged he would take advantage of his height to look over the wall.

He accordingly made a minute survey of the adjoining garden from his coigne of vantage, but saw nothing, except a black cat which appeared restless and uneasy. Indeed, after a little while he persuaded me to look for myself; I did so with his help, and my experience exactly corroborated his.

Feeling exceedingly uncomfortable about the matter, I got my

military friend to procure me a cab, and (after rewarding him for his kindness and civility, of which I cannot speak too highly) I drove to the Hotel where I am now staying.

I have since then written to my neighbour at No. 2, but have received nothing but incomprehensible hieroglyphics in return; when I have called, he has denied himself, and his servant, a pretty and well-spoken young person, cannot in anyway account for the circumstances I have detailed.

Can you, Sir, or any of your correspondents, suggest any explanation for the above incident, which I have endeavoured to describe as faithfully as my memory will allow?

I remain, Sir, &c.,

ZACHARIAH BOGGLES.

SIR,

No. 2, Paradise Cottages, July the —

MAY I trespass on your valuable space with the following little grievance of my own.

A hole has been burnt in the corner of our best table-cloth, which we always wash at home.

Taxed with a knowledge of the origin of this hole in this corner, our housemaid KITTY ingenuously confessed how it came to be burnt there. Interested by this confession, we told her story to your artist, a personal friend.

Inspired by this story, your artist has told it to the whole world through the medium of your columns.

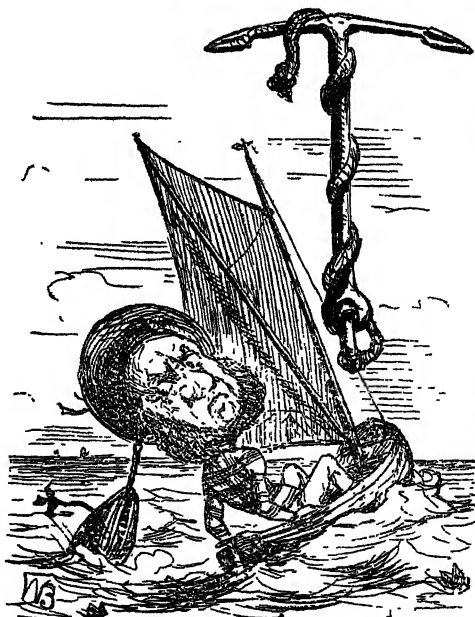
Instructed through the medium of these columns, the whole world will be glad to hear that KITTY is about to marry the Guardsman; and that BOGGLES, a hateful meddling old prig, has let his house, and left this neighbourhood for ever (intending to spend the remainder of his life abroad).

Now, Sir, which of you all, BOGGLES, this neighbourhood, KITTY, the Guardsman, yourself, your artist, or the whole world in general, who have all profited in some way or other by this affair (except perhaps that particular part of the world BOGGLES may select for his future residence): which of you all, I repeat, ought in equity to provide me with a new tablecloth?

I remain, Sir, &c.,

YOUR ARTIST'S FRIEND.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HE web is wove, the work is done." On Monday, July 26, beloved Universe, was the assent of HER MAJESTY, VICTORIA OF ENGLAND, given to the Bill for Disestablishing and Disendowing the Irish Church, from and after the First of January, 1871. *Punch* did not hear any thunder, though he would have been very glad to hear a deal, and also to see lightning and rain, for the weather was uncommonly sultry. Nor has he heard of any Omens having been witnessed by persons of credibility — "Schedir's staff of dia-

mond waved no sign."—there were no earthquakes to speak of, and the Moon dropped as tranquilly as if nothing had happened, into her last quarter, and placidly gazed at the Ocean leaning on the Sky, as MR. DRYDEN remarks, with a certain bold arrangement of astronomical ideas. The assent was, of course, given in the House of Lords, but the Peers did not come to see the death-stroke given. LORD EVERSLEY, quondam Speaker of the House of Commons, politely attended to receive MR. DENISON, and some twenty Members, and *La Reine le Veut* was said by the official in his usual mild and intelligent manner. Now that the melancholy string on which Erin has so long harped has been withdrawn from her Harp, we may be allowed to hope

for merrier music, including the National Anthem. Of course, it isn't easy to be merry at a minute's notice.

Now for all sorts of small matters, until we come to the small fishes. To-night we had speech over the Rembrandt in the Gallery—the *Blessing Little Children*—which we bought for £7,000, and which LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY does not believe to be genuine. LORD OVERSTONE, as one of the Trustees, made an interesting speech in defence of the purchase, and brought irrefragable evidence in favour of the painting. He, moreover, quoted *Punch's* advice to all who are capable of forming a judgment on such a matter, namely, that they should go and look at the picture, and say, from their own feelings, whether the divine tenderness of the principal face could have been depicted by any hand but that of a grand master in his art. LORD MALMESBURY asserted that the only way of assuring oneself as to the origin of an old picture was Spiritualism—probably he had some incomplete *not* about a Medium in his noble mind, but he did not polish up his epigram into the desirable effulgence.

A Secret Police was suggested as a mode of detecting crime in Ireland, and the Government dropped a "dark saying on the Harp," which might mean that something in that direction was under consideration. The Russians, we believe, adopt the plan, when a grievous crime has been committed, and the inhabitants of the district are thought to be screening the offender, of marching a body of soldiers to the place, and letting them live at free-quarters, until the locality is glad to hand over the offender. The objection to this plan is that they sometimes hand over the wrong man.

A Bill for enabling the parties, in Divorce and Breach of Promise Cases to give evidence, was read a Second Time. As LORD PENZANCE is the promoter of the measure, it ought to be passed as matter of course. He knows, if anybody does, how it would work.

In the Commons, the SPEAKER announced that the Irish Church Bill was the Law of the Land, and the Liberals shouted.

MR. BRUCE begged independent gentlemen not to get in the way of business, but to let Supply be voted, and the Session brought to an end. MR. DISRAELI was anxious to assist Ministers in concluding work. But there were some deaf adders who would not listen to the voice of either charmer. However we got into Supply at last, and there was a pleasant passage-at-arms between MR. BENTINCK and MR. LAYARD, about a letter the latter had written in the *Times*, rather deriding something the former had said about national pictures. Later, MR. LAYARD had to clear himself, as he did most completely, from an insinuation that he might have recommended Mosaic ornament for the Houses of Parliament, because he had been interested in M. SALVIATI's business. He showed that he had nothing to do with it, and that his interest in the business had been got rid of. But

he avowed that his two passions were Italy and Art, and rejoiced that he had been able to do some good to both.

On the Telegraphs Bill Government obtained two immense majorities in favour of the scheme, and of giving the Executive a monopoly.

Tuesday. A New Zealand debate, raised by LORD CARNARON. He thinks that the colony, which he described as much attached to the mother country, had been made independent too soon, and would have great difficulty in dealing with the hostile natives. Still, the principle of non-assistance had been adopted, and must be adhered to, but he thought that somebody, possessing the confidence both of Government and the Colonists, might be sent out to inquire and to advise. LORD GRANVILLE did not seem to see it, and said that the Colonists must so shape their policy as to put an end to the present system of brigandage, and to conciliate the natives. The BISHOP OF LICHFIELD made a warm and affectionate speech for his old diocese, defending the Colonists, and asserting the good qualities of the natives, who were not naturally cruel or treacherous, but some of whom had been driven to outrage by wrong. He thought that Government ought to lend money to enable the outlying settlers to remove to towns, and that there ought to be a British police force, to be used only for hunting down murderers.

Scotland had her innings, and there was quite a row over the Scotch Education Bill, which the Government and the Conservatives are said to have combined to carry in a shape unacceptable to the Scotch people. Wad we hae the presumption to understand the matter?

Wednesday. MR. GILPIN made a long speech in support of a Bill for doing away with Capital Punishment. MR. R. N. FOWLER seconded him. MR. J. D. LEWIS moved the rejection of the Bill, and in answer to the argument that the death punishment had been abolished in several countries, urged that this had been done in countries where notoriously small value is set upon human life, and murder is by no means regarded with abhorrence, and that the crime in question had increased in consequence of the abolition. MR. SCOURFIELD quoted with approbation the Frenchman who had said, "By all means abolish the infliction of death, but let Messieurs the assassins begin." MR. SECRETARY BRUCE believed most strongly in the deterrent effect of the gallows upon the classes whence violent criminals chiefly come. MR. ADFIELD 'ad 'opes that the 'abit of 'anging would be haltered. MR. HENTLEY announced that he had come over to the abolition side, and dwelt upon the fact that the present system prevented convictions. MR. TORRENS paid MR. HENTLEY a compliment on the frankness with which he avowed his change of mind, and *Mr. Punch* is rejoiced to add his tribute of respect to one of the most honest gentlemen who ever maintained the old English character in the House of Commons. On division, the House, by two to one, rejected the proposal for abolition, —the numbers being 118 to 58.

After a pleasant little Scotch Game Law squabble, the Bill on that subject was thrown over, as was the Sunday Trading Bill. MR. BRUCE is piling up a pyramid of work for "next Session"—but we don't want to be unpleasant.

Thursday. My Lords finished off the Bankruptcy Bill. LORD ROMILLY acutely remarked that the amount of a dividend was not the criterion of the honesty of a bankrupt.

The Government has no intention of bringing in any Bill to alter the—the—we really beg pardon for mentioning it again—the Coronation Oath. Later, to a plaint by the irrepressible MR. CHARLEY (who we begin in our impatience to wish was CHARLEY Over the Water), the ATTORNEY-GENERAL answered that the Oath bound the Sovereign in an executive and not a legislative capacity. Poor, dear KING GEORGE TERTIUS could not understand this distinction, and replied to it, "None of your Scotch metaphysics." But surely it can be understood in these days of dictionaries.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL spoke of the QUEEN as one of the Estates of the Realm, which estates, therefore, he takes to be Crown, Coronet, and Hat. Many schoolboys are taught, of course erroneously, that the Three Estates are the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons. Both allegations are incorrect. *L'Etat, c'est Moi*, says *Mr. Punch*, and the Millions answer in the affirmative.

MR. LAYARD admitted that nothing can be more inconvenient and unworthy than the arrangements for the gentlemen of the Reporting Press. But he does not know how to help them to decent accommodation, and all he can do is to ventilate their uncomfortable Gallery. We beg his pardon; a great deal more may be done. Turn the Strangers out of their galleries, and make those commodious for writing purposes; and as it is desirable that the Leaders of the House should be near the Reporters, walk the Speaker's Chair to the other end of the House; then build the rest of the rooms that are wanted—we'll show MR. LAYARD how. The plan would greatly add to the dignity of the proceedings, as the SPEAKER would have to go down the House in procession to his own apartments, a sight which it would be pleasing to behold; but he might have a sofa and other comforts behind his chair, for occasional refreshment. If the Gallery strikes some hot night, Ministers may as well proclaim an end to representative government.

In Supply we voted £233,667 for Diplomatic Services, and MR. RYLANDS objected; but SIR HENRY BULWER, in a very able speech, pointed out the necessity of treating the representatives of England, who did much good and prevented much evil, with liberality. Pseudo-economy is worse than extravagance.

Objection was also made to national payment for the presents made in Australia by the DUKE OF EDINBURGH; but the reply was, that his visit was for a national purpose, not for mere pleasure.

Friday. Very likely both Houses sat. *Mr. Punch* went fishing. You cannot say that he is not frank, and he feels that these revelations of his private life endear him to the public. He caught a good deal, and when he got home he believes that he caught a good deal more, but is inadequate to speak as to details.

THE HEAT.

(Effect on our Poetical Young Gentleman this week who had promised us an Ode in one Column.)

GAILY The Troubadour strikes his guitar
As he is coming home from the War,
Singing, Jerusalem,
Oh my Kafoozium,
Where is the—

P.S. Thermometer at 90° in the shade. The poem will be continued when the Thermometer has gone down again. Here break we off. Liquor.

Yours, ever.

PP.S. Oh, here's something like an inspiration, after an Eye Opener, iced no end:

My love, my dove,
Come let us rove
Whither,
Thither,
Let us slither.
With the Druids
Let's drink fluids.
Somewhere
Come where
Beautiful Bicycles,
Take us to Icicles,
My brains I have racked till
I'm sure it's a dactyl.
If not then to "Michael"
Rhymes the "Bicycle."

PPP.S. Thermometer up again. So no more from

Yours, ever,

MISTER CLEVER.

See Buffon, Cuvier, Owen, &c.

It may not be generally known that of all the animals in the Zoological Gardens, the lion is the most saving and careful in his habits, at least, according to the very useful *Guide*, which assures its readers that "the economy of lions is now no longer unknown." This accounts for the complaints the lioness is constantly making to her female acquaintances, that her lord looks very sharply after the denkeeping expenses. (N.B. If you are in the habit of visiting the Gardens on a Sunday, and wish for a sufficient reply to any serious friends who may remonstrate with you for so doing, tell them you go there to study "Dens' Theology.")

Similia Similibus.

HIPPOPHAGISTS have taken, we hear, to eating donkeys. We can supply them with an appropriate motto:—

"Not where I eat, but where I am eaten."—*Shakespeare*.

CONSTITUTIONAL TIES.

WHEN MR. GLADSTONE compared the Peers to men in a Balloon, he evidently meant in a captive balloon—like MR. GODFREY's, at Chelsea,—with the Commons' Majority for rope, and GLADSTONE himself at the winch.

Warm Work.

CONSIDERING the temperature, it was perhaps superfluous to announce that the velocipede races at the Crystal Palace would be run in "heats." We avoided seeing the poor fellows who were to compete "without hands."

HOP-FORTUNE.—An Exhibition is advertised entitled "Kitching-man's Performing Fleas." Isn't the K superfluous?



ALL THINGS ARE RELATIVE.

FRAGMENT OF DIALOGUE OVERHEARD IN THE PARK.

Smith (in the White Hat). "WHY DON'T YOU MARRY, BROWN?"*Brown.* "MARRY! I!! AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR A TALL, STRAPPING YOUNG FELLOW LIKE YOU TO TALK OF MARRYING! WHAT WOMAN WOULD EVER LOOK AT SUCH AN INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE MITE AS I?"*Smith (not displeased).* "OH, COME, OLD FELLOW, IT'S NOT SO BAD AS THAT! LET ME OFFER YOU A CIGAR!"

THE NEW ST. PANCRAS GUARDIAN.

AIR—"The Old English Gentleman."

I'LL sing you a new song, though the theme is of too old date,
Of the New St. Pancras Guardians, who've showed themselves up of
late,
Bringing Local Self-Government into contempt at a most alarming rate,
And proving the need of a Poor Law Board to rap o'er the knuckles
and pate
These New St. Pancras Guardians, who'd bring back the bad old
time!

This New St. Pancras Guardian in at the workhouse drops,
And orders his snack of tea and toast, and has his eggs and chops;
And he says grace for a good luncheon, while his oily brow he mops,
And out of the paupers' rations his own refreshment stops—
Does your New St. Pancras Guardian, who'd bring back the bad
old time!

The cry he was elected on, is "Keep down the Parish Bills:"
To be penny wise and pound foolish is his claim to the place he fills:
He's all for under-paid officers—with their fingers in parish tills—
And for lowest-tender contracts, though unhappy paupers he kills—
This New St. Pancras Guardian, who'd bring back the bad old
time!

If the Master of the Workhouse dares look the Board in the face,
With your New St. Pancras Guardians he'll soon be in disgrace.
What's the use of his knowing his duty, if he doesn't know his place?
Which means cringing to us, and grinding poor devils of pauper race,
For the New St. Pancras Guardians, who'd bring back the bad old
time.

All medical men he holds humbugs, and all paupers' ailments feints:
He'll have the sick-wards cleared, double-quick (so the Doctor he
acquaints),

"It may cost patients their lives!" Such stuff! These saw-bones
would anger Saints!

He'll soon find a Doctor who'll make short work of paupers and their
complaints,

Will the New St. Pancras Guardian, who'd bring back the bad
old time!

If a few of 'em kick the bucket—'twill lighten the rates, you know:
We won't have no inquests, or, if we have, there's no marks on the
bodies to show:

If the Poor-Law Inspector comes prying, to blazes we'll bid him go;
We won't stand no centralisation, and that we'll let him know—

We New Guardians of St. Pancras, who'd bring back the bad old
time!

If the Master of the Workhouse split on us, his flint we'll fix,
And suspend him till he learns the good of kicking against the pricks.
And the Press and the Poor Law Board we'll defy to check our fan-
tastic tricks,

And at WYATT throw loads of dirt, though the mud we fling only sticks
To the New St. Pancras Guardians, who'd bring back the bad
old time.

What's the good of Local Self-Government, if we're to be bound by
the laws

To bear Centralisation's yoke on our necks, and her bridle in our jaws?
Mind, if we fall, 'tis for Bumbledom and in penny wisdom's cause,
And these will have no champions, if you withhold your applause
From the New St. Pancras Guardians, who'd bring back the bad
old time!



“THE HARP THAT ONCE,” &c.

BRITANNIA. “THERE, MY DEAR, I’VE TUNED THE STRING FOR YOU THAT MADE ALL THE DISCORD, AND NOW I HOPE WE MAY HAVE SOMETHING LIKE HARMONY.”

HIBERNIA. “AH THIN, SISTHER DARLIN’, SURE THERE ’S ANOTHER STHRING AS’LL HAVE TO BE TUNED BY AN’ BY.”

TO PLAYGOERS.



SUCH of you as are still condemned to a high black hat and office hours, to delightful omnibus excursions through the very heart of the City of London, to tempting glimpses of Holborn Valley, to lovely views from the Monument and St. Paul's, to golden sunsets behind the Bank, to the ascent of Primrose and Haverstock Hill, to rambles in busy lanes and o'er bustling Greens, to subterranean explorations in the track of the Metropolitan Railway,

and to the tantalising perusal of large mural placards proposing visits to Weymouth, and Scarborough, and Ilfracombe, and Llandudno, and the Channel Islands, for an almost nominal consideration, deserve now, more than ever, to be told of places where to spend a happy

evening, deprived, as you are, of the peace and seclusion of the Thames Tunnel, and so soon to be shut out from the Gallery of the House of Commons, and the infinite excitement of a discussion on the Game Laws of Scotland.

But you are in fine condition for a little relaxation and simple enjoyment. A few assenting words have been muttered in Norman French, the Bishops are about to return to their episcopal palaces, the Ministerial fish-dinner is ordered, and the Irish Church is off your mind, and you never mean to think of an Archdeacon again as long as you live.

You have dined, and finished your cigarette, and the second number of TROLLOPE'S *Vicar of Bullhampton*, and require further entertainment. We can prescribe it for you. Go to the Gaiety Theatre (remember that at the Gaiety, as, long before at the Adelphi, there are *no fees* for booking, programmes, &c.), and convince yourself that MR. W. S. GILBERT, like MR. BURNAND, can produce a comedy as well as a burlesque.

You will be hard to please if you do not like this drama of MR. GILBERT'S—*An Old Score*: only toothache or tight boots can possibly be admitted as pleas in mitigation of your crime. The commencement of the Long Vacation not having as yet been announced by the firing of the Park and Tower guns, you are not unlikely to be a lawyer, and if so, to know the meaning of "GILBERT'S Act." If, after a visit to the Gaiety, you do not wish to see more of GILBERT'S Acts, we are mightily mistaken. The plot—no, we will not divulge it, for if we may judge others by ourselves, to be told beforehand the story of the new play you are going to see, is as unwelcome as to be made acquainted with the ending of a new novel, when you are in the middle of the second volume. But it will not interfere with your pleasure to hear that the comedy is well played, and that all who take part in it, both actors and actresses (positively there is a butler who is not a domestic caricature!) succeed in settling *An Old Score* to the satisfaction of an approving audience.

As you are debarred for the nonce (whatever period of time that may be) from the strand of the ocean, and cannot be among the waves in a bathing-machine, you must be content to be *Among the Breakers*, with a BROUGHAM, at the Strand Theatre. You will probably not think this a great hardship when MISS BUFTON is on the stage, and MR. JOHN S. CLARKE, with his irresistible drollery and marvellous face-acting, makes you and all the house as merry as the conventional grig, and as pleased as *Punch* himself.

This "farical comedy," *Among the Breakers*, is most amusing, making both sixteen and sixty laugh loud and long and oft; and as it is followed by "a new edition of the comic drama," *The Toodles*, in which MR. CLARKE has you again at his mercy; and *Toodles* is succeeded by *Joan of Arc*, full of that burlesquerie for which the Strand Company is famous; and the bill of good fare is not complete without *The Chops of the Channel*—may it not be said that the Strand Theatre at

the present time provides good things *usque ad nauseam*? You feel when you have got over that last explosive fit, and turn into the street about twelve, and look up at the sedate stars and the demure moon, that perhaps after all you have enjoyed yourself as much as your half-brother BRASMUS with his MARIA, and the children, and MARIA'S two sisters in not too spacious apartments at Walton-on-the-Naze, or your old college friend, CHAMPION SMITH, who is trying experiments, in comfort, with one suit of clothes and one bank-note on a pedestrian tour through the Orkneys.

BREWHOUSE AND BATHS.

UPON the Bridge of Waterloo,
My nose a scent did please
The other day; the South-west blew:
And malt perfumed the breeze.
As I was walking Northerly,
I turned to whence it came;
And lo, there was a Brewery—
A Lion o'er the same.

O Waterloo Bridge, now thine air
Is purer than of yore,
From Thames when foul mephititis there
The sweetest zephyr bore.
And, what the credit may exalt
Of England somewhat, near
To thee are Brewers, who do malt
Still use in making Beer.

For public bathing now Thames' tide
Will soon be clean enow;
And, O ye Powers! the means provide
That will thereof allow.
The masses then your health shall drink,
In aromatic ale:
There brewed, where, nigh the River's brink,
Rose malt upon the gale.

THE SISTERS, FRANCE AND AMERICA.

ORIGINALITY is charming, at least it used to be; but now that the generality of minds run in grooves, or on rails, its admirers are less numerous than they were. Not being a popular commodity, it is little in request and therefore scarce, but for its rarity all the more precious, and agreeably surprising when it turns up. As, for instance, in the subjoined extract from the *Journal Officiel* relative to the completion of the French Atlantic Cable:—

"The new rate of communication thus opened between France and the United States will henceforth render their relations both more frequent and more intimate; it will also help to draw still closer the bonds of friendship which now unite the two countries."

What ear or eye is there on which all this does not fall as something new, never heard or seen heretofore! The idea that the telegraphic cable extending between France and America will not only render their relations more intimate, but also "help to draw still closer the bonds of friendship which now unite the two countries," is remarkable for a metaphorical novelty equally striking with the probability of it, viewed as a prediction. Its brilliancy is eminently French, and the keenness of its foresight may be estimated on a basis of English experience. Only think what wonders our own Atlantic Cable has done towards composing the differences between us and the Yankees about the recognition-of-the-South-as-belligerents question and the *Alabama* claims!

Woman's Work in Art.

Old Lady (reading out from *Times* leader on *National Picture-Dealing and Cleaning*).—"It is as certain that pictures require cleaning as that men will not agree as to the safest method to be pursued in cleaning them. Of course. What should men know about it? Clean the Old Masters, I say, the same way as you do the Young Masters. There's none so good as soap-and-water."

NOVEL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE advertisement announcing a novel by a popular writer prints the following extract from the preface:—"A sensation story pure and simple." If true this is indeed a novelty.

RESULT OF THE WEATHER.

OUR weak contributor speaks of the Wimbledon competition as "Friendly Rifery."



LEVITY.

The "Governor." "YOU ARE LATE DOWN THIS MORNING, ROBERT."

Robert (who cannot be brought by his Parents to see that arriving to seventeen years of age, leaving School, being put into the Surgery, and generally commencing the serious business of life, isn't a joking matter). "VERY SORRY, SIR—SHAVING MORNING, SIR!!"

SERVIA AND SOMEWHERE ELSE.

A TELEGRAM from a certain Continental City thus reports the speech made by a certain Ruler on the closure of the Session of a certain Legislative Body. He said:—

"Serbia's internal independence is established. The people have given themselves a constitution. Serbia has obtained liberty without bloodshed. If liberty be united with order, Serbia will flourish."

If this oration had been dated from Paris instead of Belgrade, and the nation mentioned in it were not Serbia but France, and the speaker of it had been stated to be another than the President of the Regency, would not everybody have called it characteristic? It is not original—one seems to have read it a thousand times over in "Foreign Intelligence"—but it sounds, so to speak, like Somebody's thunder employed by somebody else. Let us hope that Somebody, when next he closes the Session of his new and improved Legislature with a speech from the Throne, will find that what he has to say will be best said, *mutatis mutandis*, in the precise words addressed by somebody else to the Skuptschina—which, the foregoing remarks will perhaps have enabled a great many people to understand, is a parliamentary institution and not a musical instrument. "If liberty be united with order, Serbia will flourish." It is safe to say that; and should the same, happily, on the next opportunity be said of France, we shall have occasion to remark with gratification, "Oh, how true!"

Let us hope that the preceding observations will not cause all the ports of the French Empire to be closed against *Punch*.

Musical Note.

WE have no patience with OFFENBACH. In the full tide of his deserved success "he has determined," so says a Musical Journal, "to throw up his pen." Depend upon it, if he does, he'll catch it.

MY VELOCIPED !

I ENVY not his gallant steed
That man who doth bestride;
For I have a Velocipede,
Which I prefer to ride.
On, on we go, machine and load,
And never stop to bait;
Toll-free along the turnpike-road
We clear each turnpike gate.

To keep a hobby-horse like mine,
You need not keep a man;
You pay no tax, so, I opine,
It is the better plan.
No paddock he requires, on grass,
At seasons to be fed;
Ne'er comes, in stable, to the pass
Of eating off his head.

He never jibs, he never shies,
He never runs away;
He never, stumbling as he flies,
Goes down as though to pray.
For why? Because he is, with knees,
Provided, as with heels,
Therefore no fits of kicking seize
Him whatsoever he feels.

To mend his pace no whip, no spur,
To curb, no bit, no rein,
No "telcck!" wants he to make him stir,
Nor "wo!" him to restrain.
Uphill we pull, downhill we drag,
On level ground we speed.
Ha, ha! Ho, ho! my new-built Nag!
My own Velocipede!

Ad Punchum.

DEAR OLD BOY,
I SEE by the *Times* that you are not to be "sold," and never have been "sold." Of course: how otherwise? Eh?

You're taken in everywhere, old fellow, although you cannot be sold by anybody. Bless you!

Yours, ever,

AURELIUS JAPONICA.

P.S. Pay Postage. No stamps. Be happy. A. J.

A CURIOUS COMPANION.

STRANGE are the wants of women, and more especially of advertising women. See here is an example:—

A LADY by Birth and Education seeks for a POST as COMPANION. Residence on the Continent not objected to.

A Post as Companion! What a curious thing to seek for! Perhaps we next may hear that some one wants a pillar as a bed-fellow. And what sort of post, we wonder, does she wish to make a crony of? Would she cotton to a door-post, or take kindly to a gate-post? Or is her companionship more suited to a lamp-post? As she says she won't object to live upon the Continent, we may picture her as going thither with her friend the post, which might be awkward luggage in passing through the Custom-house. Certainly a lamp-post would be troublesome to travel with, and however much we might endeavour to make oneself companionable, one hardly could expect to get much fun from a bed-post.

On a Downy Blusterer.

JACK CARNIFEX before the poor doth swell;
Before the rich drops voice and syllable,
And bleats a mild JACK CARNEY. JACK doth well.

ANOTHER.

CHAWLES SAYS JACK bawls. Not to his Betters, CHAWLES;
So no man hath a right to say JACK bawls. MARTIAL STALK.

A CONVEYANCE.—To the uninitiated, whatever property a legal instrument may be intended to convey, there is one thing it rarely conveys; i.e., its precise meaning.



FILIAL FRANKNESS.

Patronising Neighbour. "GIVE THIS NOTE TO YOUR MAMMA, CECIL, AND SAY WE SHALL BE QUITE A SMALL PARTY—ONLY OURSELVES AND THE RECTOR."

Cecil. "OH, THEN, I'M SURE SHE WON'T COME!"

THE PARIS SUNDAY MOVEMENT.

REALLY Frenchmen are becoming daily more and more like Englishmen. It is surprising how they imitate our costumes and our customs. They wear wideawakes and shooting coats; they eat rosbif and drink "palal"; they have what they call "clubs," where they actually play whist; they promenade the Boulevards with "bouledogues" at their heels; they row, they yacht, they shoot, they hunt, they play "le jeu de cricketmatch"; in short, except that they speak French a trifle better than ourselves, it would be difficult indeed to distinguish them from Britons. No wonder, with such tastes, that they enjoy a hearty English appetite for freedom, and receive with relish whatever little scraps of it the EMPEROR accords to them. Nor can we be astonished at the bit of news that follows, and which shows the latest instance of their imitation of us:—

"SUNDAY CLOSING IN PARIS.—It is announced in most of the French papers that the principal shops in Paris will henceforth be closed on Sundays. This important social reform is not the result of a religious movement, but has been brought about by the same kind of agency which in England has introduced the Saturday half-holiday. The Society of the Employés de Commerce inform the public that, with few exceptions, all the linendrapers, vendors of ready-made apparel, silk mercers, and hosiers of Paris have consented to close their shops on Sunday, and the employés appeal to the goodwill of the public to aid them in making the measure general."

With closed shops on a Sunday, Paris will be hardly recognised as Paris. Rigid Sabbatarians will rejoice at the intelligence, excepting that perhaps it may deprive them of the pleasure of pointing at the frightful example of our neighbours. Moreover, certain people may regret to find it stated that this excellent reform has not been "the result of a religious movement." They will no doubt be annoyed that a secular society, aided, simply, as in England, "by the goodwill of the public," has succeeded in securing to many a hard worker rest from labour on "the Sabbath," without the help of pious busy-bodies armed with tiresome tracts.

THE MAGISTERIAL MOMUS.

MR. INGHAM, of the Wandsworth Police Court, once wore a wig on the Northern Circuit. He has replaced it with a cap and bells since he gave up the Bar for the Bench. Nothing could be neater than his retort on the man who had fallen among thieves—"notorious card-sharps," he said, (quoting the police), "and you are a notorious flat." But he has surpassed even this brilliant repartee in the case of the girl who came lately before him to complain of a butcher, in whose service she was, having assaulted her, and raised a lump on her head. MR. INGHAM made light of the charge. "Your head! pooh, pooh! there's nothing in it." She offered to let the Magistrate feel the injured part: MR. INGHAM had her into his private room, made her remove her chignon, found and fingered the bump, and was satisfied. "I thought you had only hurt the girl's feelings," he said to the butcher, "I find you have hurt her head." And then, when the laughter provoked by this irresistible sally had subsided, followed sentence in due form.

Will MR. INGHAM allow *Mr. Punch* to feel the bumps on *his* head? He only asks for a superficial examination, as he feels it would be impertinent to go further and look inside. The system of GALL and SPURZHEIM does not assign a bump to "taste," but *Mr. Punch* would like to gauge, on MR. INGHAM's brain-case, the relative prominence of "Wit," "Self-Esteem," and "Love of Approbation."

Ad Whalley.

AT Nottingham Assizes last week an action was brought for the "*Wrongful Conversion of a Hay-rick.*" As yet we have seen no inquiry made in the House on this subject by MR. WHALLEY; for, of course, how can one be "wrongfully converted" except by Roman Catholic Priests?

ADVICE TO IRISH PRIESTS.—When you are at Rome, turn Ultramontaness.

AN EQUESTRIAN MENDICANT.

ACCORDING to a letter from St. Petersburg, KOMISSAROW, who in 1866 saved the life of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER by turning aside the arm of an assassin, has hanged himself at the absurdly early age for suicide, one would think, of thirty-five :—

"A mere journeyman hatter, he owed to the chance which placed him in the path of the Czar, his elevation at one stroke to the highest pinnacle of fortune. His plebeian name was replaced by that of KOSTROMSKI—the Emperor's munificence gave him a landed estate. He was named Colonel of a Regiment of the Guard, and the Emperor authorised the opening for him of a national subscription, which produced nearly two million francs. In spite of this abundance of honour and riches, he has committed suicide. The abuse of spirituous liquors has been considered the cause of his lamentable end."

This is really all but inexplicable. How could this poor man, having been made a rich one, plunge into the abuse of spirituous liquors when he could have drunk better liquors—say Chambertin and Château d'Yquem, and had no temptation to take more good wine than was good for him? All excess, even excess in the best Burgundy or Claret, is essentially suicidal on the part of everybody. Drinking to kill care is drinking towards self-slaughter; but had not KOMISSAROW, *alias* KOSTROMSKI, been released from all care? He had no reason for committing even the gradual suicide of fuddlement, still less any for hanging himself. Yet one understands how, without reason, he might have done that immediately on being presented with two million francs. The transition from a state of pecuniary anxiety to one of opulence must excite a tremendous emotion in any reasoning mind, inasmuch as very possibly to overthrow it, deprive a man of his reason, and drive him mad with joy. It should be remembered that KOSTROMSKI had been a hatter. But the best that can be said in explanation of his drop too much, and final drop, is that a poor beggar was set on horseback by the Czar, and rode—the proverb says whither.

THE HARMONY OF HANGING.

WE knew not, until the other day, that the science of sweet sounds had a representative in the House of Commons. But music is represented by an Honourable Gentleman who also represents Stockport. The Member for Stockport and Music, MR. TYPING, is reported to have said, in seconding the amendment against the Capital Punishment Abolition Bill :—

"He was not prepared to destroy the musical scale of penalty by depriving it of its gravest and final note."

In having been thus reported, the Member for Music was evidently misreported. In likening, by a most elegant metaphor, capital punishment, as inflicted in England, to the gravest of bass sounds, of course he did not say note, but chord.

A PROMISING SITUATION.

I SAY, *Punch*, old boy, I wish you'd have a slap at those old stingy beggars, who stick into the papers such advertisements as this :—

YOUTH WANTED in a MERCHANT ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE in the City; about 15 years of age; must be able to write well, and have a taste for figures and bookkeeping; no salary first six months.

Here's a nice look-out for poor young fellows like myself, who are just leaving school, and have nobody to help us. *Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus!* A jolly life we'd have of it, if employers were in general as generous as this one! A chap must have a precious "taste for bookkeeping and figures" to work at them for six months, and not be paid a penny for it. At six months' end, old SKINFLINT may say, "O, you don't suit," and then he'll advertise for some one else to work for him free gratis and for nothing six months more, and so be always getting clerks without ever paying one of them. As for me, old boy, I don't quite seem to see it, and so no more at present from your young friend,

WILL WIDEAWAKE.

Cead Mille Failthe.

(Mr. *Punch's* worst wish for Ireland.)

"The road clear for improvements,
And no pikes!"

A TEE-TOTAL THOUGHT.

ANGUS CAMERON, of Inverness, general dealer, a second time won the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon. He is a resolute Abstinence. How much better than paying your shot is making your shot pay you.

THE SOLDIER'S SIDE-COMPANION.

THE British bayonet is about to be modified after the fashion of that supplied to the Irish constabulary. It will become a saw-sword-bayonet; have a sword-edge, a saw-back, and a point as of old. This bayonet will serve to cut a sheep up into joints of mutton, to saw asunder the shinbone of an ox, or a three-inch plank of elm, and can, fixed on to the rifle, be driven six inches through a one-inch door and let swing, sticking in the wood. It is thus evidently a weapon which has been designed as well for pacific as for warlike purposes; and, indeed, the newspaper whence the foregoing particulars are derived, says that :—

"The committee, in recommending this new sword bayonet, appear to have had in view the fact that bayonets will henceforth be less frequently used than in former times as weapons of offence and defence; they desired, therefore, to substitute an instrument of more general utility."

Arms of precision are abolishing hand-to-hand combats, and have proportionally abolished the bayonet, half-abolished it, so to speak, and semi-civilised it. There are sentimental and sympathetic milkops, who, imagining themselves in the places of the multitudes variously mutilated, and otherwise injured, or suffering, through war, hate it as they do that place of which a battle-field may be conceived to be the nearest likeness on earth. Have those spoonies any reason to hope that the excessive destructiveness of improved guns, small and great, will ultimately prove the destruction of war itself, by reducing it to the internecine strife of Kilkenny cats? Is it possible that some step to the conversion of swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, may be visible in the contrivance of the sword-edged, but saw-backed bayonet? There is, perhaps, one purpose, simply humane, to which this twofold instrument could, on an emergency, be applied. Since it can be used to cut up a carcass, and sever a bone, so might it also serve, as both saw and scalpel, for the performance of a surgical operation, and then a saw-sword-bayonet would do to amputate a limb which had been shattered by a breechloading-rifle.

YOUR MORAL WATER-POWER.

AT the fourth annual meeting of the Metropolitan Drinking Fountains Association held last Saturday, the vote of thanks to the Chairman, EARL GROSVENOR, moved by MR. SAMUEL GURNEY, was appropriately seconded by MR. WATERHOUSE. The case of the Association of which MR. WATERHOUSE is a leading member may be stated as that of Waterhouse v. Publichouse. This is the kind of antagonism to Intemperance that commends itself to the reasonable friends of Temperance. Pit pure water against pothouse beer, and gin-shop spirits. There are, doubtless, many persons who how fond soever of good beer and good spirits, when they can get them, yet inasmuch as they are unable to get them, would very much prefer good water to bad beer and bad spirits. Beer at the public-house, even if unadulterated, is for the most part spoiled by the beer-engine; spirits, at the best, are no better than blue ruin, and a nice drinking-fountain is an attraction likely to withdraw many a thirsty soul from a nasty bar.

THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE WORK.

WHEN RAIKES moves inquiry on LAYARD,
Induced by the whispers of snobs,
Who the lowest of grounds, e'en to BAYARD
Would impute, for the meanest of jobs,

'Tis the work to the House he was sent for
(So may LAYARD and LAYARD's friends say),
For what in the world were RAIKES meant for,
If not useful to clear dirt away?

THE IRISHMAN IN THE MOON.

INSURRECTION seems spreading in Ireland to an alarming extent and in a quarter which has hitherto been free from suspicion, and where, unfortunately, the services of the most active soldiery, the most energetic constabulary, cannot possibly be made available. Is a proof wanted of this serious statement? Here is a little volume, entitled *The Rising of the Moon, and other Ballads, &c.*, which makes one deeply regret that the peaceable, poetic moon should have turned rebel late in life, and suggests the wondering inquiry how the Habeas Corpus Act is to be suspended in so distant a locality, where even an Irish bailiff would find it difficult to gain an entrance, with or without a balloon.

HEEHAW!

THAT idiot JONES, who always "will have his joke," terms the panniers in which his children ride on the family donkey, the "Wicker of Bray."

LINGUA EAST ANGLIA.



First Angler (to Country Boy). "I SAY, MY LAD, JUST GO TO MY FRIEND ON THE BRIDGE THERE, AND SAY I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM IF HE'D SEND ME SOME BAIT."



Country Boy (to Second Angler, in the Eastern Counties language). "THA' THERE BO' SAHY HE WANT A WURRUM!!"

REAL SPORT AT RACES.

MR. PUNCH,

HAVE you not often wondered at the interest which people generally take in races, inasmuch as seriously to care about seeing them for their own sake? For the sake of a holiday and eating and drinking, that is another affair. That of course we understand: but in merely witnessing a lot of horses gallop, what is there more than anybody but an ass can perfectly well imagine? That which anyone can imagine perfectly well, I cannot imagine why he should want to see. At Goodwood, however, the other day I imagine you would have been rather amused by an incident which a contemporary thus describes, and speaks of as though really considering it an untoward one:—

"In the Bentinck Memorial Stakes the only horse found to dispute the pretensions of the famous and beautiful *Formosa* was *Blueskin*, who had already run a punishing long race with *Restitution*. *Blueskin's* jockey consequently had orders to ride a waiting race. But *Formosa's* jockey had received similar orders, because the mare's force is speed, and not lasting qualities. When they were started, therefore, each jockey immediately tried to wait behind the other, and their respective animals soon dropped down to a canter, then into a walk, and finally to the astonishment of the beholders, actually stopped and stood facing each other for a quarter of an hour. Never before had such a sight been witnessed on a race-course, and it is to be hoped, never will again."

Now, this is what I call sport. What is sport if void of fun? To me it is no conceivable fun simply to see horses run a race ever so fast, but I can fancy at least the fun of absurdity in the sight of their stopping to try which shall be the winner through longest standing still. Are there not famous races run at Punchestown?—you ought to know. Anyhow, Punchestown is in Ireland, and of that town and in that country don't you think that such a race as the stand-still one run, so to speak Hibernically, at Goodwood, would have been eminently worthy? If any of my friends had, by the attraction of their society, or that of eleemosynary chicken-salad and champagne, induced me to join them in going to Goodwood Races, the contest of speed between *Blueskin* and *Formosa* would have afforded me vastly more gratification

than any which I derived from the hottest run for the Derby that I ever saw, or could derive from any horserace whatsoever, if not a breakdown. As to the speed of a fast-running horse, I confess the only fun in it to my mind would be that which I might relish in the spectacle of a horse running away at full speed—with somebody else on his back, than your humble servant,

JOHN GILPINSON.

Chapside.

"SECRETARIES OF STATE SUR LA SELLETTE."

OUR excellent contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has a very sound and sensible article, called "Trial by the *Daily Telegraph*," directed against the weak and violent fashion of assailing a Secretary of State—when sentence of death has been passed in a case involving romantic or sensational circumstances—with passionate solicitations for its remission.

Will our friend the *Pall Mall* excuse us for reminding him of a hackneyed quotation—

"Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur"?

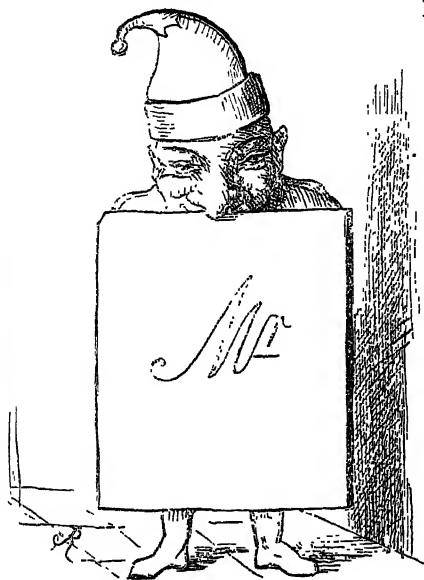
Is there not even as irregular a proceeding in store for Secretaries of State as trial by *Daily Telegraph*, called trial by *Pall Mall Gazette*? And is not MR. BRUCE even now undergoing that *peine forte et dure*, in the Haymarket Police case?

"Alarums. Excursions. Chambers Let Off."

Don't set down Mr. Punch for a reckless assertionist, When he swears, with his nearest approach to an oath, There's no *table d'hôte* safe from COOK his excursionist, And no dinner, but too many Cooks spoil its broth.

A LITERAL DESCRIPTION OF OUR AMERICAN POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—At once the M. and P.-bodiment of Benevolence.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PUNCH informed you, in his accustomed sweet and frank manner, that he thought it very likely that both Lords and Commons sat on *Friday*, the penultimate day of *July*, but that as he went fishing, he could not vouch for the fact. He was right, as usual. Those respected Houses did sit. LORD PENZANCE moved the Second Reading of the Bill for protecting the property of the poorer sort of married woman. It is a very good Bill, and much needed by many ladies who are not of the richer sort, as well as by those for whom it is chiefly meant. But it was hustled away until the very end of the Session, so that it could

not pass, and had husbands may go on seizing their wives' earnings, and selling up their furniture, for another year. Rich women are protected by their marriage settlements, and, as LORD CAIRNS said, the law ought to do the same office for those who cannot afford the luxury of parchments. Something was grumbled about revolutionising the law of marriage, but if that law means that a drunken, callous spendthrift is to rob his wife, *Mr. Punch* is for the reddest revolution against it. The Bill was read a Second Time, if that is any comfort for the ill-treated.

On a Cattle Bill the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL humanely tried to carry words compelling the railway people to give food and water to the unhappy beasts whom they convey. The Bill enacts that the creatures shall not be starved longer than thirty hours. Please to think of that, you who fancy yourselves killed if you can't have breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, and a grog at night! The Bishop pleaded for twelve hours. Oh dear no! That would occasion great inconvenience to the railway people. And as they are all powerful in the Commons, it is not safe to irritate them. So the cattle are to be suddenly driven out of their cool grass, and from their ponds, crowded into a cage, and jolted, fasting, for thirty hours. Look at 'em, as you hurry past a shunted train, you who are now hurrying to the sea, with your sandwich boxes and sherry flasks.

The Lords read a Second Time the Bill for temporarily protecting the Trades' Unions from being plundered by their officers. It has since passed.

In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI made graceful acknowledgment of a graceful and liberal act. It had been sought to buy, for the National Gallery, a very interesting portrait of HOGARTH at his easel, painted by the great WILLIAM himself. The Trustees bid 335 guineas, but more was offered by the well-known firm of AGNEW & SONS, Manchester. Those gentlemen, however, were not aware that they were bidding against the Government, and on learning the fact, wrote to say that they had the greatest pleasure in waiving their claim, and allowing the National Gallery to have the picture. MR. DISRAELI added,

"It is so rare a thing for a dealer in pictures who has obtained a very advantageous purchase to waive his rights in this way, and this is an act of such great public spirit, that I think it is due to the MESSRS. AGNEW, as well as to the public, that it should be known. I have before had occasion to notice the existence of public spirit in the city of Manchester, and I think this act has added to the numerous instances we have of it."

Mr. Punch adds his cheer to the cheers with which the House of Commons received this statement.

There was a Fortifications Debate. MR. PETER TAYLOR tried to prevent the going into Committee on the subject, but only got 32 against 100. But CAPTAIN BEAUMONT, who understands the question, moved a specific reduction in the amount to be voted, and gave rational grounds for his motion. So rational did they seem to the Committee, that the Government was saved a defeat only by the squeaking majority of 9—82 to 73 being the numbers.

MR. NEWDEGATE moved for returns which were calculated to annoy the Roman Catholics, in the matter of their charities, and there was a good deal of uncharity bestowed. In the end the proposal was rejected, but only by 58 to 50.

Some people want a railway from Rangoon, through British Burmah, to Western China. Happy Thought. Torment boys home from school by demanding latitudes and longitudes. If they give them, the good boys will know more than MR. GRANT DUFF thinks most folks know about the places in question. He seemed to hint that when the country to be traversed had been really discovered, the railway question might come up again.

Saturday. Yes, the industrious blokes sat on Saturday, and MR. TORRENS had the pleasure of beating the Ministry, represented by MR. AYRTON, who is not very popular. It was on the Metropolitan Loans Bill, and MR. TORRENS carried, by 40 to 33, a clause preventing the Board of Works from leasing to builders land that had been bought for recreation purposes. On a later day the decision was reversed; and there are two sides to the question, the leasing applying only to "fringes" of the parks, and being intended to obtain funds for their improvement. But the fact that MR. AYRTON managed to get his Ministry wopped is noticeable—and noticed.

But, Bless him, with a large B, he brought in the Appropriation Bill. You know what that meant. Very early prorogation.

Monday. Some rather sharp practice, my dear Lords, about the Dublin Freeman's Bill, for dealing with those corrupt Irishmen. It had been quite matter of understanding that the Bill was to pass, and noble Lords, its friends, left town. At the last moment there was opposition, and Government got first a majority of 1, and then of 2. We say. However, on a later night, there was better behaviour, and the Bill passed. There will be some pleasant reading by and-by.

But now listen, my Protestants, and ye, my Dissenters, and ye, too, who heard, during the debates on the Irish Church Bill, that to endow in any way the Catholic faith was an impossibility, and all that. The excellent member for Ennis, CAPTAIN STACPOOLE, asked the Ministers a straightforward question, and it was this:—

Does Government mean to introduce a Bill to facilitate the purchase of glebes and the erection of glebe houses for the ministers of all religious denominations in Ireland?

To which MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, the Secretary for Ireland, replied,

Government hopes to introduce such a Bill early in next Session.

Mr. Punch is only equal to adding, with the late THOMAS HOOD,

"What do you think of that, my Cat?
What do you think of that, my Dog?"

Our Government wanted the next Wednesday, so the Bill for enabling your wife's sister to marry you falls through for the Session. MR. BERESFORD HOPE was much pleased, MR. THOMAS CHAMBERS declined to share his "vivacity." MR. GLADSTONE approves the Bill, but many a wife's sister who is now festive, will believe that there is better music than OFFENBACH's, better reading than novels, and better work than flirting, before that Bill shall become law.

The way they wrangled over the Scotch Education Bill, and at last huddled it up and shoved it back to the House of Lords, was a caution. The Government is abused for its concessions to the Territorials, but *Punch* fancies they afforded the only chance of passing the measure this year. See Friday.

Tuesday. LORD WINCHILSEA continued to be exercised about the National Pictures, and wanted to carry an instruction to MR. BOXALL not to buy any more old pictures without showing them to the Trustees of the Gallery. But as MR. BOXALL happens to know more about pictures than all the Trustees put together, *Mr. Punch* rejoices that EARL GRANVILLE would sanction no such proposal.

Temple Bar had spent a bad night. For the Committee on the Law Courts had decided, by a small majority, that the Carey Street Site ought to be adopted. MR. GLADSTONE, interrogated, said that as the Report had not been presented, he could not say anything more at present. The Bar is in a more parlous state than ever.

You have heard of India? It is a large place. One hundred and forty-seven millions of its inhabitants are our fellow-subjects, and fifty other millions are more amenable to our influence than the nearest inhabitants of this quarter of Europe. So said MR. GRANT DUFF, introducing the Indian financial statement in a better speech than we ever heard from an Indian official, even LORD SALISBURY. Economy now, and railways in the future, are the hopes of India, which is really in no bad way—quite the reverse. You may read MR. GRANT DUFF's speech without being bored, if you omit the figures; and that is a great thing to say. But then *Punch* is always saying great things.

MR. FAWCETT brought on his motion for throwing open Trinity College, Dublin, to all religionists; when, lo and behold, DR. BULL suddenly flung the doors open. He said that while the Episcopal Church was that of Ireland, it was the duty of the University to stand by it; but the Church being disestablished, there was no reason for excluding anybody. But Government, supposed to have its own designs upon T. C. D., did not hail this surrender, and declared that it was not what the people of Ireland wanted.

MR. EYKYN very properly raised the case of the young Bank Clerks who, according to the police, were disorderly in the Haymarket, but,

according to much more trustworthy evidence, were nothing of the kind, and who were discharged by Mr. KNOX, the police, as Mr. EYKYN said, being thereby "involved in the much more serious charge of perjury." The HOME SECRETARY refused to take any action in the matter, and was inclined to believe in the police. Perhaps, when we say that Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, the Recorder, expressed great regret at the speech of Mr. BRUCE, and urged an inquiry, we shall put on record as strong a condemnation of his course as we desire to set down against a conscientious and able Minister.

For our next paragraph is all in his honour. On

Wednesday. MR. BRUCE took the Habitual Criminals Bill into Committee, and declared plainly and boldly that its object was the Hunting Down of those who defied the law. With much discussion, and a good deal of Cant, the Bill passed, and is now the Law. Ruffians at a distance had better keep there. It is one of the stern necessities.

Thursday. MR. GLADSTONE explained the Bishops' Resignation Bill. If a bishop be incapacitated, a coadjutor is to be appointed either with or without the consent of the useless prelate. Of course, the latter is tenderly treated. It went through Committee, with a good deal of talk. MR. HADFIELD took an opportunity of abusing the bishops who had voted for giving aid to the Catholic priests. *Punch* suggests to Sheffield that Mr. MUNDELLA wants a different coadjutor. MR. GLADSTONE, in the end, told good stories of cracked M.P.'s being brought down to vote.

Friday. MR. BRUCE, asked by SIR GEORGE JENKINSON to defend the Discrepancies in sentences passed by the Judges, had nothing better to say than that perhaps we did not know all the facts, and that we must allow for the differing natures of Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus. We do not see what other answer was possible. But why don't the Judges meet and arrange a Tariff, to be only reasonably elastic?

Another row on the Scotch Education Bill, and MR. DISRAELI firing hot shot into the Government. He was answered by MR. BRIGHT, who, moreover, said that we should hardly get any legislation at all if most of the Members did not take themselves off. At night the Bill was finished. Scotland's health, in a dream.

MR. BRUCE exactly expressed the feelings of *Mr. Punch*, in answering a merciless demand by SIR ROUNDELL PALMER that he should make a speech on the Law of Marriage, and promise to amend it. "At this advanced period of the Session exhausted nature finds it difficult to arouse itself to an interest in Anything." However, if the Law of Marriage interests nobody, marriage itself interests great lots. Look at the *Times*' first column just now. The hotels in the pretty districts will be perfectly intolerable by reason of Happy Couples. We shall go into the Black Country, and preach to the savages.

MR. LOWE wants to Debase the sovereign, by one per cent., to please the French. *Punch* is preparing some *Drapier's Letters*.

MR. BRIGHT says there is communication between guard and passenger on all the railways, or at least that the law, since the 1st August, is that there must be. Also, he protests against many verdicts obtained by claimants alleged to have been injured on a railway, calls them swindling, and desires investigation into the matter. There may be a few bad cases, the morals of some Companies may affect those of a few travellers, and make them dishonest. But *Mr. Punch* sticks up for Juries in these matters—on the whole they are a protection against Greed, and anyhow they are our only protection.

An Excellent Resolution.

"Two thousand five hundred ladies have taken the pledge; i.e., resolved not to shop after two o'clock on Saturdays."

Mr. Punch is delighted to hear it, and cordially hopes that many more thousands of ladies will follow this good example, and become Total Abstiners from Saturday afternoon shopping.

"Sors Virgiliana."

(For Young Nobs on the Turf.)

"uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo."

"SURE as each sprig of nobility's plucked, so sure there's another,
Equally flush of his money, and just as refreshingly verdant."

PEERS AS AERONAUTS.

SEVERAL of the Lords (including more than one prelate) who were most prominent in their opposition to the Irish Church Bill, have made arrangements to go up in "The Great Captive Balloon," to prove to the world that there is still such a thing as Protestant Ascendancy.

SWEET FACT.

Buonaparte's Ribs—JOSEPHINE and MARIE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF CRACOW.

THE Ritualists, who boldly stretch the Rubric,
And celebrate High Mass, have been amused,
Perhaps, by that account of BARBARA UBRYK,
Carmelite Nun, in Cracow's Convent, used
So barbarously; for in the Faith no true Brick,
When holy Sisters stand of crime accused,
Though all the world the case hold undeniable,
Will deem it, as the papers say, "reliable."

The story—"O you Story!"—girls to quote—
Says BARBARA was twenty-one years shut up.
(Of course its author lieth in his throat)

In a foul dungeon, where she had to put up
With usage that St. Pancras e'en would vote,
Too vile for a sick pauper, who had cut up
Rough with the Workhouse Beadle, from the tabbies
Who did the will of that old Cat, their Abbess.

In darkness, dirt, and cold, they kept her there,
So goes this Protestant report of fiction;
In all things like a pig, except pigs' fare,
Wherein the pig grunts under no restriction.
And light of day, which pigs have, and fresh air,
A narrative that scarce needs contradiction:
Well-informed people's laughter it provokes,
It really is such a transparent hoax.

A priest, confessor to the Sisters, knew
Alone the horrid secret, and did smother,
Till he, one day, went and got drunk, and blew
We're told, upon them to a reverend brother,
Was ever priest known such a thing to do
As to disclose confessions to another?
Impossibility, mere dream of folly—
A theme for MURPHY, and a fact for WHALLEY.

But say that it were true, and not as far
From truth as every so-called revelation,
Was in the suit of SAURIN *versus* STARR.
Mind, it would not afford the least foundation
The life concealed by convent grate and bar
For subjecting to any exploration.
For none need take the veil unless inclined to,
And all would know what they make up their mind to.

"DISHED IN THE SHELL."

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, in his Newcastle address, tells us, in plain terms, that the Attack has very decidedly beaten the Defence. In other words, guns have got the better of armour.

Plate we never so thickly, shots will find out, the way into ships. As we can't keep the shots out, the next best thing, SIR WILLIAM suggests, is to let the shots out, when they have got in, and to build our vessels of iron so thin that the bolt or shell which makes its entrance at one side will make its exit at the other, without leaving a between-decks full of death-dealing splinters behind it, as would certainly be the case with the five-foot thick hulls of the present fashion.

It is the old story over again—the *reductio ad absurdum* of defensive armour on ships at sea, which we arrived at, generations ago, in the case of soldiers ashore. We have gone on adding plate to plate, till our ships can neither sail nor manoeuvre, just as our ancestors went on loading the man-at-arms with steel casing after casing, till he could neither stand nor go; till, if he was once knocked over, it was as impossible for him to get up again, as it would be for a modern iron-clad of the last thickness to keep afloat, when once a shot or a ram had knocked a hole in her between wind and water.

"Down among the dead men" would be the song for ship, so struck, now, as it was once for knight, so bowled off his legs. We are glad SIR WILLIAM has come to this common sense conclusion at last. *Punch* came to it long ago. The Admiralty, let us hope, will follow, as it usually follows a good lead, *longo intervallo*.

The Fenians and the Faithful.

THE Irish newsletter in the *Times* states that a "mass meeting," numbering some 10,000 people, was held on Sunday last week in Limerick on behalf of the Fenian prisoners. Don't suppose that this mass meeting consisted of mass-goers. Had they been in the habit of going to mass they would, of course, have been taught better than to sympathise with rebels and traitors. They have all ceased going to mass and turned Protestants. Such has already been the effect of Justice to Ireland.



NATURE'S LOGIC.

Papa. "HOW IS IT, ALICE, THAT YOU NEVER GET A PRIZE AT SCHOOL?"

Mamma. "AND THAT YOUR FRIEND, LOUISA SHARP, GETS SO MANY?"

Alice (innocently). "AH! LOUISA SHARP HAS GOT SUCH CLEVER PARENTS!"

[Tableau.]

"NO BAIT THIS YEAR!"

"The usual Ministerial Whitebait Dinner will not take place this year."—
Newspaper paragraph.

WHAT was that acid, acrid, cry,
That sounded through the Treasury,
And Downing Street thrilled like a sigh—
"No Bait this Year!"

What paler leaves pale STANFELD's front,
Makes AYRTON's darker than its wont?
The sentence—shrilly, sharp, and blunt—
"No Bait this Year!"

Was't GLADSTONE's bile, or GRANVILLE's gout,
LAYARD's "hot with," LOWE's "cold without,"
Or BRUCE's bothers brought about,
"No Bait this Year"?

Was't BRIGHT's repugnance to a dish
That so suggesteth loaves and fish,
Induced him to put forth the wish—
"No Bait this Year"?

Or was't the want of Rats to kill
(See the Votes on the Irish Bill)
That prompted grateful GLADSTONE's will—
"No Bait this Year"?

Was't LOWE's example to his friends,
His strenuous thrift of candle-ends
And cheese-parings, that recommends
"No Bait this Year"?

Or was't a hint to THWAITES & Co.;
Vestries and Guardians meant to show
Their betters dinnerless can go—
Sans Bait this Year?

Or, shades of HART and QUARTERMAINE!—
Was't that such load these feasts have lain,
All were rejoiced to swell the strain,
"No Bait this Year"?

Did all, rememb'ring past "Spoke, Spokes!"
Bad wine, stale *plats*, and staler jokes,
Join in the prayer, which none revokes—
"No Bait this Year"?

JEWS AND PROSELYTES.

THE shade of JOHN WESLEY will rejoice to learn that it was no Methodist after his method who imitated the method of conversion practised on the boy MORTARA at Rome. See what says the *Times* :—

"THE JEWISH ABDUCTION CASE.—The REV. MR. THOMAS, one of the defendants in the above case, was erroneously stated in our leading article on the subject to be a Wesleyan minister. MR. THOMAS is a member of the Baptist body."

THOMAS, it is to be hoped, look you, that, in compassing sea and land to make a proselyte, you will henceforth conduct yourself with a degree of scrupulousness which will prevent any repetition of the general remark that you don't seem to be a very Particular Baptist.

ONE FOR HIMSELF.

MR. PUNCH discovers that he is the most credulous creature living, seeing that he is regularly taken in by nearly everybody.



MEAN TIME AT GREENWICH.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "ECONOMY, DEAR BOYS, ECONOMY! TEA AND SHRIMPS, IF YOU LIKE, BUT WE *REALLY CAN'T* STAND WHITEBAIT."

"The usual Ministerial Whitebait Dinner at Greenwich did not take place."—*Morning Paper.*

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



DILBURY takes me to see *Eagles Attached*. By SIR EDWIN LANDSEER. We stand opposite the picture in front of several people: we are silent. DILBURY says presently, "Fine picture that?" I agree with DILBURY. Wonder where SIR EDWIN was when he saw it. I don't see how he could have imagined it, because, from what one knows of eagles and swans, it is about the last thing I should have thought of. Perhaps it occurred to him as a *Happy Thought*. But what suggested it? I put it to DILBURY.

"The Serpentine, perhaps," DILBURY thinks, adding afterwards, "and a walk in the Zoo."

DILBURY tells me that that is how subjects suggest themselves to him. From which I gather that DILBURY is an artist. I don't like to ask him, "Do you paint?" as he may be some very well known painter.

He says, "I'll show you a little thing I think you'll like." He takes me by the elbow, and evidently knowing the Academy by heart, bumps, shoves, and pushes me at a sharp pace through the crowd. DILBURY has an awkward way of stopping one suddenly in a sharp walk to draw one's attention to something or somebody, that has attracted him—generally, a pretty face.

"I say," says he, after two bumps and a shove have brought us just into the doorway of Gallery No. III., "There's a deuced pretty girl, eh?"

Before I have time to note which girl he means, he is off again with me by the elbow. Bump to the right, shove to the left, over somebody's toes, and through a knot of people into Gallery IV. Stop suddenly. Hey what? "There's a rum old bird," says DILBURY, winking slyly, "in Eastern dress, he'd make first-rate model for my new picture; sacred subject, *Methuselah Coming of Age in the Pre-Adamite time*. Wonder if he'd sit?"

Happy Thought.—To say, jestingly, "I wish I could," meaning sit down, now.

DILBURY is rejoiced. Would I sit to him? He is giving his mind to sacred subjects, and is going to bring out *Balaam and Balak*. Would I give him a sitting, say for Balak? MILBURY has promised him one for Balaam, unless I'd like to take Balaam. (As he pronounces this name Baa-lamb, I didn't at first catch his meaning.) I promise to think of it. He gives me his address.

Happy Thought.—Have my portrait taken. Not as Balaam, as myself. Settle it with DILBURY. He'll paint it this year, and exhibit it next. MILBURY, who happens to come upon us at this moment, suggests showing it at a shilling a head in Bond Street, as a sensation picture.

"I'll be with him," says MILBURY, "as Balaam (you've promised me that), and he shall be the —"

I know what he's going to say, and move off with DILBURY before he's finished. MILBURY will talk so loud. He's so vain, too: does it all for applause from strangers. I saw some people laughing about

Balaam. Hope the little SYMPERSONS have gone. As we are squeezing through the door, we come upon MRS. and MISS MILLAR again. Meeting for the third time, I don't know what to do.

Happy Thought.—Safest thing to smile and take off my hat. MISS MILLAR acknowledges it gravely. Fify people can't be hearty. She might have twinkled up and nodded.

DILBURY points out a picture to me. A large one. "Yours?" I ask.

Happy Thought.—To make sure of this before I say anything about it. He nods yes, and looks about to see whether any one is listening. I suppose he expects that if it got about that he was here he'd be seized and carried in procession round the galleries on the shoulders of exulting multitudes. However, there is no one near the picture ("which" he complains "is very badly hung") and consequently no demonstration.

"Good subject, eh?" he asks me. "Yes, very," I answer, wishing I'd asked him first what it was, or had referred to the Catalogue. It is classical, evidently; that is, judging from the costume, what there is of it. I try to find out quietly in the Catalogue.

DILBURY says, "You see what it is of course?" Well—I—I—I in fact, don't, that is, not quite.

"Well," he replies, in a tone implying that I am sure to recognise it when I hear it, "it's *Prometheus Instituting the Lampadephoria*. To which I say, "Oh, yes, of course. *Prometheus vincitur*," and look at the number to see how he spells it. I compliment him. Very fine effect of light and shade. In fact, it's all light and shade, representing a lot of Corinthians (he says it's in Corinth) running about with red torches. DILBURY points out to me the beauties of the picture. He says it wants a week's study. He informs me that it was taken on the spot, and that his models were "the genuine thing."

Happy Thought.—To say, "I could stop and look at this for an age," then take out my watch.

"You can come back again to it," observes DILBURY, seizing my elbow again.

Meet MRS. and MISS MILLAR again. Awkward. Don't know whether to bow or smile, or nod, or what this time. I say, as we pass, "Not gone yet?" I don't think she likes it. I didn't say it as I should like to have said it, or as I would have said it, if I had the opportunity over again. I daresay it sounded rude.

DILBURY stops me suddenly with, "Pretty face that, eh?" and looks back at MISS MILLAR. Whereupon I rejoin, "Hush! I know them." DILBURY immediately wishes to be introduced. I will, as an Academician, and his picture, too. We go back after them. We struggle towards them: we are all jammed up in a crowd together. I hear something crack. I become aware of treading on somebody's dress. It is MISS MILLAR'S. I beg her pardon. "I hope I—"

Happy Thought.—"We met: 'twas in a crowd." Old song.

I say this so as to give a pleasant turn to the apology and the introduction. I don't think MISS MILLAR is a good-tempered girl. Somebody is nudging me in the back, and somebody else is wedging me in on either side. As she is almost swept away from me by one current, and I from her by another, I say, hurriedly, "MISS MILLAR, let me introduce my friend, MR. DILBURY—an Academician." She tries to stop: I turn, and lay hold of some one who ought to be DILBURY, in order to bring him forward. It isn't DILBURY at all, but some one else—a perfect stranger, who is very angry, and wants to kick or hit—I don't know which (but can't, on account of the crowd), and I am carried on, begging MISS MILLAR'S pardon and his pardon, and remonstrating with a stout, bald-headed man in front, who will get in the way.

Happy Thought.—Get out of this as quickly as possible.

Getting out again. Lost my Catalogue. Meet MILBURY. I ask him what's that picture, alluding to one with a lot of people in scant drapery in an oriental apartment. He replies, "Portraits of members of the Garrick Club taking a Turkish bath." It is No. 277. It simply can't be. Besides there are ladies present. MILBURY pretends to be annoyed, and says, I needn't believe it unless I like.

Must go to WILLIS'S: see about sleeping to-night, luggage, dinner, and a lot of things.

Happy Thought.—Have my hair cut. Have an ice first. Leave the Academy.

Charity and Criticism.

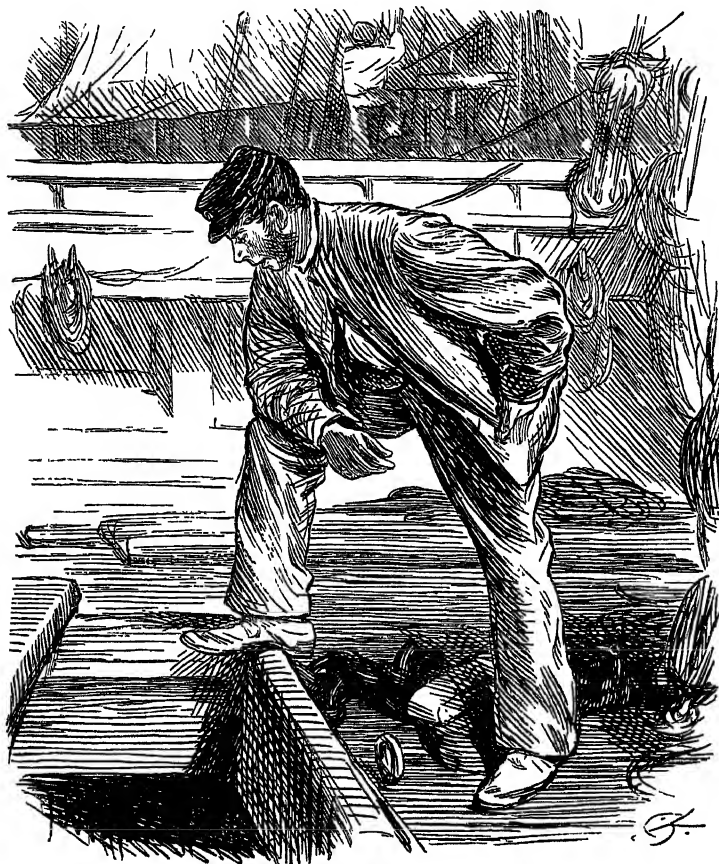
Brown (reads): "On Monday last the PRINCESS TECK opened a new drinking fountain in the Regent's Park, erected at the cost of COWASJEE JEJANGHEER READYMONEY, Esq., a distinguished Parsee gentleman, who has lately given more than £100,000 to benevolent institutions in India."

Jones. Ready money, eh? And spent it wisely, eh, BROWN?

Brown. Parsee money, too. Better far than parsi-mony.

[Poke each other in the ribs, and pass to the next paragraph.]

ACCORDING TO THE SABBATH-DAY LEAGUE.
RECEIPT for *Juventus Mundi*.—Requires Sunday.



DECIMALS ON DECK.

Irish Mate. "HOW MANNY IV YE DOWN THER-RE?!"

Voice from the Hold. "THREE, SOR!"

Mate. "THIN HALF IV YE COME UP HERE IMMADIATELY!!"

RHETORIC BY M. ROUHER.

BLESS thee, ROUHER, bless thee, thou art translated—in a telegram which makes thee say to thy Master's Senate:—

"To wish that France should remain at a standstill while liberal doctrines take possession of the whole of Europe would be to disregard the necessary loss of our influence throughout the world, and to weaken the sacred ties which unite the Napoleonic dynasty to the French nation; but to let oneself glide with indifference down a decline which leads to an abyss would be to forget that France has a right to require from the Government absolute security against violent passion, mad wishes and implacable hatred, for in the words of AUGUSTUS, 'the Empire is sufficiently popular to go hand in hand with liberty, and strong enough to preserve it from anarchy.' (*Applause.*)"

To let oneself glide with indifference down a decline which leads to an abyss, could not be to forget anything that France has a right to require of anybody, we should think, unless France has the right to require that he shall not consent to go to the Doose, in a Doose-may-care kind of a way. Nor will the logical mind easily see the force of M. ROUHER's argument to the contrary drawn from "the words of AUGUSTUS." But there is, M. ROUHER should consider, a policy at least as bad as that of consenting to go unconcernedly to the Doose. "To wish that France should remain at a standstill while liberal doctrines take possession of the whole of Europe" would be a mistake perhaps even of worse consequence than it would be "to disregard the necessary law of our influence throughout the world," or even than "to weaken the sacred ties which unite the Napoleonic dynasty to the French nation." It would be to disregard the adage—"Doose take the hindmost."

Madame L'On.

At a female suffrage banquet in Paris the other day, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of the ladies, M^{LE}. BRENIL, observed that "the greatest enemy women had to contend with was the impalpable but ever present *on*—"*on dira ceci ou cela*," and the *on*, according to M^{LE}. BRENIL, represents only women. In a word, and that of one syllable, *on* is the French MRS. GRUNDY.

THE WILD(BAD) HUNTSMAN.

"The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES have arrived at Wild-bad. The influx of English tourists is tremendous."—*Court Circular.*

PUFF, Puff, by the steamer!
Jar—jar by the rail!
Ting a ling by the teamsters,
Of Malleposte or mail!
Drowning row of COOK trainbands,
And Swiss Tourists' bray,
Hark to Wild-bad's Wild Huntsmen
In chase of the prey!

The Hartz has its wild hunt,
PLATON has *his*:
In *Der Freischütz* we've seen it
Go by with a whizz,
Of skeleton rider
On skeleton hack,
And the rattle and yelp,
Of a skeleton pack.

But what are wild Huntsmen
Of Brocken or Hartz,
Or they that in *Freischütz*
Third Act play their parts,
To the wild hunt of Wildbad,
Whose hot hounds at bay
Hold a Prince and a Princess,
For quarry to-day?

Hang close on their traces,
No rest let them find—
Reporters in front,
Snob and snobbers behind!
Dog their doings by day,
And their slumbers by night,
Till their sleeping's a terror,
Their waking a flight!

Let your distant view-holloa
Break in on their meals;
Let them spring from their beds
With your yelp at their heels;
Press close and yet closer
On crown'd stag and hind—
Eager muzzles to earth,
Eager sterns to the wind!

Though the hunted cry mercy,
The lookers-on shame,
Are not *ye* Wild(bad) huntsmen,
And *they* royal game?
Hunt them late, hunt them early,
By night and by day,
The Wild(bad) Hunt's up—
The snobs loose on their prey!

MARTINETS AND MURDER.

THE subjoined extract from a leader in the *Times* on "Assassinations in the Army," ought to be suggestive to the military authorities and the Legislature. It refers not to the convicted felon, but to the British soldier:—

"From morning to night he is subject to a discipline of a kind which civilian outsiders can scarcely form a notion of, unless, indeed, they recall their own treatment as little boys at school, and of which the incessant petty restraints, become positively intolerable to a man even of fairly good temper, when, as must occasionally happen, they are abused by an ill-conditioned superior."

By all means, therefore, cease to trust the British Soldier with ball ammunition which he is not required to use immediately on duty. At the same time remove his provocation to misuse it when shooting his superior officer.

The Curse of Ireland.

It has been suggested that the great absentee proprietors of Irish soil would do good to Ireland if they were to go there, and during the next autumn and winter, reside upon their estates. The answer to that suggestion which the generality of them make is, "I'll be shot if I do."

“LE FOLLET’S” ADVANCE IN INTELLECT.

Le Follet is evidently improving, if not at Earlswood, yet somewhere else, apparently, under some course of training calculated to develop intellect. It states that, amongst the various “Fashions for August:—

“Light waterproof cloths in shot colours such as violet and black, or brown and gold, are much in demand. Costumes in this material should be quite plain, with a simple hem at the bottom of the skirt, which is short. A small crinoline of the same material as the dress, will be found very serviceable to put on in wet weather, as it serves to sustain the skirt, and preserve the ankles from the damp.”

Reasoning; actual reasoning. That, too, in addition to a very sensible remark about costumes which are themselves as sensible as any can be—waterproof, completed with:—

“Waterproof boots, sewn with the colour of the dress.”

Mudplungers for wet weather. These, too, bespeak somewhat of an understanding, in the upper region, if, more useful than ornamental, they eclipse one at the lower extremities, of those who have judiciously taken to wear them.

Then again, *Le Follet*, with a decided gleam of thought, remarks:—

“Young ladies’ dresses should always be simple. Originality of form or colour need not be excluded, as will be seen from the following descriptions.”

Of these one deserves to be quoted, for it certainly does bespeak the merit of originality:—

“The black confections mostly adopted are the fichu, with a point in front and behind, completed by a short tunique, with a cascade of coques terminating in a square end behind.”

A cascade of coques, for an embellishment of a lady’s dress, certainly does strike one as an original idea. What are the coques? Shells? Egg-shells, associated with “black confections” may agreeably remind the beholder of *omelette au confiture*. Or are the coques oyster-shells, or what else? And how is the cascade managed? The uninformed mind may surmise that watered silk is somehow employed in it.

Not only has *Le Follet* attained to a degree of intelligence which can appreciate originality, but it is capable also of exercising somewhat of a critical faculty in a tone of gentle satire even. For example:—

“Elegant refinement in dress is a gift all ladies do not, unfortunately, possess; hence the caricatures we so often meet with. Striking contrasts in colours and profusion in ornament, either on dress or head, destroy the beautiful effect which might be produced by a careful and graceful adaptation of the numerous garnitures now in fashion.”

Here is, besides, something like some notion of Art. *Le Follet*, perhaps, has so far advanced at Earlswood as to have been enabled to profit by being taken of late occasionally to South Kensington.

JUDGES’ JUSTICE.

PUNCH was expressing to the wife of his bosom his indignation at the shamefully inadequate sentence of five years’ penal servitude awarded to the Redhill ruffian who, after breaking his wife’s neck by throwing her down-stairs, stood mocking her with curses and foul abuse as she lay dying. “Ah, but the man was drunk!” pleaded Mrs. P. “True,” said Mr. Punch, “and the Judge was MELLOR.”

Is there no appeal from JUSTICE MELLOR to JUSTICE MELLOR? Surely, if ever trial by the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Sun* and the *Star*, the *Daily News* and the *Standard*, the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Tizer*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Punch*, all together, was justified, it is in the case of the Judge who, after awarding five years’ penal servitude to this beast in human form, and eighteen months’ imprisonment to another only less ruffianly scoundrel, who just missed taking his wretched wife’s life through the bluntness of the knife he used on her throat, gave fifteen years’ penal servitude to a fellow who administered a threshing with his fists—a savage and unjustifiable one, it is quite true—to a poor hair-dresser who, a year before, had given evidence against him.

Are we to infer from the revolting disproportion of these sentences that, in JUSTICE MELLOR’S eyes, threshing a witness is three times as bad as breaking a wife’s neck, and nearly ten times as bad as cutting her throat?

No Longer a Fault.

LADIES who have the privilege of offering their charitable contributions in the presence of a gracious and charming Princess, may be pardoned if they feel a little purse-proud on the occasion. (N.B. The gentlemen who attend them should be slim in figure, not pursy.)

THE IRISH FREE CHURCH QUESTION.—Now that we are disestablished and disendowed shall we go on praying for “the High Court of Parliament?”

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

I.—CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

BEHOLD! the strident engine with its helm
Of burnished brass, and fiery eyes, is here,
To waltz and whirl through Albion’s sea-girt realm,
To cliffs and sands, to esplanade and pier,
The summer swarm of travellers who throng
The busy platform in their summer suits,
And, eager as impatient school-boys, long
To taste, for one brief blissful moon, the fruits
Of months of industry and thrifty ways—
Fresh scenes, fresh air, fresh faces and fresh shrimps,
Where the Savoyard still his organ plays,
And sands are trenched by merry barelegged imps—
Cheerful, though conscious that by shore and bay
The lowliest lodging-house awaits its prey.

II.—SEAVILLE.

Musing I pace the shore, and idly scan
The groups who gossip on the grassy green,
The donkey equipage, and drab machine,
The useful shrimper, and the coastguard man;
Till, resting on a shattered mast, I trace
Upon the sand contiguous to the sea,
The dearest name in all the world to me—
AMELIA STRAPPS, of 16, Shakspeare Place:
Then calling to my faithful hound afar,
I wander home to see the sun go down,
(About his usual time,) behind the town,
And watch the vessels as they cross the bar,
Pleased to observe the moon above the hill—
But not the extras in my weekly bill.

III.—SEAVILLE REVISITED.

Four Quarter-days have passed since musing here,
I graved her name upon the shifting sand,
And heard the music of the German band
Playing Selections on the crowded pier;
The while I shaped within my joyous heart
The happy course of all my future life,
With her who promised to become my wife,
And wore, for months, a locket with my carte.
The scene’s unchanged; the pier, the prawns, the same;
But I—my peace, my appetite, is gone,
My figure’s shrunk, I’ve lost at least a stone
Since here I traced that dear perfidious name,
And hoped—But, hark! gay laughers round the rocks—
AMELIA and her husband CAPTAIN COX!

A Prince for Punch.

PRINCE ARTHUR, on Saturday last, at the farewell banquet given to him on being about to go and join the Rifle Brigade in Canada, in returning thanks for the toast of his health, said a good thing:—

“In taking my leave of this garrison, for the purpose of proceeding to one of the English colonies, it is with a sincere hope that I may soon return again.”

Tremendous cheers; but no laughter. Yet the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE presided; and the rest of the distinguished officers present were not all Scotchmen.

Two Chapters of Gladstone’s Autobiography.

(As Edited by the BISHOP OF TUAM.)

“*Juventus Mundi.*” —

“The State in its relations with the Church.” 1833.

“*Senectus Immundi.*” —

“The State in no relations with the Church.” 1869.

Strength and Weakness.

MR. PETER TAYLOR, the other evening, made an assault on the Government Bill for the completion of our inchoate dockyard defences. Is not this gentleman a partisan of compulsory abstinence from exhilarating liquors? Perhaps his disapproval of anything strong is so thorough that he objects even to fortifications.

OFF THE NEEDLES.—A Tailor who has made money (some tailors do), and wishes to measure himself against other rich men, should take to yachting and get a cutter.

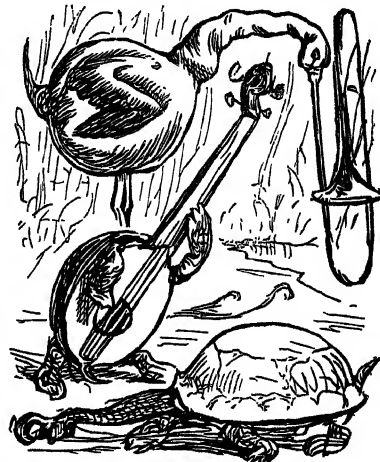
SPECIMENS NOT YET INCLUDED IN THE COLLECTION AT REGENT'S PARK.



THE HARRY LORGAN (A PACHYDERMATOUS SELF-GRINDER OF THE BOAR SPECIES).



THE GAUDY-BREASTED THREEMONTHS-BILLED TOUCAN. (Palestine)



MANDOLINE TURTLES AND TROMBONIFEROUS WINDBIRD.



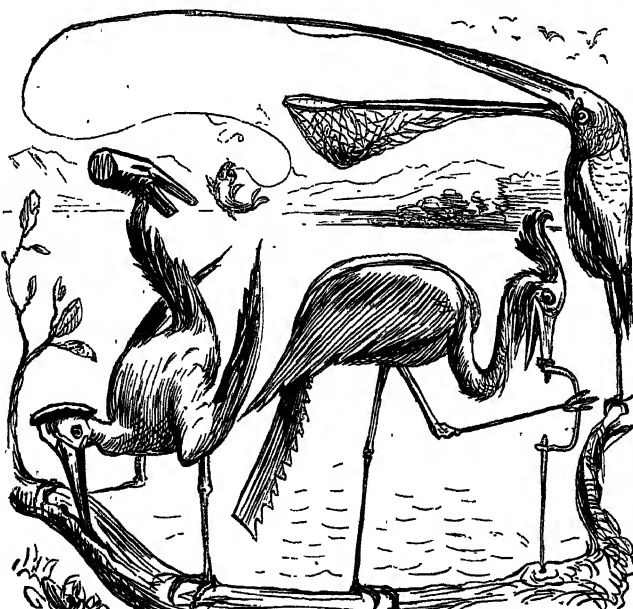
THE RAILWAY BUFFALO (BOS BUFFER-CORNUTUS).



THE PURSE-MOUTHED AURIVOROUS FROG (PORT MUNNEY).



ITCHYSAURUS ATTACKED BY PHLEASVOSAURI.



VARIETIES OF THE HAMMER, WOODPECKER, AND KINGFISHER FAMILY. (Very rare.)



STEINBOK, OR STONEBUCK (CAPRICORNUS ELASTICUS CATAPULTUS. Arabia Petrea.)



"PRO AND CON."

Prosaic Uncle. "LIKE TO BE A SMUGGLER! DON'T TALK NONSENSE, GEORGE!"

George. "WELL! I'D RATHER LIVE IN A NICE CAVE LIKE THIS ONE HERE, 'STEAD O' THOSE BEASTLY HOT LODGINGS!"

A NOODLE'S NOTE-BOOK.

I HAVE recently returned from a visit on business to several of our provincial towns. I have preferred lodgings to hotels, and I have found the landladies of the former are to be divided into two classes—those who take your brandy (my favourite beverage) and those who take it, but add water to the residue, in the insane idea that the quantity will deceive you, but apparently unaware of the filmy effect produced by the process. There was a boldness about the former predatory proceeding that induced a certain amount of respect combined with the natural surprise of a simple-minded Londoner, but in the latter act of larceny there was a paucity of invention and a certain meanness that provoked the purest contempt. I hope this mem will not be completely thrown away (at this sea-side season) upon all brandy-and-watering-place landladies, who are hereby advised that it is sufficient to steal without spoiling what is left for the luckless lodger.

My respected friend, JEREMY DIDDLE, Esq., once gave a very admirable pendant to the well known title of a medical work, called, "*What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid.*" Thus—What to Eat: everything in season. What to Drink: the best wines in the house. What to Avoid: the water. This sounds well in theory, but for its successful practice there are required quicker eyes and more nimble legs than fall to the lot of most of us—or rather, the few of most of us. Every one has heard the story of "two brandy-and-waters getting over the palings," pale brandies they must have been—but the inevitable attendant caught them up be sure. They were brandies and waiters in the end, no doubt.

I rejoice to come across a middle-aged man who likes tarts. There are few pleasanter sights than a Scotch confectioner's, with its crowd of full-grown and often elderly customers. A man who retains his sweet tooth after forty is seldom a bad fellow. To see the blasé lads of two-and-twenty shake their heads and growl "dyspepsia," when the pastry enters, and then watch them cry havoc with the cheese, and rush wildly at the radishes, is to me far from pleasant. Why, too, is the good old word "Pie" becoming obsolete—I mean in its fruity sense? Somebody told me the other day it was vulgar to give people custards. My informant smothered her aspirates, and called regiment "ridgement."

The lessee of an *al fresco* place of amusement, finding the wet weather usually set in simultaneously with the commencement of his season, always spoke of his having "once more assumed the rains of management."

After all, a man's best friends and his worst enemies are pens and ink.

Circulating medium—a clown to the ring.

He was a foolish fellow and inclined to go to extremes, who, because he had a horror of capital punishment, refused to even execute a commission.

Some lawyers resemble folks who can sleep in any position. It is immaterial on which side they lie.

Medical men are the only people who are wide awake when they are knocked up.

FOOTING OF CHINESE ROYALTY.

THROUGH one of REUTER'S wires we are informed that—

"The Chinese authorities at Peking have officially intimated to SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK that the DUKE OF EDINBURGH cannot be received by the royal family of China on a footing of equality."

This shows some abatement of Chinese self-esteem. The Royal Family of China mean, of course, that they are prepared to receive the QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S son on a footing of superiority, a considerably higher footing than their own. Accordingly it has doubtless been "intimated" if not plainly announced, to them in return, that they are at liberty to kiss his Royal Highness's foot, and will obtain assuredly therefrom, the footing which they are entitled to.

Always Happy to Oblige.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires what the Ray Society, often advertised, means. We have pleasure in informing her that it is a Society for Spectrum Analysis. This again means an association for the investigation of Ghost Stories.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

IV.—SERVITUDE.

My comrades go—to warfare with the grouse
Now crowing on the hills and heathery moors,
To various foreign climes on foreign tours,
To croquet parties at the Manor House;
Or, in the emerald sea to plunge and play,
Prone, with a curious eye, to watch at night
The waves lit up with phosphorescent light,
And the great fleet of colliers under weigh:
Whilst I sit opposite this green-baize door,
And all day long frame letters from “My Lords,”
Or wade through Minutes made by weekly Boards,
Glad, when the well-watched clock announces four,
To change my coat and range the lonely Park,
A wistful, wearied, Departmental Clerk.

V.—EMANCIPATION.

The manumitted slave is not more glad
Than I to-day. For six delicious weeks
I leave my desk, my diary, and my pad—
To cruise the seas, to conquer snowy peaks,
To hear the music of the foaming fall,
To bask beneath the blue Italian sky,
To mark the covey down, to troll and trawl,
To lure the salmon with the mimic fly,
Or lingering long on mount, and mere, and isle,
To dress the salad and dispense the pie,
Asking but one remunerating smile,
Seeking but one reciprocating sigh?
Not so—my CELIA and her girls shall share
Thy dear delights, with me, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. PUNCH deeply regrets to say that the Session is over. He had hoped that it would have been prolonged, as he is quite sure that a very large number of gentlemen must still have a very large number of clever and instructive speeches to make on many topics of interest. He is, however, comforted by learning that there is to be an Autumn Session, when all Members who have not obtained a hearing this year, will be summoned to meet, and discuss the Irish Church, Scotch Education, and English Pauperism. This will be very delightful; and he is prepared to hasten back to London, at the shortest notice, to report the proposed debates. Meantime, he sets down that on

Saturday, August 7, the Scotch Education Bill, over which there have been such interminable wrangles, was kindly promised to the House of Lords in a day or two. LORD REDSDALE showed himself unworthy of such kindness, and declared that the Lords ought not to be asked to discuss so important a Bill, which had been so materially altered, within a few hours of the end of the Session. He should move its rejection. LORD GRANVILLE mentally winked.

In the Commons, MR. MONK made a little speech about Rupert's Land, which is somewhere in America. *Punch* believes Canada acquires it, and we lend her money for the purpose, but it does not matter. Nothing matters in August, except the having keys to your portmanteau and *sac de nuit*. Whatever the case may be, the Bill passed. “For RUPERT only comes to conquer or to fall.” (*Macaulay*.) One quotation is as good as another, and better.

The eternal Scotch Education Bill was “considered as amended.” DR. LYON PLAYFAIR said that everybody in Scotland wished for Religious Education. We don't know anything about that, but a precious lot in Scotland need it, especially the cruel folks in the Highlands, who hugely overload coaches, and treat the horses with a barbarity that spoils all the pleasure of excursions. Though, if you found fault with any of these fellows, in the localities, you would be told that they are “decent bodies,” and “regular communicants,” and there would be a sneer at “Cockney Atheists,” who do not know that beasts were made for the service of man.

Monday. Royal Assent was freely accorded to many hundred weight of Bills. LORD REDSDALE would not let the Rupert's Land Bill pass through Committee.

“Till, like a stream that bursts its bank
Pierce RUPERT thundered on our flank,
Hurling against our spears a line
Of gallant, fiery as their wine.” (*Scott*.)

Don't we tell you that it is the act of quotation, not the relevancy of the matter quoted, that is to be considered?

LORD REDSDALE kept his word, and a good many Opposition Lords having been whipped up, LORD GRANVILLE pleaded in vain that one

evening would do for the Scotch Education Bill, and it was rejected by 55 to 43. Most people seem rather pleased, for the Bill satisfied nobody.

LORD GRANVILLE thought the present site of Canning's Statue a good one, but intimated that he should like to know the views of the great statesman's family.

In the Commons there was opening on a scent that may lead to something amusing. A very young gentleman has been made Revising Barrister, over the heads of deserving seniors, and decidedly on account of his pedigree. More anon—we will not spoil sport.

MR. THOMAS CHAMBERS, Member for Marylebone, intends next Session, to Reform the Established Church, and make it an effective instrument for the Evangelisation of the whole nation. His intention really does him great credit.

The Commons (this was in the morning) passed the Scotch Bill, and sent it up to the Lords' afternoon meeting. The result has been told. We know from BURNS that—

“To make a home for wife and weans
Is the true pathos and sublime
O' human life.”

Don't we tell you, &c.

LORD ELCHO presented the memorial of 30,000 Miners, humbly praying for inquiry into the causes of the dreadful accidents in mines. The HOME SECRETARY thought that the subject could not then be attended to, but said that he would consider the memorial.

MR. ALFRED SEYMOUR, who won a gallantly contested fight at Salisbury, took his seat.

“I want the *Court Guide*,” says my lady, “to look
If the house, Seymour Place, is at 30 or 20;”

“We've lost the *Court Guide*, M'm, but here's the Red Book,
Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour Places* in plenty.”

(*Moore*.)

Don't we tell, &c. But *Mr. Punch* once repeated this epigram to a dear lady, who, perfectly innocent of its meaning, highly approved it. “Yes, that's good. That's just like servants. First they lose your property, and then they give you impudence.”

Tuesday. Rupert's Land Bill passed the Lords.

“Mount, Cavaliers, it is vengeance that speeds you,
Mount, Cavaliers, it is RUPERT that leads you,
Mount, Cavaliers, let the flag that precedes you
Be covered with glory or covered with gore.”

(*Poet in an Annual*.)

Don't we, &c.

LORD DENMAN protested against abandoning the old historical site of the Law Courts, and going to Carey Street, for the sake of getting convenient lounging places for suitors and the like.

MR. PETER TAYLOR (we are glad to shake hands with a well-meaning gentleman, whose chief error is his belief that somebody has appointed him Inspector-General of the Human Race) asked a very proper question about a young English subject, named NATHAN, who had been locked up at Milan, since April. LORD CLARENDON seems to have lost no time, when he learned the facts, in requesting that MR. NATHAN might be admitted to bail.

MR. LOWE said that Government could take no step in regard to the Law Courts till Parliament met again. So Temple Bar is certainly relieved until February, and probably for a great deal longer. *Mr. Punch* intends, with the good leave of his friends at the adjacent bank, to put his venerable head out at each of the windows of the Bar, and drink the health of East and West London respectively. After that solemn and affecting ceremonial, the Bar may be regarded as disendowed and disestablished.

Do you want to know any more about MR. LOWE's intentions in regard to your Sovereigns? He wants them kept in this country, not melted for exportation, and he thinks that he can achieve this by making a sovereign lighter by one grain than at present. We prefer our sovereign *cum grano*.

A Bill which MR. GLADSTONE thought important, that enabling Bishops to resign, whether they like it or not, passed. Their Lordships of Exeter and Winchester, will, it is thought, be interested. MR. GLADSTONE has made learned DR. MOBERLEY, formerly Head Master at Winchester, the new Bishop of Salisbury. He is High Church, but not a thaumaturgist, like his venerable predecessor.

The End.

Prorogation Day. In the Lords, DR. JACKSON, Bishop of London, read prayer. Royal Commissioners took their seats.

Then did the Lord Chancellor HATHERLEY deliver about the worst Royal Speech which *Mr. Punch* or MR. CORBETT ever sat upon. Really, considering that the Session has been marked by remarkable legislation and remarkable eloquence, it might have been brought to an end in less slipshod style. The cause of the debility was, we suppose, the indisposition of MR. GLADSTONE, who can write—we should rather say he could. *Mr. Punch* does not descend to criticise such a fortuitous aggregation of words, but merely notes that HER MAJESTY, after the

usual statement that Foreign Powers assure her of their friendliness (no such assurance ever being given, of course), was advised to mention:—

1. That negotiation with America has been suspended, and it is hoped that this delay may tend to maintain friendly relations. [*Yes, if two persons cut one another, they can hardly quarrel, your Majesty.*]
2. That Parliament has been zealous and assiduous. [*Well deserved.*]
3. The Irish Church Act. [*Fiat Justitia!*]
4. The Re-Creation of the Compound Householder. [*Your health, MR. ISRAELI!*]
5. The Bankruptcy Act. [*Live within your income, everybody, and (as the shoemaker remarked to his boy, who mentioned that the trout were biting that morning, and was advised by his stern parent to mind his work), "then the trout won't bite you."*]
6. The Act abolishing Imprisonment for Debt. [*Tradesmen, don't give foolish credit.*]
7. The Endowed Schools Act. [*Now, boys, show your endowments!*]
8. The Habitual Criminals Act. [*Tremble, ruffians! Well said, MR. KNOX! An admirable warning.*]
9. The Cattle Act. [*Not in MR. low's department.*]
10. Repeal of Duty on Fire Insurance. [*Everybody but fools insure.*]
11. Repeal of Duty on Corn. [*No chaff occurs to us.*]
12. The Electric Telegraphs Act. [*Bravo, MR. SCUDAMORE!*]

The QUEEN was much obliged for the Supplies, and for the money which has paid the Abyssinian bill.

And this was the highly elegant conclusion:—

"During the recess you will continue to gather that practical knowledge and experience which form the solid basis of legislative aptitude."

And so endeth the first Session of the Terrible Parliament, which, elected by the Millions, was to abolish everything except the Guillotine. Mr. Punch salutes the Public, and, *dulce ridens*, once more puts the Stopper into the Bottle of *Essence of Parliament*.



A Distinguished Tourist.

MRS. MALAPROP is abroad with her husband and a Currier, and from the accounts which have come to hand of her progress appears to be making rather a wide circuit in her travels, letters having been received from her dated Aches-la-Chapel, The Ague, Humbug, Kissing'em, Tureen and Whistbaden. She writes that she was delighted with the Rind and not surprised at the colour of the Roan. Her descriptions of Lake Lemon, the Jargonelles, the Hearts Mountains, and the Simpleton Pass are very remarkable, and the Jury Mountains she describes as Grand. When last heard of, Mrs. M. was going to Ruin.

NO CHARGE FOR STAMPING.—This familiar heading of an advertisement might be adopted by the Mint to announce the maxim which, in the coinage of sovereigns, it has established as a golden rule.

CHARITY FOR CRIMINALS.

ONNED MR. PUNCH,

I AM a pore man as lives by onnest industry, leastways if not exactly onnest I am certingly industrious, for I've often priggged as many as half a score of tickers, besides scarf pins, port monnays and other harticles of virtue in a single evening's work. In coorse I've now and then been nabbed, and brort afore the Beeks, but aving nothing in partickler to charackterise my features, sich as a broken nose for instance, or a pair of bandy legs, I aint bin often reckonised as previous convicted, and have got upon the ole pretty tolerable well off. But what puts me in a funk is this here blessed Hack for what is called the unting down of us abitual crimnles, which MR. BRUCE he says of it—

"The main objects of the Bill were the supervision of criminals and a proper system of registration in order to secure the recognition of habitual offenders when brought up for trial."

Sir, all as I say is that if us pore armless prigs like me and CHARLEY OLYFAKER is going to be registered, and have our names and weights and colours of our eyes and noses stuck up at street corners for the warnink of the public and instruction of the Pleece, we'd better shut up shop and hemigrate at once. If they're a going to register us like a lot of stoves, and ave our picturs published with our auto-biog-rapherries, there wont be arf a chance of our Gammonin the beaks, by gitting of a friend for to depose a halibi in case we come to grief. Goodbye to hold Hengland will soon ave to be our cry, for what's the good of staying to get 7 years penal servitude arter being twice convicted, to say nothing of the nuisance of living underneath the surveillance of the pleece. MR. BRUCE he seems to think the Hack will do a sight of good in criminal reformin, which he puts his notion this way in his speech when the Bill passed:—

"He had little faith in the moral effect of the ordinary imprisonment of an offender who had been living a life of crime; on the other hand, a long sentence of penal servitude had this effect—it broke up the habits of the criminal, separated him from his old associates, accustomed him to vigorous labour, while means were put within his power of returning to a life of honesty and industry; and, as a matter of fact, those means were frequently and successfully resorted to, as was proved by the experience of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society."

Sir, all as I can say is that if me and my pal CHARLEY ad bin taken by the & when we fust come out of quod, and put to any onest andicraft for urning our own living, we should not have had occasion a second time to trouble the beeks or the perlice. We none of us likes being untied down and collared and sentenced to ard labour, though arter all the fact is that the ardest of ard labour is the lives we have to lead. Give a cove a elping and arter his fust punishment and you'll see that 19 out of 20 wont ever want a second. But its ard lines on a lad to be sent into the streets without a scrap of character, with nobody to help him but his huncle the pawnbroker, and with nobody to shelter him but his old wicious haunts. I remain, Sir, yours most faithful to command,

PETER PRIGGINS.

CONVIVIAL TEA.

A TRAINFUL of excursion folk, all under a marquee, Sat down to bread and butter, young and old—their drink was tea. But first they sang the Hundredth Psalm, for grace, with jubilee— Good people, they were Methodists, come out upon a spree.

O Hyson, O green Hyson, can it be thou art so strong? Are ye such right stuff, Horniman, and Pekoe, and Souchong? There seemed to be more merriment those Methodists among, Than their beholder had beheld at any board for long.

Good spirits from the tea-pot is it possible to pour In cups that not inebriate, but cheer no less, but more, Than goblets of the choicest wine, and grog with ample store, Of weeds, which boon companions need, each other lest they bore?

Is This a Canard from Canada?

"A curious bet was made between two gentlemen of this city [Montreal] noted for the amplitude of their beards. . . . The bet was that the loser of the toss should at once denude himself of his magnificent beard and moustaches."

WHAT a hair-breadth escape for the winner!

Lowe Jokes.

THE Conservatives appear to be stunned. They raise little or no outcry against MR. LOWE's proposal to lower the Standard. To be sure your gold is not your paper. But the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER proposes bringing down the Sovereign. It is, however, true that he contemplates doing this without prejudice to the Crown.



A NOVEL IDEA. TO BRIGHTON AND BACK IN NO TIME.

SPIRIT CARTES DE VISITE.

Does anyone want proof that the Invisible can be photographed? Here it is, then—plain as a pikestaff:—

"In a recent notice of the Mumler photographs, poor *Punch* made one of his splendid misses with his baton. The tenor of it was that nothing can be photographed which is not visible to the naked eye; that ghosts are not visible to the naked eye, therefore, &c. Now, it is well settled that the plate is more sensitive than the eye, and it is, therefore, an unfortunate instance for *Punch* to show his wisdom upon. The magnetic or odic lights, which BARON REICHENBACH photographed, are evidences of this."

Are they? BARON REICHENBACH got a photographer to shut up a magnet, turned towards an iodised plate, in a case kept in perfect darkness for sixty-four hours. "Taken out in darkness and exposed to mercurial vapour, the plate now exhibited the full effect of the light which it had received, over the entire surface." REICHENBACH adds, "It was clear from this, that unless other causes are capable of affecting the photographic plate after considerable time, it, in fact, *must be light, real, though weak and acting but slowly, that issues from a magnet.*" Italics original. Is the impression obtained in the manner above stated, one of the "evidences" referred to by the *Spiritual Magazine*, as demonstrating the possibility of photographing an invisible ghost? We should like to see the others.

By the accounts of spirit photography it takes no more than ordinary photographic time to photograph a ghost. And the ghost is photographed in daylight—but, according to the *Spiritual Magazine*, not thereby; not by daylight, but by odic light. The chemicals are decomposed by rays of daylight reflected from the sitter, and at the same time by rays of odic light emitted by the ghost. Optics and Chemistry! Said odic light is too faint to affect the eye; nevertheless affects the plate as quickly as the daylight does, and that in broad day. No need for the odic ghost to be shut up for sixty-four hours in the dark.

In order that spirits may "levitate" a Medium, or stretch and shrink him, or write, or draw, or play the accordion, or send banjos flying about your ears, they insist upon darkness—that is, the Medium does for them. A dark *séance* is *de rigueur*. But they don't want darkness as a condition to being photographed. That demand would be reasonable; indeed, consecutive. The odic ghost should require darkness to

shine in it, like the odic magnet. But just where darkness would, *ex hypothesi*, be requisite for a spiritual manifestation, the spirits that manifest themselves—photographically—can do without it. And don't they do?

How can they do otherwise than spirits still in the flesh? One understands, indeed, that such spirits can, apart from the magnesium light, or the lime, or electric light, only be photographed by sunshine, though, considering that they are Yankee spirits, attendant on a Yankee Medium, and constant enough in their attendance to enable him to do a regular business with confiding, but possibly through co-operative Yankee sitters, one may venture to suggest that their photography in effect is moonshine.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

A BILL was left on COURTS' counter the other day, which was so heavy that it took two men to draw it and five to hold it.

Tickets for the Musical Money-lenders' ball this year will be two months after date.

The costume for that evening will be drawers of bills, check trousers.

Odoriferous fountains will send up showers of sixty per cent.

Drafts of anything from twenty to a hundred thousand in the refreshment-room.

The quadrilles will consist of nothing less than eight figures, which will be danced to a pretty good tune.

The piper will be paid by subscription.

Further particulars when we know more about it ourselves. One of the most ancient and respectable houses in the City has been offered for the occasion on account of its being so remarkably firm. Very many are going. If any question of precedence should arise, the rule will be that some of the best shall go first.

Highly Proper.

In one paragraph of the Speech, the QUEEN recognises what Parliament has done for the Public Weal. Very right, and we hope that the cabs will now be better.



“HER MAJESTY’S SERVANTS.”—LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

THE MANAGER, “FER-RIENDS, WE HAVE HAD A MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASON; GO, TAKE YOUR HOLIDAY, AND FARE-YE-WELL; BUT MIND—
NO STAR-R-R-ING IN THE A-PROVINCES!”

THE LAMENT OF THE COLONNADE.

THE SUPPER COLONNADE OF VAUXHALL GARDENS TO BE SOLD CHEAP.—This remnant of the past has witnessed many a scene of merriment with lords and ladies of high degree. It is suitable for the gardens of a tavern or place of amusement.—*From an Advertisement in a Daily Paper.*

AND must I thus go to the wall,
Alas, alack a day!
Till time which swept away Vauxhall,
Walks hall of us away.

Ten thousand extra lamps—such sights!
Dowsed—broken—lost—degraded!
Alas, those lights of other nights
And other days are faded!

The orchestra where SINCLAIR sung,
If memory doesn't fail it,
Was graced by one a charm who flung
Around—it must be *Wail-it!*

The trees that trembled in the breeze,
The festooned oil devices;
The waiters' "Give your orders, please,"
The famous "Vauxhall Slices."

To cut them as those waiters could,
Thin as a muslin curtain—
Diaphanous—most surely would
Die-half-on-us I'm certain.

But 'tis an art completely lost,
As is the wondrous way
In which through throngs those waiters crossed,
With deftly balanced tray.

To parties thirsting for a "pull"
Those waiters bore so well,
A dozen massive tumblers full,
Which never tumblers fell.

Ah me! the vows that nothing mean,
That I've heard people say;
The loving looks that I have seen!
The suppers put away!

The "teas" that steady early folks
Have cleared. The seas of beer
I've seen absorbed. Ah me! the jokes
That I have had to hear.

The imprecations I have heard
From youthful waiters tricked;
The pockets I've beheld—absurd!—
Incontinently picked.

"The glasses sparkled on *this* board;"
On that one to the right
Sat many a gay and festive lord,
Whose "wine was ruby bright."

That was in days ere soda fizz
Sapped proud young English natures;
And not of BASS or GUINNESS's;
But guineas to the waiters.

I date the downfall of Vauxhall,
Whatever parties thinks,
I date its sad decline and fall
To its decline in drinks.

When soda-water folks did pour
On brandy,—none need trace
The reason why a change came o'er
The Spirit of the place.

Champagne in quarts, expensive Ports,
Prime Sherry wines in cases;
O'erflowing "cups" the dearest sorts
Alone can float such places.

Of Vauxhall's pomp sole remnant I
By tavern gardens' side
That I should be permitted may
Diminished head to hide!

My doom is fixed, I'm much afraid,
'Tis bootless to complain:
I'm a despised old Colonnade,
And call-on-aid in vain.

Will no one philanthropic be
To save me from disgrace?
Ye publicans don't purchase me.
I'm too old for the place.

A LITTLE TURN WITH HANDEL.

It is not often in one's lifetime that one gets the lucky chance of feeling twenty-seven years younger than one's age. *Mr. Punch* the other evening experienced this feeling, and old fogies who have any music in their souls may feel as young as he did, for an hour and a half, while listening to HANDEL at the Princess's Theatre.

Seven-and-twenty years ago, when *Mr. Punch* had barely reached his second volume, *Acis and Galatea* was performed at Drury Lane, with, to echo his own words, "every assistance to be derived from scenery, stage management, and perfection in the choruses." *Mr. Punch*, however, although then in his infancy, was not completely satisfied, for he thought that "many of the principal singers were inadequate to their task, and the band was unworthy of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane." Moreover, he described it as "a garbled mutilated representation," the garbling, doubtless, having reference to the music introduced in the wave-scene by M^s. TOM COOKE, which no doubt caused the waste-basket in use then at the *Punch* Office to overflow with jokelets about HANDEL being cooked.

Mr. Punch repeats a few of his old words, just to remind old fogies that there certainly were faults when *Acis* was performed in 1842, although old memories may not retain remembrance of the fact. When one's ears are well tuned to the enjoyment of good music, it is not pleasant to hear grumblings about "modern innovations," or laments for the old days, when by Jove, Sir, men sang HANDEL as HANDEL should be sung. A well grouped scene upon the stage looks not a whit less "classical" because a ray of lime light can now be thrown afloat it; and though big clumsy *Polyphemus* now sings sadly out of tune, such clumsiness is after all not unsuited to a monster so awkward and grotesque.

Some playgoers care for nothing except sensation scenes, and are hardly likely to be tempted just at present into paying seven shillings for a stall at the Princess's, although the heaving of the rock upon the head of *Acis* might be described as a "Sensation Header," in the play-bill—we beg pardon, the programme, for which you pay a shilling when shown into your seat. Other playgoers, however, who have the better taste to relish something better than "terrific stage effects," will go without much pressing to enjoy a turn with HANDEL; though, unless they book their places a week or two beforehand, the chance is they will find the house—we beg pardon again, we mean the auditorium—is so completely crammed, that not without much pressing will they squeeze into a seat.

The pretty theatre is now "as fresh as paint" and gorgeous gilding and new drapery can make it, and all engaged there do their best to make the evening pleasant. The scenes look like expanded landscapes by old masters, and although a century old, the music sounds as young as yesterday's, and will probably outlive it. The singers on the whole, do justice to the songs, and they who form the chorus are so steady in their time that *Galatea* has no cause to bid them "hush, ye wobbling choir!" Moreover, they are drilled to show a something that approaches what is natural in action, and this in choral singers is so wonderful a novelty that the oldest of old-stagers will stare to see it done.

Song of the Snob.

Travelling in Pursuit of Royalty.

THRO' the world, thro' the world, follow and find them,
Dog all their footsteps, and mob them right well:
Stare in their faces, and strut close behind them,
So all hope of their resting in peace you'll dispel.

The Universities on the Stage.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a note on the play of *Formosa* lately produced at Drury Lane, informs those who are concerned to know, that the University crews are represented in that piece as coached by retired prizefighters, and the stroke-oar of one of the boats as spending the last week or so of training in a course of wild dissipation, and the night before the race on a sofa in a Fulham Drawing-room. One might think, from this ridiculous impossibility, that *Formosa*, instead of being a new and original piece, had been taken from the French, and also as being particularly suited to the *demi monde*.



CRICKET!

Uncle. "WELL, TOM, AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE IN CRICKET THIS HALF?"

Tom. "OH, BLESS YOU, UNCLE, WE'VE BEEN 'NOWHERE,' THIS SEASON; ALL OUR BEST 'MEN,' YOU KNOW, WERE DOWN WITH THE MEASLES!"

THE BOUQUET BONNET.

Among other vastly interesting morsels of intelligence, a Paris correspondent tells us that—

"Ladies wear, as bonnets, diadems of flowers, extremely high, accompanied by lace ruches and often by an aigrette or a small bird placed as if it were on the point of flying away with full-spread wings."

For a long while ladies' bonnets have been growing, in the trite phrase, small by degrees and beautifully less: and after being scarcely visible to the naked eye, it seems they now have actually gone clean out of sight. Flowers in France are worn "as bonnets," we are told; and perhaps we soon may hear of ladies wearing bouquets on their heads, and thus enjoying the delight of displaying something fresh whenever they go out. No doubt, too, they will soon go in their bonnets to the opera, and throw them to *Dinorah*, or *Rosina*, or *Ophelia*, or whoever else may win their admiration and applause. Staid persons might object to wear a bird "with full-spread wings," as it possibly might give them an appearance somewhat flighty; but no objection could be raised to a high diadem of flowers, excepting on the ground that it was clearly not a bonnet. When is a bonnet not a bonnet? it may now be asked. And the answer may be given, When it becomes a bouquet, and then becomes a lady.

Our Political Confidence.

GREAT changes we've seen nothing follow,
As yet, that does not appear good;
Hooray, therefore, boys, let us holla:
We're sure we are out of the wood.

A NONREPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Waiter. No Ministerial Whitebait dinner! That's your friend GLADSTONE. And he calls his self Member for Greenwich!

SONG FOR A HAMPSHIRE HARVEST-HOME.

THERE now lies a prisoner in Abundun jail,
For attemptun at murder awaitun his trial;
Now send good deliverance unto un, I pray—
I only repates what the peapers do zay.

This chap he's a Shepherd, and HEATH is his name,
And if they belies un the moor is the shame;
He tried, says the story, truth be ut or lies,
To pison his wife and his fam'ly likewise.

They says as how 'a mixed up, wi' deadly intent,
Some stuff as for 'killun o' varmun was meant,
In a bason o' sugar, which all did partake,
And didn't no great difference to none on 'um make.

Hereon 'tis obsarved up in London, I hear,
Sitch mixturs of rubbish in all goods appear;
So made up and mingled wi' dregs and w' draff,
That pison its own self be n't pison by half.

There's rascals as counterfates aven our seeds;
Wi' clover and turmuts whereby we sows weeds:
So half o' the crops in the ground as we puts
Comes up wretched charlock and barren wild wuts.

'Tood sim, by the charge 'gainst that there Shepherd
clown,

He bought his sham pison in Newbury town.
The county was Berkshire, wherein this here case
Did happen—supposun ut ever took place.

Loramassy, what rogues now-a-days do abound!
What chatun there is gwaion on all around!
But, like a bright spot do in darkness appear,
Return of convictions diskivers Hampshire.

The number droughout a whole year, they declares,
Of dalun wi' false weights and mizhures and wares,
Was seven, and too many, as can't be denied—
But all was in Poachmouth and ne'er one outside.

What prime, precious, pure, upright fellers we be!
Don't, like others, desave, and bamboozle, not we!
In coorse that's the fact, not a bit of a doubt
But what Hampshire's Perlice finds all Hampshire's
rogues out.

COWES AND COWS.

SOME unpleasantness, perhaps, may, as the writer of the subjoined letter says it does, attend a spectacle which, as such merely, is pleasing, bucolic, and rural:—

"THE HIGHWAYS.

"To the Editor of the Hampshire Independent.

"SIR,—Will you allow me, through the medium of your columns, to draw the attention of the powers that be (whether highway commissioners, police, or others) to the fact that our best and favourite walks around Cowes are entirely spoilt by one or two parties having cows continually grazing on the highway. There are generally three or four cows together, with a child to look after them, and I need not say much about the unpleasantness of ladies having continually to pass them. Highways were surely not made for the purpose of grazing cattle on? By calling attention to this you will greatly oblige many visitors.

"Yours very obediently, A. B. C."

Of course ladies, even the most timid, are little likely to be frightened still less to be hurt, by cows which a child can look after. No doubt there are very many sensible girls, accustomed to perambulate the walks about Cowes, without encountering any unpleasantness in them occasioned by cattle or any other animals. They, whensoever and wheresoever they walk abroad, go clad, with precaution equally tasteful and prudent, in dresses sufficiently short not to sweep the ground.

New Novel.

LINCOLN GRAY, who has a large practice on the Occidental Circuit, and delights in nothing but work, hearing of "A Life's Assize," remarked that that was just what he should like.

LONG LIFE TO HIM!

MR. GLADSTONE, who has been unwell, is now staying at Walmer Castle. We sincerely hope he will soon be a Deal better.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



LOOK in at WILLIS'S. GRAINGER (the stranger) has gone. RAWLINSON says "If I like to stop here, and use WILLIS'S bed, I can. I will. RAWLINSON wants to know what I'm going to do this evening?"

Happy Thought. Don't know—dine with him, if he likes.

"He won't do that," he says, "but will meet me anywhere afterwards." Go to Club. Ask for letters: two: one from my wife. Keep that until I've opened this envelope with the names of MESSRS. POPGOOD AND GROOLLY Ludgate, the eminent publishers, stamped on theseal.

POPGOOD AND GROOLLY have jumped at *Typical Developments*; at least, in answer to a letter of mine, with an introduction from BOODELS' second cousin, "they will be glad if I will favour them with an early call." An early call, say six in the morning. POPGOOD and GROOLLY in bed. POPGOOD in one room, GROOLLY in another, myself in a room between the two, reading aloud Vol. I. of *Typical Developments*. I say this to a friend in the Club, as I must talk to some one on the subject, being in high spirits.

Must look over the MS. and see it's all in order to-night. Better read some of it out loud to myself, for practice, or try passages on RAWLINSON when he comes in the evening.

Happy Thought.—If I asked RAWLINSON to dine with me, he couldn't very well help listening to it afterwards.

Open FRIDDY'S letter. She says "Baby's got another rash; her Mamma advises change of air—sea-side. How long am I going to be away? Why don't I write? She is not very well. Now I am in town I must call on Uncle and Aunt BENSON, who have complained to my mother of my neglecting them. My mother (the letter goes on to say) was down here the other day, and cried about it a good deal. Her Mamma (my wife's, my mother-in-law, MRS. SYMPERSON) sends her love, and will I call and pay FRIBBY'S bill for her, to save her coming up to town. FRIBBY, the jeweller, in Bond Street."

Write by return; dash the letter off to show how busy I am:—

DEAR FRIDDY,—Full of business just now. POPGOOD and GROOLLY, the great publishers, are going to buy *Typical Developments*. I'm going to see them to-morrow. Love to everyone. Poor Baby! Will see about Uncle.

Your affectionate Husband, in haste.

P.S. Going to have my portrait done by DILBURY, A.R.A.

Letter sent. Send to MESSRS. POPGOOD AND GROOLLY to say I'm coming to-morrow? or shall I take them by surprise?

After some consideration I think I'd better take them by surprise. Having nothing to do this afternoon—I feel as if I had dismissed everything from my mind by having sent that letter to my wife, saying, "how full of business I am just now." I will stroll towards Belgravia and call on Uncle and Aunt BENSON.

Happy Thought.—Take Rotten Row and the drive on my way.

After the Popgood-and-Groolly letter I feel that I have, as it were, a place in the world. My mother and Uncle and Aunt BENSON have always wanted me to take up a profession; especially since my marriage. FRIDDY agrees with them. Well, here is a profession. Literature. Commence with *Typ. Devel.*, Vol. i. Say that runs to fifteen editions; say it's a thousand pounds for each edition, and a thousand for each volume; there will be at least fifty volumes, that's fifty thousand; then fifteen times fifty is seven hundred and fifty, that is, seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Say it takes me ten years to complete the work, then that's seventy-five thousand pounds a year. I stop to make this calculation in my pocket-book. A sneeze suddenly takes me: I haven't got a cold at all, but it shakes me violently, and I feel that a button has gone somewhere. The back button to my collar, I think: as I fancy I feel it wriggling up. I really thought when one was married all these things would have been kept in proper order.

Happy Thought.—Might stop somewhere, and ask them to sew on a button.

Where? Pastrycook's. Shall I? I look into the window at a jelly, and think how I shall manage it. I, as it were, rehearse the scene in my mind. Suppose I enter. Suppose I say to girl at counter, I'll take an ice: strawberry, if you please; and, oh by the way, (as if I hadn't come in for this at all) have you got such a thing as a button about you which you could kindly sew on for me? Think I'd better not. It might look odd. Or go into a haberdasher's. Buy gloves: only I don't want gloves, and that'll be four and sixpence for having a button sewn on.

I feel the collar is wriggling up, and has got over my waistcoat. I seem to be wrong all over. There's a sort of sympathy in my clothes. On looking down (I'd not noticed it before) I see that one trouser leg is shorter than the other. I mentioned this about the last pair to my tailor. I particularly told him not to make one leg longer than the other. It's his great fault. After three days' wear one leg always becomes shorter than the other.

Happy Thought.—Can rectify it by standing before a shop window, pretending to look in, unbutton my waistcoat, and adjust braces.

Much the same difficulty about braces as about my stirrups always in riding.

Somebody seizes my arm suddenly, and turns me round. I face BOODELS, an elderly gentleman and two ladies, very fashionably dressed, to whom, he says, he wants to introduce me.

Horridly annoying, my shirt-collar is up round my neck, my waistcoat is open, and in twisting me round (so thoughtless of BOODELS!) the lower part of the brace has broken. Awkward. I can't explain that it's only my braces, because that would sound as if it wasn't. BOODELS says they've been longing for an introduction. Well, now they've got it. The elderly gentleman (I don't catch any of their names) shakes hands with me, (I have to disengage my hand for him), and says with a smile, "I have heard a great deal of you, Sir. I am told you are a very witty person."

Happy Thought.—To say, "Oh, no, not at all."

What a stupid remark for him to make. I couldn't answer, "Yes, Sir, I am very witty." A gloom falls over the party after this, and we walk silently down Piccadilly. I can't help thinking how disappointed they must be in me as a very witty person. Then BOODELS shouldn't have led them to expect it. I'll have a row with him afterwards.

When I turn to speak to the young lady (rather handsome and tall) my collar turns too, and seems to come up very much on one side. I should like to be brilliant now. The result is that I ask her (round my collar, which I pull down to enable me to speak comfortably) if she is making any stay in town? which, on the whole, is not particularly brilliant.

She replies, "No," and leaves the rest to me.

The Elderly Gentleman (her papa, I fancy) on the other side repeats "We've heard of you"—this with almost a chuckle of triumph, as if he'd caught me at last. "We've heard of you as a very witty person."

I return "Indeed," and we proceed in silence up to Apsley House. They're silent, not liking (as BOODELS tells me afterwards) to speak, for fear I should satirically laugh at them, and also to hear some witty remarks from me.

Happy Thought (by Park Gate).—Very sorry, must leave; got to go in the opposite direction.

FINE LANGUAGE FOR FINE LADIES.

STRANGE as are the fashionable costumes now in vogue, the words used to describe them are to our mind stranger still. For instance, look at this:—

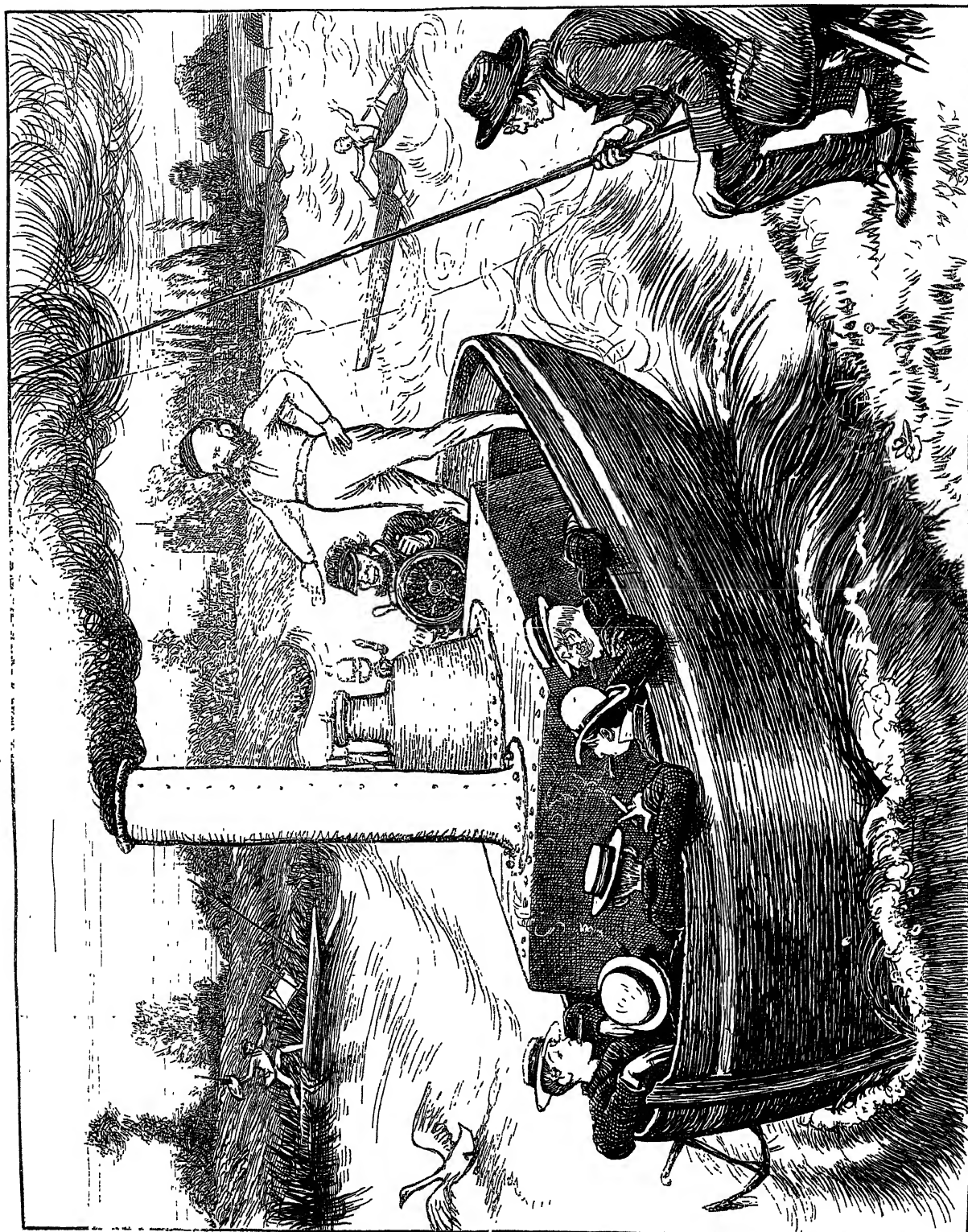
"The basque is edged round the bottom with a small fluting. The tight sleeves are trimmed at the wrists with a bouillon with two headings."

As there is a musical resemblance in the words, it is possible that "fluting" may mean the same as "piping," a term which we distinctly remember to have seen in some old fiddle-faddle fashion book. But how can sleeves be "trimmed with a bouillon," unless, indeed, some French soup happens to be spilled on them? "A broth of a boy" is a foolishly incomprehensible expression, and perhaps a girl who chooses to wear bouillon on her sleeve may, with almost equal foolishness, be said to have a *soup çon* of being a fine lady.

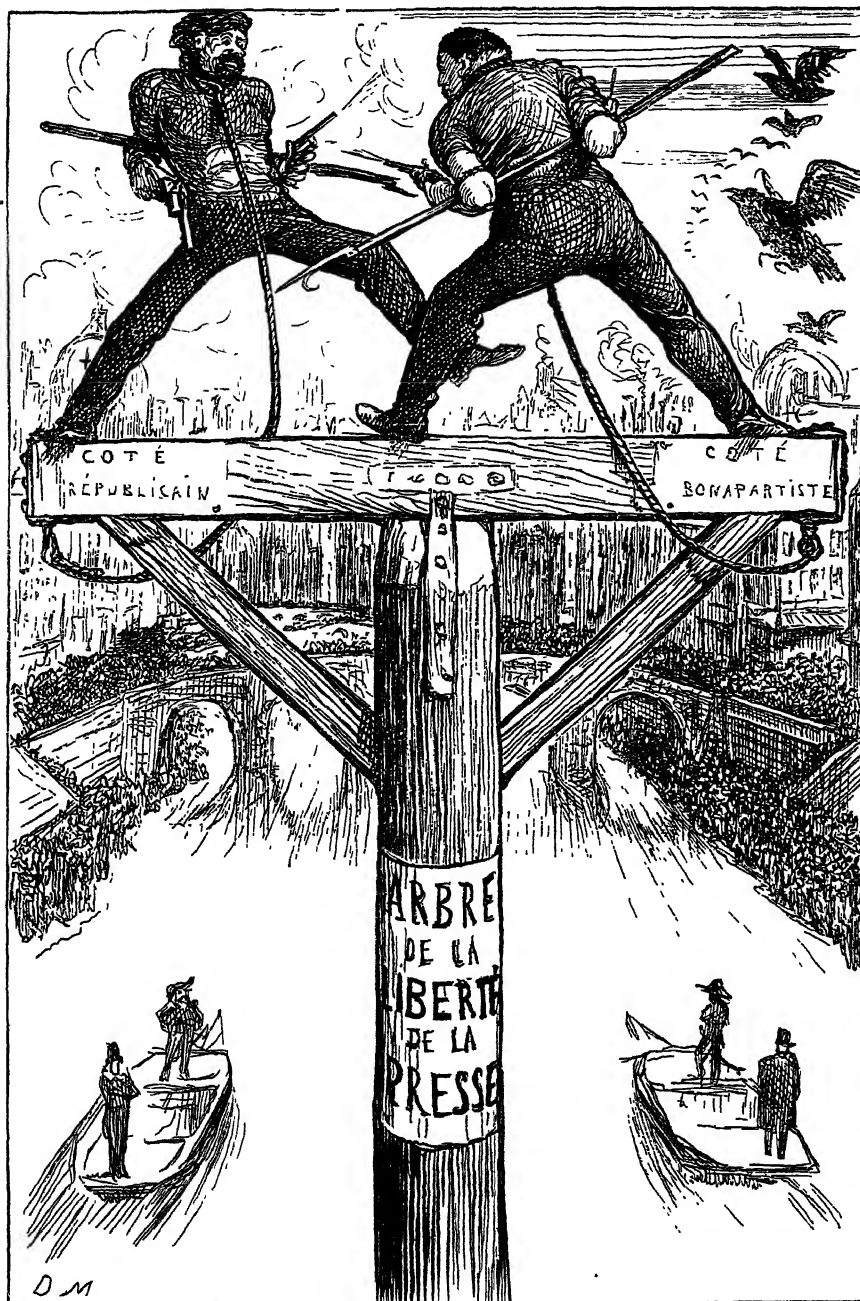
Will it Ever be Otherwise?

THERE is so much adulteration in what we eat and drink that most articles of consumption have to be taken upon trust, and treated as Articles of Faith.

TO A BENIGHTED CORRESPONDENT.—"MARY EMILY" (photograph and specimen of hair inclosed) is wrong in her supposition that a Knight Bachelor is necessarily an unmarried man.



CAPTAIN JINKS (OF THE "SELFISH") AND HIS FRIENDS ENJOYING THEMSELVES ON THE RIVER.



LE DUEL À MORT.

SUGGESTED TO FRENCH JOURNALISTS AS BEING STILL MORE CERTAIN AND SATISFACTORY THAN THEIR PRESENT METHOD OF SETTLING POLITICAL DIFFERENCES.

FALL IN FASHIONABLE HAIR.

A PARISIAN journal reports a fall of fifty per cent. in the value of ornamental hair; namely, "chignons, nattes, catogants, queues, agréments, mèches, and false toupetts." It is to be hoped that this foretokens literally a fall in artificial hair—the catogants (whatever they are), chignons, queues, and all the rest of it. Still, however, at present, according to the Paris Correspondent of the *Post*, "grey hair is very expensive." Silver locks are perhaps more precious, because they are scarcer, than golden; which everybody knows to be as common as carrots. Otherwise, one would think that, for a lady at least, a silver crown could exceed in value no other than "a pitiful bald crown." A hoary head, even natural, and male, is not always attended by the wisdom which the experience it signifies ought to have purchased; female and factitious, it may be taken to indicate meretricious idiocy, except in the case of a sensible old woman wearing a suitable wig.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Stopping in London in August.

SEAWARD!

(After SHELLEY.)

THE bathers are splashing,
The spaniels are dashing,
The darlings are dancing,
Their bright eyes are glancing—
Away!

The railways are rolling,
The steamers are coaling,
The inn bells are ringing,
The Niggers are singing—
Get away!

The sea and the ocean
Are both in commotion:
BLACK, WHITE, GREEN, and BROWN
Have all vanished from Town—
Get away!

Take a dip, take a sail,
Never mind turning pale—
A bold fellow, I trow,
Who dare blot paper now
We are free—

Let him feather his oar,
Let him flirt on the shore,
Observe mollusks and shells,
But not the blue belles

In the sea;
And from cliff, cove, and rock,
At the sound of the clock,
Hurry home fleet and fast,
To that wholesome repast—
Shrimps and tea.

And crabs too, and prawns too,
And croquet on lawns too,
And drives on the sands,
And those terrible Bands,
Lovest thou?

Thy fortnight at Dover
Too soon will be over,
At Bognor thy pleasure
Shall be beyond measure,
I vow,

By that great saline lotion,
The blue briny ocean,
Which at rest, or uplifted,
Is sketched by the gifted
E'en now.

At the "Crown" or the "Royal,"
Where sojourn the loyal,
Crowds of tourists are meeting,
Hosts of tourists are eating

At seven;
While all down the tables,
In white ties and sables,
Pass the grave solemn waiters
To hand the potatoes

In Devon;
And with napkin in hand,
In the coffee-room stand,
To extinguish the gas,
When to bed you shall pass
At eleven!

A Metaphor Modernised.

PEOPLE are accustomed to say that any discovery whereby their own inventions or designs have been annulled has "taken the wind out of their sails." This saying is appropriate enough for the yachting season; but, with an eye to the general state of navigation at this time of day, perhaps it would be better to complain that we have had the steam taken out of our cylinders.

TO MR. PUNCH.

PLEASE, Sir, what is the Height of the Season?

Yours, truly,
SIX FEET TWO.

A DISCERNING DOG.



PUNCH.—Everybody, at this warm season of indifference and indolence, says to me, "Confound your politics." And I answer, "Frustrate your knavish tricks." But politics being now confounded by common consent, let me—not to talk twaddle—relate an uncommon instance of "Sagacity in a Dog." It is not the sagacity, observe, but the instance which I call uncommon.

The dog, which afforded this instance of sagacity is a Skye terrier. I am bringing an action for defamation against a detractor who has called

him a poodle. He (the dog, not the detractor) has been called a blue Skye terrier, but I call him slate-coloured, for that is what he is, and I hate puns. Moreover, he has lost the hair of his tail and its dorsal neighbourhood, which gives him a mangy and not a celestial appearance.

He is accustomed to bark violently whenever there is a rap at the street-door announcing anybody whom he does not know.

When he hears a rap that he is familiar with, the rap of any frequent visitor, or person accustomed to come to the door, he also barks. But then he barks *sotto voce*, his bark is a subdued wuh, uh, uh! as much as to say, "I know who that is, but I bark just to say some one is there; never mind, it's of no consequence, only I can't help just barking, and so I bark."

So plainly does he bark to that effect, that I can always be sure that the rap which he so barks at is that of some customary caller or other, and can generally tell whom.

A man comes daily bringing fresh water from a neighbouring well. I can always distinguish his rap by my dog's bark.

But the other morning, Sir, I made a mistake in interpreting that peculiar utterance.

Wuh, uh, uh, barked my canine domestic, wuh, uh, uh, uh, uh! There, thought I, is NOAKES, the water-carrier.

It was the man who brings fluids of another description from the public-house.

Now here, Mr. Punch, is a story fit to be told by any nice young man for a small tea-party, to such a party, or to the larger kind of tea-party formed by a meeting of the Temperance League, Band of Hope, or United Kingdom Alliance. I think I may subscribe myself

HABITANS IN HUMIDO.

P.S. My dog barks loudly at the grocer's man and the butcher's, baker's, and greengrocer's. He barks gently at the Waterman, and—the pot-boy.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

WILLIS not returned, so used his bed. I awake to the fact that it is the day for PORGOOD AND GROOLLY, and *Typical Developments*.

RAWLINSON is down to breakfast about a quarter of an hour before I am. He always will come down a quarter of an hour before I do, and then he begins breakfast without telling me he is there—which is unsocial, as I now know him well enough to tell him. Apparently his object in being first at breakfast is to get hold of the *Times*, which he keeps until five minutes before the boy calls for it (it is only hired) and then asks me "If I'd like to see it," though, he adds, "there's nothing particular in it this morning."

The important question to me now is how shall I appear before PORGOOD AND GROOLLY? I mean, how dressed? I've never called on a publisher, or a pair of publishers before, and the difficulty (I put it thus to RAWLINSON) is, should one be shabbily dressed to give them an idea of poverty (starving author, children in attic, Grub Street, &c., &c., of which one has heard so much) or should I go in the height of fashion, so as to appear independent? RAWLINSON doesn't take his eyes off the newspaper but smiles, and replies, "Ah, yes, that's the question."

Happy Thought.—To interest him personally, and get his advice by saying, "What would you do, if you were in my position?"

He looks up from his paper for a second or so, vaguely, and after answering, "that he doesn't precisely know," resumes his perusal.

Happy Thought.—To express an opinion, so as to get him to differ from me, and then the subject will have the benefit of a discussion. I say, "I should think one ought to go dressed well, eh?"

RAWLINSON (without taking his attention from the *Times*) replies, "Oh, yes, decidedly."

I don't know him sufficiently well to express my annoyance at his selfishness in not going into the matter thoroughly with me. He is selfish, very. I took him to dine at my Club with me, in order that on returning to his rooms together he might listen to me reading my MS. aloud, as a sort of rehearsal for PORGOOD AND GROOLLY, but he picked up two friends on the road, and whispering to me, "You'd like to know those fellows, one plays the piano very well," he brought them in, and they stayed in his and WILLIS's rooms, singing, playing, and smoking until past three in the morning, and in fact I still heard them roaring with laughter after I had gone to bed.

RAWLINSON says, this morning, apologetically, that he's sorry those fellows stopped so confoundedly late, as he had missed hearing part of my *Typical Developments*, which he had hoped I would have read to him.

I say, "Oh, it doesn't matter," but I shan't give a friend a dinner at the Club again, in order to secure his attention afterwards.

He adds presently and still apologetically, that he should so much have liked to have heard me read some of my best passages to him now, after breakfast, if it hadn't been that he is obliged to go down to the Temple this morning.

As I should really like to try some of it before appearing before PORGOOD AND GROOLLY, I ask him at what time he must be at the Temple, as there would be, probably, plenty of time for him to hear something of it at all events.

RAWLINSON looks at the clock, and says regretfully, "Ah, I'm afraid I must be off immediately," and proceeds at once to look for his umbrella and brush his hat.

Happy Thought.—To bring my MS. out of my bag and commence at once on a passage with "What do you think of this?"

RAWLINSON has his hat on, and his hand on the door-handle. I read, "On the various bearings of Philological Ethnography on *Typical Development*. The assimilation of characteristics is perhaps from our present point of view one of the most interesting studies of the present day." Mem. Must cut out the second "present;" tautology would quite knock over PORGOOD AND GROOLLY.

Happy Thought.—Ask RAWLINSON to lend me a pencil.

Very sorry he hasn't got one, I say "just stop a minute, while I erase the word:" he looks at the clock again, and observes, he's afraid he must—

I tell him that listening to this passage won't take a second. "In Central Africa the present—" very odd, another "present;" scratch it out: only having scratched it out, the next word to it is "present"—can't make it out at all. I pause and consider what I could have meant. I ask RAWLINSON to look at the word. What is it? "*Pheasants*, I think," he says, "but I can't stop now: hope to hear good account of your interview with what's-his-name the publisher," and runs out of the room.

Happy Thought.—Must really read this through quietly, and see it's all right before going to PORGOOD AND GROOLLY.

"In Central Africa the Present presents an aspect not remarkably dissimilar from his brother of the American States." I see what I meant: for "Present" read "Peasant," and the next word is a verb.

My eye soon gets accustomed to my own writing, after going carefully over several pages (there are a hundred and fifty-two in this MS.), and I determine upon going to PORGOOD AND GROOLLY immediately.

Buy a pencil. Take a cab.

Happy Thought.—To appear (in the cab) opening and reading my MS., and correcting with pencil. Anyone passing, who knows me, will point me out as up to my eyes in literary business. I wish I could have a placard on the cab, with "Going to call on PORGOOD AND GROOLLY, the eminent publishers, with *Typical Developments*, Vol. I." The result of the dressing question is that I am principally in black, as if I had suddenly gone into half-mourning, or was going to fight a duel with PORGOOD AND GROOLLY.

Happy Thought.—Might buy a pair of spectacles. Looks studious, and adds ten years' worth of respectable age to the character. Perhaps I'd better not; as if they found me out afterwards, they'd think I'd been making a fool of them.

We drive eastward, and pull up at the entrance of a narrow street which has apparently no outlet. I pay him, and enter under an archway. I feel very nervous, and inclined to be polite to everyone. My MS. seems to me quite in character when in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, though I couldn't have walked up Regent Street with it on any account. I think (encouragingly to myself) of DR. JOHNSON, and GOLDSMITH, and MRS. THRALE, and SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and then of SMOLLETT and FIELDING, and I am saying to myself, "They went to a publisher's for the first time *once*;" when I find myself opposite a door on which is written "PORGOOD AND GROOLLY." I

ascertain that this is not the only door with their names on it. There are doors to the right, to the left—

[*Happy Thought* (don't know why it occurs now, but suppose I am nervous)—

"Doors to the right of me,
"Doors to the left of me,
"Rode the Six Hundred."

only it wasn't "doors"—it was "cannon" or "foes"]—and on all the doors is "POPGOOD AND GROOLLY."

There is a great deal of noise from some quarter, as of machinery, (not unlike the sounds you encounter on entering the Polytechnic), and I deliberate as to which door I shall go in by. I see, on a wall, a flourishing hand pointing up some stone steps to "Clerks' Office Up-Stairs."

Happy Thought.—Go up and see a clerk.

The passages are all deserted. They are divided into, it seems, different rooms; every room has its ground-glass window. Perhaps numbers of people can see me, though I can't see them. Perhaps POPGOOD AND GROOLLY are examining me from somewhere, and seeing what I'm like, and settling how they'll deal with me.

Happy Thought.—To walk to the end of the passage, and if I don't meet any one, come back again.

I do meet some one, however,—a clerk, bustling. He inquires of me, hastily, "Whom do you want, Sir?" I reply, "Well—" rather hesitatingly, as if I either didn't wish to commit myself with a subordinate, or hadn't an excuse at hand for being in there at all. (By the way, I never knew publishers had clerks. I had always thought that a publisher was, as it were, a sort of Literary Judge or Critic, who said, "Yes, I'll print your book, and send it to the booksellers." Certainly varied experience enlarges the mind.) "Well,"—I continue my reply—"I want to see POP—" I check myself in saying familiarly, POPGOOD AND GROOLLY, and substitute, "MR. POPGOOD or MR. GROOLLY." The brisk clerk says, "This way," and I follow him into a small room, with a small clerk in it, who, it appears, doesn't know if MR. POPGOOD or MR. GROOLLY is disengaged, but will take in my name.

I fancy they are eyeing my manuscript. I feel that the appearance of the roll of MS. is against me. If I could only have come to see POPGOOD AND GROOLLY for pleasure, it strikes me I should have been shown in at once. But I can imagine (while I am waiting, having written my name down on a slip of paper) the little clerk hunting to POPGOOD AND GROOLLY that the visitor has a manuscript with him; in which case POPGOOD AND GROOLLY, being taken by surprise, and not liking it, won't be at home.

The little clerk returns, and says, "Will I step this way?" I step his way, and, feeling very hot and uncomfortable (much as I did when I was about to propose to FRIDOLINE in the conservatory), I am suddenly ushered into POPGOOD AND GROOLLY's private office. The boy pauses by the door a minute, apparently curious to see what we'll do to each other, for here sits either POPGOOD, or GROOLLY, I don't know which, in a chair between a large writing-table and the fender. I think the clerk mentions the Gentleman's name, but I can't catch it.

POPGOOD, or GROOLLY, rises slightly, bows, and indicates a chair on the opposite side of the hearthrug to where he is sitting.

I bow to him. So far nothing could be more pleasant or charming.

My hat suddenly becomes a nuisance, and I don't know whether to put my hat on the table, and my MS. on the floor, or *vice versa*. Hat on floor. MS. on table.

Happy Thought.—To say, "I think you had a letter of introduction to me—I mean—about me, from MR. BOODELS."

It seems so formal to call him MR. BOODELS, that the interview at once assumes the air of a sort of state ceremony.

POPGOOD, or GROOLLY, bows again. I wish I knew which it was. He is elderly, and rather clerical in appearance. I should imagine him to be POPGOOD. I don't like to dash in quickly with "Now I'll read you *Typical Developments*, Vol. i." though that would be the way to come to business.

Happy Thought.—To talk to him about BOODELS; to make BOODELS *pro tem*. the subject of conversation, to give us, as it were, common ground to start on.

I remark, that (taking it for granted that POPGOOD, or GROOLLY, knows BOODELS) he is a capital fellow; a great friend of mine; that he has (this I say patronisingly) written several little things, and—in fact—oh yes, he is a very good fellow. POPGOOD, or GROOLLY, replies that he hasn't the pleasure of BOODELS' acquaintance, and that it was a relation of his "from whom we (the firm of P. and G.) received this letter."

Happy Thought.—To ask, Did he mention what my Work was?

POPGOOD, or GROOLLY (somehow I begin to think it is GROOLLY), says, "No he did not. What may be—" he inquires rather sleepily, as if I had failed to interest him up to this point, "What may be the nature of the work?"

Happy Thought.—To stop myself from answering hastily, "Well, I don't know," which in my nervousness I was going to do.

I hesitate. I should almost like to ask him "What sort of thing

he wants?" Because, really and truly, *Typical Developments* would suit all readers.

I say, "It is rather difficult to explain, as it comprises a vast variety of subjects."

"It's not," says POPGOOD, or GROOLLY, "a collection of tales, I mean such as we could bring out, with illustrations, at Christmas?"

I am obliged to say, "No, it's not that," though I wish at the moment I could turn it into that, just to please POPGOOD AND GROOLLY.

"We should be open for something on this model," says POPGOOD, or GROOLLY, producing a thin book with green and yellow binding, and coloured illustrations about *Puss in Boots*. "It went," he adds, "very well last Christmas." It occurs to me that the letter written by BOODELS' relative must have given POPGOOD AND GROOLLY quite a wrong notion of *Typ. Devel.* He seems to have introduced me as an author of *Nursery Books*.

Happy Thought.—To say I think *Typical Developments* would illustrate very well.

It appears this is the first time he has heard the title. "A religious work?" he inquires. "Well—no, MR. POPGOOD," I am about to say pleasantly, only it occurs to me, as a *Happy Thought*, that if he is GROOLLY he won't like being called POPGOOD, so I reply, "Not exactly religious." Feeling that perhaps I have gone too far here, I correct myself with, "But, of course, not atheistical."

POPGOOD, or GROOLLY, considers. "We are very busy just now, and our hands are quite full," he says. "Everything is very dull—"
[*Happy Thought*.—"Except *Typical Developments*." But I don't say it]—and it's a bad time of year for bringing out a book of the—of the—nature you intimate."

I say, to put it clearly and help him along, that it's something after the style of a Dictionary. At this POPGOOD, or GROOLLY, appears much relieved, and says, "It's a bad time just now for bringing out Dictionaries, even," he adds, "if they were in our line." It appears, from further conversation, that POPGOOD AND GROOLLY did once bring out a Dictionary, in monthly parts, which nearly proved fatal to them. I explain that, though I said it was after the style of a Dictionary, yet it was not merely a Dictionary, but if I read him a little of it, he could judge better for himself. He bows. I take the MS. off the table. It is all curled up, and won't open properly. I tell him I will select any passage at hap-hazard. He bows again. It is difficult. Something about "Forms in a Primæval Forest" catches my eye. I wonder if that is a good specimen to read to him. I've forgotten what it's about.

Happy Thought.—To beg his pardon for a minute, just to gain time, and cast my eye over it, to see if I can get at the meaning at once, so as not to give it with wrong emphasis.

I commence, with POPGOOD's, or GROOLLY's, eye upon me, "The first forms, or Protoplasmic creations, have in themselves such interest to us of the present day, that—" then follows a hard word scratched out, and I have to read on to find out what it ought to be. I can't imagine what this confounded word was.

Happy Thought.—To say this is only a mere prelude, and to pass on to a paragraph lower down.

The door (not the one I came in by, but another on the opposite side) opens, and in comes a tall, bluff gentleman with a beard. The clerical person to whom I am reading introduces him.

Happy Thought.—Shall now know which is POPGOOD and which GROOLLY.

He introduces him as "My Partner." POPGOOD AND GROOLLY are before me. If I only knew which was which, I could carry on the conversation so much more pleasantly.

Happy Thought.—To say "Well, MR. GROOLLY," and look at both of them. One of the two must acknowledge his name.

He doesn't. Both bow.

Happy Thought.—Try "MR. POPGOOD" next time.

STANZAS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

(To the White Bear during the late Weather.)

I ENVY thee, thou Polar Bear,
Whilst in thy tank I see thee roll,
However, not as thou art there,
But polarised at thine own Pole.

Those other Bears, the neighbouring lot,
That dwell together in their pit;
A Pole themselves have also got,
And, when they choose, can climb up it.

To that performance, with a bun,
Be tempted though they often may,
They'd into bear's grease melt and run
With such an effort this hot day.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH.—All Gammon.



THE FORESTERS' FÊTE, AUGUST 17TH.

Bus Driver (pulling up). "ULLO 'ENERY! WHY YOU ARE EARLY THIS YEAR! BUT WHERE'S YER LANTERN?!"
[Though this allusion to November 5th was delicately put, our Forester did not seem to like it at all!]

HOW NOT TO SPEND A HOLIDAY.

It has been said that one man's meat may be another's poison, and, it may be added, one man's pleasure may become another's torment. There are persons in the world whose only notion of enjoyment consists in getting drunk, and then howling songs and playing horns as they drive homeward from their drinking-bout. Perhaps it may not cross their mind that what amuses them disturbs less noisy people, though one can hardly give them credit for any such excuse, seeing that they usually increase their yells when passing through a quiet neighbourhood, or when meeting any one who seems desirous to avoid them. A timid man on horseback, or a carriage with a lady in it, will certainly be hooted by these offensive brawlers, who appear to take a pleasure in frightening a horse, and putting life in peril.

A hard-worker himself, *Mr. Punch* can rightly estimate the value of a holiday, and well knows that it is needful now and then to all hard-workers. Men who slave in London daily all the long year through are naturally wishful for a whiff of country air, and therefore club their crowns together for a van-party. If such open fresh-air outings were conducted as they ought to be, *Mr. Punch* would never say a word except in favour of them. But it occurs to *Mr. Punch* that a sniff of country air is not to be enjoyed by sitting sopping in a pothouse which is reeking with tobacco-smoke; and it occurs to *Mr. Punch* that it is possible to enjoy a drive home from a dinner, without the bellowing and braying which some vandemons indulge in. Moreover, it occurs to *Mr. Punch* that if his brother workers, when they dubbed funds for a van-party, were as a rule to take their wives and children with them, the holiday would not be spent so selfishly as now, and quiet folks would run less risk of finding it a nuisance.

Social Surgery.

DR. RICHARDSON has invented a knife that cuts so fast that nobody can feel it. After all, however, there is nothing vastly new in this surgical invention. People in society cut each other every day, and, if they are at all fast, neither of them feels it.

POVERTY OF INVENTION.

THE *Standard* the other day quoted, for the information of the Conservative party, a story from a Scotch paper, enumerating a variety of articles principally metallic, lately found inside of a dead horse, which thus appears to have contained a collection of marine stores. Among these were, according to that narrative, between two hundred and three hundred large iron nails.

Some wretches addicted to drop their aspirates will say that a creature, capable of eating so much iron as the one above referred to ate, could not have been an 'oss, and must have been an ostrich. Other offenders will suggest that, by a sufficient continuance in its chalybeate course, that animal would have grown into a locomotive, or iron horse. The vulgar majority, however, will probably unite in pronouncing the tale of a ferriorous horse gammon, while the refined few will express their view of it by terming it fabulous. It is, however, not much of a fable. Whilst its author was about it, he might as well have stated that the horse very often ate his own bit, and had more than once tried to devour his own shoes. In for a penny (a line) in for a pound.

A BURN SOUTH OF THE TWEED.

INTELLIGENT Tourists in Scotland, visiting Melrose Abbey, will most of them recollect WALTER SCOTT's lines:—

"And there the dying lamps did burn
 Before thy low and lonely urn,
 O gallant Chief of Otterburn."

They will, of course, know better than to confound this place with Otterbourne, a village in Hampshire of like sounding name. But some fools may, from having heard that Otterbourne borders on the Itchen. An ignorant clown or a cockney, nursed in vulgar prejudices, would be likely to imagine the Itchen a Scotch river.

THE BEST SEAWEED.—A Cigar on the Beach.



DESTINY AND "FÊTE," OR TIME WORKS WONDERS.

GHOST OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST. "HIGHLY FLATTERED, I'M SURE, MON CHER!—DARE SAY YOU'RE DOING WHAT'S RIGHT!—THERE *WAS* A TIME—BUT NO MATTER!—AT ANY RATE, YOU'RE MAKING IT SAFE FOR YOUNG NUMBER FOUR."

THE NEW ORIGINAL.

BY WALKER THE YOUNGER.

CHAP. I.—ON INDUSTRY.

WITH what singular persistency of purpose does that diminutive and laborious creature, the Bee, turn to account every minute of sunshine! The construction of her cell is a marvel of insect architecture; and if you were to attempt to spread wax with the same neatness and regularity, you would no doubt fail in the most ignominious manner. At least, I know I should; for I was only the other day sealing a letter when I burned my fingers dreadfully. I am aware that bee's-wax is not sealing-wax; but still if I had used bee's-wax to fasten my envelope, I dare say I should have made just as bad a mess of it, or worse. Then again, look how the Bee labours to store those octagonal chambers with the saccharine food she is all the day gathering from roses, tulips, candy-tuft, pelargoniums, pansies, pinks, hollyhocks, fuchsias, heliotropes, marigolds, dahlias, begonias, lilies, daffydownillies, and, in short, every opening flower. I can't help thinking that if the whole of one's time was passed in books or work, or even healthy athletic pastimes, such, for example, as hop-scotch, dominoes, tossing the caber, knurr and spell, coddams, cricket, rounders, peg-top, prisoner's-base, noughts-and-crosses, Aunt Sally, cribbage, nine-pins, Indian clubs, fly-the-garter, boxing, balancing tobacco-pipes on the tip of one's nose, skimming halfpence at cats or attic-windows, turning catherine-wheels in the road, or putting the stone, we might haply give as good an account of every day as our little friend the Bee could do, if so required. (Since the foregoing was committed to manuscript, I have met with some similar ideas in verse, by a Dr. What's-his-name. I do not, however, think it necessary or desirable to cancel my own original reflections on a subject which, after all, is quite open to anybody.)

CHAP. II.—ON QUANTIFYING THE PREDICATE.

The cause why the quantitative note is not usually joined with the predicate is, that there would be two *quesita* at once; to wit, whether the predicate were affirmed of the subject, and whether it were denied of everything beside. For when one says that all BUFFER is all twaddle, we judge that all BUFFER is twaddle, and likewise that twaddle is denied of everything but BUFFER. Yet these are in reality two different *quesita*, and therefore it has become usual to state them, not in one, but in two several propositions. And this is self-evident, seeing that a *quesitum* in itself asks only—Does or does not this inhere in that, as BUFFER in twaddle or twaddle in BUFFER? and not, Does or does not this, as BUFFER or twaddle, inhere in that, as twaddle or BUFFER, and at the same time inhere in nothing else in the whole imaginable universe? (A remarkable coincidence of thought, and even, to some extent, of language, has been kindly brought to my notice, *too late* for me to act upon the friendly hint—for which I am nevertheless deeply grateful—that somebody or other, perhaps MR. JOHN STUART MILL, and perhaps not, points out the vice of SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON's proceeding, in quantifying the predicate, in very much the same words that I have here employed to represent *my* notions about the business.)

CHAP. III.—ON BLOWING YOUR BRAINS OUT.

I would put the question to any sensible man, whether he does or does not consider it nobler in the mind to suffer many inconveniences, to which slings and arrows are mere flea-bites by comparison—and especially I might indicate blighted affections, the procrastination of your family solicitor when there is property to be distributed, in which you have a share, losses on the Derby, tightness of the money-market, the impertinence of the fellow who keeps on calling for the Queen's taxes, and, generally, the spurns that patient merit is obliged to put up with from all kinds of cads and humbugs, and stuck-up little beasts, who give themselves no end of airs, and try to ride rough-shod over everybody who has not had the same luck that they have—than to terminate one's existence by an act of *felo-de-se*? Well, you know, the fact is that nobody would be fool enough to go on day after day standing this sort of thing, if it wasn't for a deuced strong objection to becoming a body, and being sat upon by a dozen tradesmen, some of whom perhaps have been confoundedly rude to one in one's life, when one has not happened to be able to pay one's bills the moment one has been called upon in a sudden and peremptory, not to say insolent, manner to do so. There's the rub! On consideration, most people will rather bear the ills they have than do anything desperate to get rid of them. (I have but this moment met with a passage in a shocking tragedy, by the well-known SHAKESPEARE, that bears a decided family likeness to my philosophic proposition. It will scarcely be expected that I should expunge the foregoing observations, because of their likeness to what was written at a distant period of English literature.)

MISLEADING.—“An Old Player” writes to express his disappointment at an article in the *Echo*, headed “The Stumping Season,” not containing one single word about this year's cricket.

THE DOMESTIC MISSING LINK.

To do instead, I often think,
Of servant-girl, or flunkey,
We ought to have the Missing Link
Which negro binds to monkey;
An ape, anthropoid in degree
So high that it could fill a
Place ourang-outang, chimpanzee
Can't, neither can gorilla:

A place beneath the Sable Moor
(Not brown Moor of Morocco)
To Quashee one on the next floor
Below, and over Jocko:
An ape, the male—with calves, to choose—
To tread the footboard able;
Both sexes knives, forks, plates, and shoes
To clean, and wait at table;

An ape, which, as to brain and hands,
On man so nearly borders,
That it can construe our commands,
And execute our orders;
A drudge, in case of its neglect,
Its clumsiness, or kicking,
You could as lawfully correct
As give your dog a licking.

At will you could get rid of it,
Could nowise be its debtor,
Your service whilst it could not quit
Itself that it might better.
'T would cost you nothing but its keep,
Ne'er trouble you for wages,
So might your household be as cheap
As any saint's or sage's.

From followers allowed, or not,
Could spring no complications;
For you could regulate, you wot,
All that sort of relations.
Worn out with age, as horse or ass,
When used up, you could treat 'em;
Turn them, in their way, out to grass:
Or dogs and cats might eat 'em.

The nigger is a sort of man,
Although that sort's another:
We want slaves; but a slave we can
Not make a man and brother.
The needful being should exist
Which sense hath, but behind it
No soul; the Missing Link, how missed!
Oh would that we could find it!

VOLUNTARY TRANSPORTATION.

HABITUAL criminals should listen to the words of wisdom and of warning, addressed to one of them the other day by worthy MR. KNOX:—

“Penal servitude for life was a dreadful thing—it was staring prisoner in the face, and sooner than undergo it he had better be out of this life. He (MR. KNOX) had been a witness of what it was. A new law had recently been passed, . . . and the only chance for him when he next came out of prison was to leave this country. England was too hot to hold him, and he had better ship himself off, or there was little doubt what would be his end.”

Self-transportation, or penal servitude for life: this seems the alternative under the new law, and MR. KNOX advises criminals to prefer the first. To be sure, there is a third course open to such persons, namely, that of living honestly at home, and this doubtless might be found the least unpleasant of the three. But if men persist in crime, they had better far transport themselves than go to penal servitude, which is of the two the more unpleasant punishment, *teste* MR. KNOX.

The question may arise as to how men self-transporting are possibly to get sufficient money for their passage, and the answer might be given that, in very many cases, it would clearly pay the country to provide funds for their shipment to some foreign climes, and crimes. How many burglaries, garrottings, and other costly robberies might yearly be prevented, if a philanthropic Somebody started a society for aiding the expatriation of our self-transporting criminals, and thus enabled threatened miscreants to get out of the country ere their evil courses led them to get into Portland gaol!



CALL IT A TOY, INDEED! WHY, OUR INGENIOUS FRIEND, GLIMMER, HAS A RUN BEFORE BREAKFAST, AND GRINDS HIS COFFEE AND CHURNS HIS BUTTER WITH THE GREATEST EASE.

A COMPATRIOT TO CUMMING.

HECH! JOCK CUMMING, ye're nae daft,
JOCK, ye're nae puir doited bodie;
I' the croon, JOCK, ye're nae saft,
Ye're nae crackit linkum-doddie.

Na, JOCK CUMMING, ye're nae gyte,
Ye've nae bee in your auld bonnet,
When ye did your letter write
To the Pop', ye thoct weel on it.

Ye're nae fou, ye're nae that fou,
At Rome's Council when ye proffer
Your attendance; dinna you
Ken the Pop' will scoot your offer?

What a gowk, gude troth, were he,
Wi' his harns hoo unco' dizzie,
Lettin' you prove him to be
Man o' Sin, an' Scarlet Hizzie!

Hech, JOCK, ye're a modest man,
Bein' than ye are nae bigger,
In the Council's face to stan'
Wha propose, a central figure.

As ye're modest, so ye're braw,
You, while Constance ye remember,
Wha, till Rom', where Pop'ry's law,
Think o' gangin' next December.

Papal vengeance wad ye dare,
Doctrine into dour heads drummin'?
Eh! of martyrdom beware.
Recollect JOHN HUSS, JOHN CUMMIN'.

But they roast, nae mair the noo,
He that hauds the Keys o' Peter,
Rules; and a' the Pop' will do
Aiblins will be burn—your letter.

Want Places.

ARE you in search of employment? You have only to apply at one of those Theatres which advertise "new appointments."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

(At Drury Lane during the performance of that excessively prudish drama, "Formosa.")

University Man (in Stalls, seeing FORMOSA's protector at supper in the Fulham Villa scene). Why, he's supposed to be the stroke of the Oxford Eight, isn't he? and in training? He wouldn't be allowed to do it.

Gentleman (who has lost his bill, and hasn't quite followed the story). Very pretty view of Switzerland! Wonder what lake it is! Very pretty!

His Daughter. No, Papa, it's at Fulham.

[Enter on the stage ladies of the demi-monde, who enact leaving out their "h's," and talk generally in a fast and loose manner. Young Lady in Stalls doesn't quite understand it. Papa rather wishes she hadn't come.

Man about Town (in Stalls). Yes. Doosid bad form, though.

His Funny Friend. Doosid bad Form-osa, eh? (Changes the subject.) That's a pretty girl, by Jove, in the private box!

Man about Town. Yes. (With knowing wink.) That's Lady MOUNT-STREET. (They both laugh.) She seems to enjoy it.

[The lady in question is ablaze with jewellery, and is accompanied by two rakish-looking Swells.

[During the scene where FORMOSA's parents discover her, and she makes a sudden and miraculous leap from the lowest vice to the height of most sublime virtue, telegraphic communications of incredulity pass between the occupants of certain boxes, including "Lady" Mountstreet's, and various fast parties in the Stalls.

Fast Party (Lady very much interested). Have you got your smelling-bottle, dear? I can't help crying, really.

Fast Party (Gentleman to a Friend). Gammon!

[His Friend shrugs his shoulders.

Man about Town (to Showy Lady in Stalls). Very affecting, isn't it?

Showy Lady. Yes; quite knocks one over, doesn't it? (They laugh.)

The old woman plays it very well, doesn't she? (The old woman means Formosa's mother, excellently played by MRS. BILLINGTON.)

Showy Lady's Showy Friend. I'm thinking of going on the stage next season. I should like to act a part like Formosa's. Wouldn't I have a dress!! and I'd wear all my diamonds.

[Ultimately Formosa the Bad becomes Formosa the Good, and marries, if we clearly follow the story (which, perhaps, owing to our attention being distracted by the above remarks, we did not) a young fool. However, we have great pleasure in recording the excellent

Moral.

"Lady" Mountstreet (in box to her Friends). We'll go on to supper—it's ordered. MOUNT won't be there. Ask for our room. (To her Showy Friend.) You must come, dear. The Duke's a-coming. (Whispers.) Heaps of money.

[Much the same in the Stalls, and exeunt omnes to various parties of pleasure. General moral deduction being Iced Soup, Champagne Cup, Cigarettes, and We Won't Go Home till Morning—in short the thorough realisation of an entire Evening from Home.

PENNY-A-LINEAL DESTITUTION.

A LOCAL paper, for want of something more instructive or amusing to say, enlivens and enlightens its readers with the information that—

"It is a curious coincidence that the names of the Lords' and Commons' present leaders should both begin with a G (GRANVILLE and GLADSTONE), whereas the champions of the late Government each commenced with a D (DERBY and DISRAELI).

Gooseberries are over, but mulberries are in, and an enormous turnip could be made to turn up at any time; invented if not found. A potato of monstrous dimensions, described as a "Gigantic Fluke," would be a curiosity more remarkable than the coincidence remarked on in the foregoing extract as curious. So very simple a coincidence can have been mentioned at all only in consequence of an extreme dearth of intelligence.

HONORARY HUSBANDS.

IN common with every lover of Justice, we are charmed to see that graceful divinity drop a silver thimble into her lightest scale. Speaking less symbolically, a gallant Parliament proposes to rectify the post-nuptial balance of property—the balance of power we suppose stands in less need of correction. Hitherto hymeneal rites have been synonymous with Beauty's wrongs. Love, we are told, has been treated and fined like a common assault, and *Romeo* has claimed a thousand pounds for having been struck with *Juliet's* archery. Old Law has stood at the church porch with extended hand and avaricious smile, and many a gentle widow has surrendered her consols without always receiving that consolation for which she innocently sighed.

Thanks to certain chivalrous Knights of the Shire, a damsel—not in pecuniary distress—will be enabled to ride on a milk-white palfrey, with her purse unmolested at her bridal reign—we beg pardon, bride-rein. The Ladies' Journal will soon be supplemented with a Ledger, kept by double entry, in which Baron and Femme may open a Dr. & Cr. account after this fashion:—"JONES, Dr. to UX.—Cash: UX, Dr. to JONES—Flattery. Balance due to JONES. Errors excepted!"

Men there are, however, who look upon Woman's monied independence with an air of abject dismay. Mark how they write in trembling characters, their h's all unlooped, and with no speculation in their i's. They dread their approaching humiliation, and can't reconcile themselves to the position of Honorary Husbands. Here is the

Case for the Prosecution.

"My property," writes MR. BARTHOLOMEW LANE, "lies, figuratively speaking, almost within a ring fence. Literally the bulk belongs to my wife, and was settled on her before our marriage. At my special instance and request, CLARA has from time to time thrown a good deal of her separate estate into the common fields of commercial enterprise. We have together gone deep into mines, and in exchange for pounds sterling have obtained lbs. of copper and tin. We jointly hampered ourselves with foreign bonds, and in reference to Railway Companies, were share and share alike. Latterly, however, CLARA has taken to reading Parliamentary debates, and a change has come o'er the spirit of her dream. Yesterday she gave me formal notice of her intention to dissolve our unsatisfactory partnership. She proposes, so far as I can understand, to take *City Offices* on her own responsibility. Her colloquial talents, I cheerfully admit, qualify her for that line of business, which is now most popular and profitable. In accordance with this resolution, a large brass-plate has just come home and is now before me, on which is inscribed, "*Mrs. Bartholomew Lane, Financial Agent. Office hours from 11 to 3.*" The smartest feather in her cap, however, is to come. What do you think, *Mr. Punch*? She has offered me the situation of Book-keeper in her counting-house at a present salary of £75 per annum, and—spare my blushes—but I assure you, Sir, that stern necessity compels me to accept it."

Inspired by ambition—though ambition should be made of sterner stuff—the Consort of an old Correspondent boldly advances from the suburban sofa to the civic chair.

"Municipal Reform," writes MR. TEMPLE BARRE, "is a matter to which but few ladies have hitherto devoted much serious attention. For some time past, however, a *coterie* over which MRS. TEMPLE BARRE presides, have been discussing with considerable animation the privileges of Freeman, and have expressed their conviction that an opulent lady who has daughters of her own, is the most proper guardian of the Wards of the City! They report, also, that the Mayor might easily do without a Remembrancer, by adopting the simple feminine expedient of tying a skein of silk round his little finger! Swan-hopping they would prohibit as *infra dig.*, and would not allow dancing at taverns by Aldermen who have passed the Chair under any circumstances. If elected herself to sit in the City Parliament, MRS. TEMPLE BARRE is prepared to carry out a rigid system of economy, and considers that the Corporation are much to blame to keep so many men in Livery."

Another honorary husband, MR. WALTER WILLIAM WILLOWS, writes in a tone of, what a Hibernian orator calls, posthumous tribulation.

"I am not gone yet," we quote from his last mournful epistle, "indeed, at present I am in robust health. MRS. WALTER WILLIAM WILLOWS, however, in the exercise of her plenary powers, thinks my state precarious, and assisted by the family solicitor of her first—no her second husband—has prepared my last will and testament, to which I have just put my signature, under tacit protest. By this untruthful document she gives, in my name, to the sons of her second—no, her first husband (puppies, whom I despise) mourning rings in token of my regard. Of course she appoints herself residuary legatee, and lastly, makes me direct—the sting is in the tail—that my funeral may be as private as possible, when it is matter of public notoriety that her first—no her second husband—was interred with masonic honours.

My beloved ANNA (to use her own testamentary description) has also intimated that should it be her melancholy destiny to form a fourth alliance, she hopes that the Bishops, in convocation, will annul the

antiquated vows of honour and obedience and empower her, standing before the Superintendent Registrar of Marriages, to bestow the golden hoop—emblem of endless vassalage—instead of receiving it from the hand of a tremulous bridegroom as, barely six months ago, was

Your humble Servant,

WALTER WILLIAM WILLOWS.

P.S. ANNA has just written to her Solicitor to take Counsel's opinion whether after my demise she cannot resume her clannish maiden name of M'GAW.

Having duly forwarded the communications from which extracts have been made, to the ladies of property injuriously affected by them, *Mr. Punch* has received notes of explanation which are subjoined verbatim, and which constitute briefly the

Case for the Defence.

MRS. BARTHOLOMEW LANE presents her compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to assure him that her only motive for wishing to commence business as a Financial Agent is to provide some kind of occupation for MR. B. L., who is devoured with *ennui*, and a burden to himself and everybody about him.

MRS. TEMPLE BARRE wishes it to be distinctly understood by *Mr. Punch* and his innumerable admirers of both sexes, that she has no desire to sit in the civic chair, but that she should be greatly pleased to see MR. BARRE there, and if MR. B. had been animated by a proper ambition, she would not so long have been denied that womanly gratification.

In reference to making MR. WILLOWS's Will, MRS. W. had no intention to wound MR. WILLOWS's feelings. MRS. W. regrets, however, to add that MR. WILLOWS is of a very docile disposition—ridiculously so—and MRS. W. thought by an innocent stratagem she might possibly awaken in him a wholesome manly spirit of rebellion—and sting him into resistance. Unhappily she failed.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

VI.—THE DESERTED CITY.

GONE! From the splendid square and stately street,
The Park, the Gardens, and the jocund Mall,
From Fashion's haunt and Pleasure's nightly beat
Are gone the beauty, the amazing Swell!
The sullen blinds, the darkening shutters, show
That rank, and wealth, and eminence in the State,
Are where the Danube and the Arno flow,
Or on the scene of GRAHAM'S *Highland Spate*,
Seeking renewal of the vital force
By lake and loch, where more ozone is found,
Than he inhales, who guides his ambling horse
Beneath the arch by our Great Captain crowned.
Be calm, my GRANGE, my GUNTER, don't despair—
They will return when swallows skim the air.

VII.—SEREAVEMENT.

The moon had left the sky, the stinted gas
Threw insufficient light upon my path,
As, wild with beggars, and surcharged with wrath
At bawling boys, who would not let me pass,
I walked to Portland Road, and went Third Class
To Westbourne Park, where stands the house that hath—
Alas! I should say had—my winsome KATH-
ARINE, now painting in the Ludwig-Strasse.
I paced the Square, I stopped at Number IX.,
I braved the storm, I heeded not the rain,
Content to gaze upon her window-pane,
With wildly-beating heart and tearful eyne:
Then, from the spot unwillingly I went,
Because policemen asked me what I meant.

Probable Papal Pun.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE is sometimes disposed to be facetious. In one of his merry moods the Holy Father will perhaps reply to DR. CUMMING's letter, requesting leave to speak at the approaching Ecumenical Council, by informing him that nothing any Scotch Presbyterian may have to say can possibly be attended to, unless he first abjure his *Knoxious* heresy.

BETTER HEALTH TO HIM.

WE notice with regret an announcement that MR. ALDERMAN DAKIN is not well enough to fill the office of Lord Mayor this coming November. We hope he will take care of Number One, and be fully able to act as Chief Magistrate of London next year.

PUNCH'S ALPHABET.



A WAS AN ARTIST, AND PAINTED A GUY,
BUT HE MADE HIM TOO LIKE, SO HE GOT A BLACK EYE.



B IS MY BANKER'S—IT'S NOT THAT I'M PROUD;
BUT TO MENTION "ONE'S BANKER" IMPRESSES THE CROWD.



C IS A COUNT WITH A LANDED ESTATE
(IN BOHEMIA, SO MIND AND LOOK AFTER YOUR PLATE)!



D IS MY DENTIST. HE LIKES ME. HE'S WONT
TO BE ALWAYS AT HOME WHEN I CALL—SO I DON'T.



E'S THE EXCEPTION (CONFIRMING THE RULE
THAT EXCESSIVE GOOD NATURE'S THE STAMP OF A FOOL).



F'S A PHILANTHROPIST, FULL OF BRIGHT SCHEMES
FOR MANKIND. BUT HE DON'T LIKE COLD MUTTON, IT SEEMS.



PLEASANT !

BROWN TAKES HIS BATH SITTING ON A LEDGE UNDER SEDGEBURY WEIR, LOOKING, AS THE BARGEES DECLARE, LIKE "A IMAGE UNDER A GLASS CASE-T" !

A CURE FOR RAILWAY CRUELTY.

CORRESPONDENTS are continually complaining of the want of punctuality on railways, and phrasing forth their fears lest accidents should thereby happen, and themselves be smashed. But want of common sense in nine cases out of ten is the real cause of accidents, and until Directors generally have learned to grasp this fact, there is very little hope of accidents decreasing. For the sake of false economy, it is the fashion to cut down the cost of needful care and caution, and to employ one guard or signalman to do the work of six. This arrangement may, by luck, suffice for ordinary traffic: but when excursion trains are added, as they are now in autumn-time, to those of every day, human flesh and blood grow weary with long hours of extra work, and drowsiness (some call it negligence) arises, and then accidents ensue. Directors weigh humanely the chance of paying damages against the certainty of incurring some additional expense in the safe working of their line. Perhaps they might be taught to show more mercy to their passengers if some such an Act of Parliament were passed as we subjoin:—

Whereas, human flesh and blood are not valued upon railways so highly as they should be, and this is one of the chief reasons why accidents occur:

Be it enacted therefore that no signalman, or guard, or any other servant, shall work on any railway more than eight hours in the twenty-four, which constitute a day.

Be it enacted further that, with the view to the encouragement of proper care and caution, Directors shall be personally liable for damages, to be assessed according to the Schedule here annexed:—

SCHEDULE.

A Black Eye	£50
A Jammed Finger	100
A Bruised Funnybone	500
A Sprained Ankle	1000
A Fractured Rib	2000
A Broken Leg	5000

Be it enacted also, that in case of loss of life an annuity of not less than five hundred pounds a year shall be paid by the Directors out of their own pockets, and not those of their shareholders to each child of the deceased, together with a pension of one thousand pounds a-year to the widower or widow of deceased, if such survive.

MAKE YOURSELVES HAPPY.

ARE you unhappy because anxious about your pecuniary future? Then exert your imagination, with the help rendered you by newspapers in publishing particulars of wills and bequests which make, or ought to make, people happy for life. Put yourselves in the place of those people, and fancy that you are they. Or endeavour to identify yourselves with a lawyer just raised to the Bench, or indeed with anybody that has been newly appointed to a place and a good salary for life, especially to a sinecure—some sinecures even yet remain to beatify a favoured few. The best place of almost anybody else that you can fancy yourself in, next to an absolute sinecure, is that of a parson who has recently been made a dean—a dignity whose situation, if fat enough, is much more eligible than any Bishopric. But you will be enabled to derive a pretty considerable amount of blessedness from realising for yourself, with sufficient subjectivity, the state of mind which you may reasonably suppose experienced by the reverend gentleman named, and, by a curious coincidence, bearing a very appropriately sounding name, in the newspaper paragraph ensuing:—

"CROWN CHURCH PATRONAGE.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, on behalf of the Crown, has presented the REV. WILLIAM ROWE JOLLEY, M.A., St. Peter's College, Cambridge, Vicar of Corse, near Gloucester, to the Rectory of North Repps, near Cromer, vacant by the death of the REV. PATRICK C. LAW, M.A. MR. JOLLEY was for some time chaplain to her Majesty's ship *Illustrious*, and tutor to PRINCE ARTHUR. A few days since he was nominated Chaplain in Ordinary to the QUEEN."

All this preferment—no doubt well earned—ought to make the REV. MR. JOLLEY dance for jollity. How jolly he should be you may conjecture from the sequel to the foregoing announcement:—

"The Vicarage of Corse, which has become vacant by the preferment of MR. JOLLEY, is worth £450 a year, and is in the gift of the LORD CHANCELLOR."

A certainty of £450 a year, though some of you may think little of it, would beatify many, if not most. Only endeavour, then, to believe

that, having already enjoyed that certainty for some time, you have now just been put into the enjoyment of a certainty of still greater, perhaps much greater, amount. What bliss, what rapture, you will then be conscious of! Don't fancy—what too truly may be the case—that the Rectory of North Repps is a cure of a troublesome number of souls. Neither imagine that the new incumbent of that living has thereunto a disproportionately large family, or has to keep a Curate. You need not assume corns and bunions on your feet when you ideally step into another man's shoes. No; but mentally changing places with the Rector of North Repps and Chaplain in Ordinary to the QUEEN, let the *domus et placens uxor* wherewithal you endow and establish yourself in *nubibus* be unqualified with any encumbrance that would be a drawback on the dream of ecstasy in which you can anticipate the ripening of the peaches on your garden-wall.

A DOSE OF QUILLS.

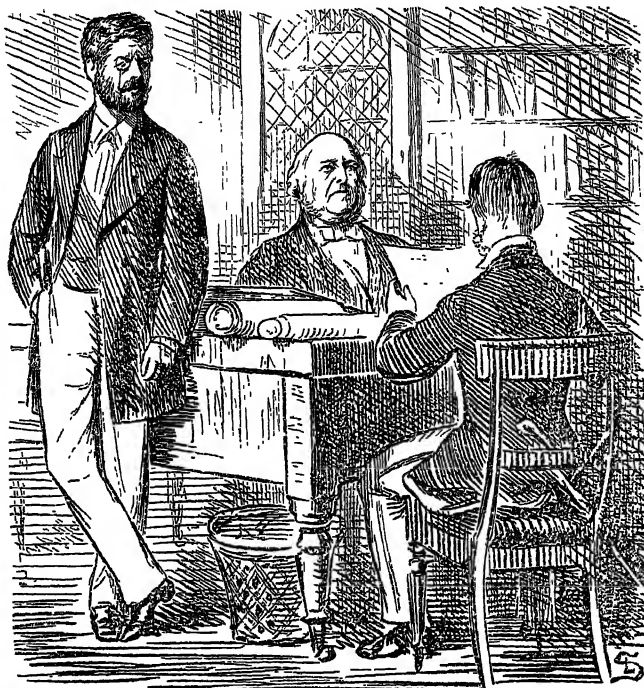
"The Report of the Porcupine Expedition will be published shortly."

WHAT do we want with more porcupines? Why send Expeditions in search of them? Are there not enough already for all our wants in the Zoological Gardens? This mysterious announcement makes us as "fretful" as the porcupine itself, nor is the irritation lessened by reading in the course of the same paragraph that "DR. CARPENTER is now at Stornoway, preparing to re-examine his 'warm and cold areas.'" We have seen hedgehogs in kitchens, we have heard of policemen being found in areas, but never before have we either seen or heard of porcupines in such close neighbourhood to our front doors and windows.

Foreign and Colonial Foolery.

THE *Standard*, of course meaning no offence to MR. GEORGE POTTER, says that we must have no more pottering with interests of such tremendous importance as those of Colonial Government. Yes, and what is more, we must have no pottering in our dealings with China, except as to Chinese clay.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



THE Sitting-down partner (GROOLLY, I fancy) says to the partner standing up (consequently PORGOOD), "This gentleman has called about his book on—on—"

Happy Thought.—Typical Developments.

We all bow to one another like waxworks. Standing-up partner says, "Ha, yes, I was going to—" and looks about fussily. He evidently thinks that I have been there before, and that he has mislaid my MS. His friend enlightens him with, "He has brought his MS. this morning." Standing-up partner's mind much relieved. I corroborate Sitting-down partner, and we all, more or less, do waxworks again.

A silence. I recommence looking in the manuscript for something to read to them. On glancing over it rapidly I don't recognise my own sentences. It would be fatal to everything if I went on reading what I didn't understand. Sure to show it.

Happy Thought.—To say, "I think I'll leave this in your hands," pleasantly.

It suddenly occurs to them at this point to introduce each other. It is quite clear at first which is GROOLLY and which is PORGOOD. After a short conversation on general topics I try to name them individually and correctly. I fail. Having exhausted general topics (we all fight shy of *Typical Developments*) I fancy they are getting tired of me, as PORGOOD says to GROOLLY (or *vice versa*) that he must go to somewhere that I don't catch. This awakens GROOLLY to the fact that it's later than he had imagined.

Happy Thought.—Ingratiate myself by taking the hint.

Hand them the MS. Should like to say something witty and remarkable just before leaving the room. If I did, I feel they'd consult together, and say, "Clever man, that; let's read his *Typical Developments*," and so on to publishing.

The nearest thing to the point I can say is, "Well, I'll leave this here, shall I?" placing it on the desk, whence MR. GROOLLY (or PORGOOD) removes it to a pigeon-hole, which looks business-like.

I ask "If I shall call again?" I feel immediately I've said it that it's a mistake. Nothing like taking publishers by surprise. PORGOOD says, "Oh, we won't trouble you to call; you'll hear from us."

I execute a sort of wax-work mechanical movement again, with my hat in one hand and my umbrella in the other. I say, "Good day, MR. PORGOOD," and both return good day at the same time.

Happy Thought (when I'm outside the house). I ought to have said, "Gentlemen, I leave my bantling in your hands, you are excellent nurses, I am sure, and will soon show her how to walk."

I think I've heard this before. Will look it out in Dictionary of Quotations. *Note.* Add a Chapter to *Typ. Devel.*, Book 2, on "Tricks of Memory." By the way, what is a "Bantling?"

I should say, without a dictionary, the youngest chick of a Bantam. If it's not that, it's a foundling put out to nurse. I know the simile comes in happily, somehow. Ought to carry a pocket-dictionary about

with me, so as to turn down corners (not of the book, I mean, of the street. *Mem.* To work up this into a joke, somehow, "as SHERIDAN, said," &c.) and look things out while you think of it. It's merely developing my plan of note-books.

To WILLIS's rooms. Rush up to tell RAWLINSON everything about it. He's not there. Pass the evening in dining out, and coming in five times to see if RAWLINSON has returned yet. At last he appears.

Sit up with RAWLINSON and MILBURD chatting. When RAWLINSON doesn't go to bed early he is an excellent hand at sitting up and chatting. He sits up (when he *does* sit up) till three or four in the morning "expecting," he says, "that it's not unlikely some fellow will drop in." I never yet have seen any fellow drop in at that time; so I fancy it's an excuse that RAWLINSON makes to himself, so that "sitting up and chatting" may be set down as an act of politeness.

We naturally discuss PORGOOD and GROOLLY. I ask him whether he thinks they'll read it. RAWLINSON says, "Oh of course," heartily. RAWLINSON always commences with the brightest view possible under any circumstances, and then gradually introduces, as it were, saving clauses. He continues, "they'll read it: at least their man will. Publishers keep a man, you know," (I don't know, but I nod as if PORGOOD's man was a matter of course), "who has to read everything and advise upon it."

I observe, "I suppose he'll advise on *Typical Developments*."

Happy Thought.—P'raps he's reading it now, and enjoying it.

I say this. MILBURD says, "P'raps he isn't," which he thinks funny, and I think simply stupid. RAWLINSON doesn't laugh. He sympathises with me in a literary matter, I know.

"I suppose," addressing myself to RAWLINSON, "they won't be long before they give me an opinion?"

"Oh, no time!" replies RAWLINSON, heartily.

"Quicker, if possible," says MILBURD. (That's the worst of him: he never knows when to stop. For myself, I enjoy a joke as much as anybody; but this is out of place now.)

Happy Thought.—Not even smile. Take no notice of him.

RAWLINSON says, "Oh yes, they'll soon give an opinion; that's if they haven't much business. Of course, it may take a year or so before their man can read it."

Happy Thought.—Oh, RAWLINSON can't know much about it. He only talks from hearsay. But then what is hearsay?

RAWLINSON continues, "Those fellows who are paid to read too! They're a rum lot."

"Highly educated," I suppose.

They both pooch pooch the idea. I don't care about MILBURD's pooch-pooching, as he's not in earnest.

"Why?" says RAWLINSON, who really *does* seem to be up in the subject, "I was staying with a fellow once who did the reading for SHAPTEUR AND WERSE. He had piles of print and manuscript: just like yours this morning. [*Happy Thought.*—I say yes, and smile. Why smile?—and he just cut a few pages of one, and dipped into another, and skimmed a third, and threw 'em away like so much trash. Of course if you *know* him he'll read your MS."

MILBURD suggests "Find out PORGOOD and GROOLLY's man, and ask him to dinner." If it wasn't MILBURD who says this, there really might be something in it.

RAWLINSON says, "Perhaps they may not even give it to the man. Perhaps not read it at all."

Happy Thought.—Really RAWLINSON *can't* know anything about it.

From what I saw of PORGOOD and GROOLLY to-day, I should say they were rather inclined towards the book than otherwise.

RAWLINSON says heartily as usual, "Oh, most probably. They'll be delighted at your bringing it to them. Only, don't you see, as you're comparatively an unknown man—"

I feel it is kind of him to put in "*comparatively*," it softens down obscurity when, as it were, it is only shared in a less degree by GLADSTONE, BULWER LYTTON, DISRAELI, DICKENS, and so forth—"of course you can't expect the same attention as the great names command."

Happy Thought.—To take this remark sensibly and calmly, and answer, "Oh, of course not."

Wonder (to myself) whether PORGOOD and GROOLLY, immediately I was gone, winked at each other, tied up my MS. in a clean sheet of paper, directed it to me, and gave it to a clerk, to be posted in two days' time.

We separate at last, [MILBURD finding out at four o'clock, A.M. that "it's time to go by Jove!" as if he'd got to go and meet a bed like a train, and be punctual to the minute. He *does* say such stupid things] and MILBURD, as he goes down-stairs, calls out, "Liquor up the fellow who reads, and he'll send to old POPKINS and GRUEL," [he thinks it so amazingly funny to pretend to mistake names. He will call *Typ. Dev. Biblical Elephants*. Nonsense,] "and say it's the best sixpenn'orth he ever read. Good night."

We retire.

In the morning, as usual, RAWLINSON sneaks down to [breakfast,

finishes, and is well in to the *Times* before I have even mastered what o'clock it is. I'm always telling him that this is unsociable. "Then," remonstrates RAWLINSON, "Why don't you get up in time?"

Happy Thought.—Drop the subject. Lie in bed and think.

I tell RAWLINSON it's much jollier waking in the country than in town. While I dress I expatiate to him on the advantages of rustic residence. Sometimes from the next room he replies, "Ah!" "Yes!" "Oh!" "No!" "Well, perhaps!" and so forth, from which I gather that he is absorbed in the *Times*. It is confoundingly unsociable in the morning. After sitting up late hair looks wiry. They've forgotten to pack up my hair-oil. See WILLIS's in a bottle labelled *Oil of Merovingia, Balsamic properties, &c. &c.*

Happy Thought.—Use it.

Generally find other people's hair-oil better than my own. Other people's collars and shirts always seem made for me. Curious: same with ties. Other people's colours always suit me better than my own. WILLIS has two or three favourites of mine, which I shall always use when I stop at his rooms. Don't much like the hair-oil, though. It will do, however, for a change.

Come in to breakfast: letters on table. One for me: open it afterwards. RAWLINSON observes that there's not a nice smell in the room. Isn't there? (WILLIS's hair-oil probably—don't say so.) Expatriate again on the sweet fragrance of the country in the morning as compared with London smells on waking.

Breakfast. Open my wife's letter. Say, "There, my boy" (to RAWLINSON) "this is perfectly scented with the country." I read it.

My wife writes to say, "Must come home at once: man been here (that is, to our Rural Cottage) about nuisances—dreadful stench will spread fevers—and it wouldn't do to see her or her Mamma, but the man must see me. Also a man for some taxes or other, and dogs; and something about executions in the house, which, my wife finishes, "I do not understand, but he really did frighten me, and you oughtn't to stay away so long. Baby's rash has appeared again—the Doctor was here yesterday."

Happy Thought.—Say I must go down home on business.

Not a word about fragrance of country. Exceptions prove rules—this seems a very strong exception.

Happy Thought.—Shall return again if WILLIS isn't coming back.

RAWLINSON says he isn't just yet, as he's just heard from him that morning, and he's rather seedy. Extract from his letter: "Please send me down my diarrhetic mixture (peculiar prescription, made on purpose) which is in my room. Yours, &c. P.S. By-the-way, the cork went into the proper bottle, so I had my old hair-oil bottle washed and cleaned out, and I put it in that. You'll know the mixture by its being labelled *Oil of Merovingia.*"

Happy Thought.—Say nothing about having used this for hair-oil.

Tell it years hence as a practical joke I played on some one a long time ago.

NO MORE MORPHIA.

A MEDICAL Correspondent of the *Times* the other day, complained that the problem of the gold currency would "prolong the sleepless habit of the Session to the indefinite postponement of that serene and dreamless sleep the overtasked brain demands after the hard work of the Session." The profession of this gentleman makes his view of the gold currency with relation to sleep appear extraordinary. He must entertain peculiar notions about the matters commonly accounted narcotics. Would he administer opium or hyoscyamus in cases of coma, or of a tendency to somnolence? Most people are so constituted that:—

"Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the sleepy balsams of the East,"

could ever "medicine" them to that sound sleep which they would "owe" the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER if they were to read any one of the letters written by financial and pecuniary gentlemen for the enlightenment of the British Public on Mr. Lowe's proposed reduction of the Sovereign.

Epigrammatic.

FIFTY's the game of billiards;
When all's done,
And you have fifty,
Yet you've only won.

An Aristocratic Print.

You must have noticed boards at Railway Stations inviting your attention to "A First Class Evening Paper." Has it not occurred to you that this advertisement is rather too exclusive, and likely to injure, instead of improve, the sale of the paper, by deterring second and third class passengers, the most numerous of the travelling community, from becoming purchasers?

PROBABLE JUDICIAL PROCEEDINGS IN JERSEY.

(Judging from Recent Reports.)

THIS was a prosecution for stealing two Jersey cabbage-stalk-walking sticks—the property of MR. DE COUDLÉ.

The prisoner was found guilty, and Judge DE MALATÈTE, was about to pronounce sentence, when MR. GRANDBOUCHE, Counsel for the prisoner, interposed.

MR. Grandbouche. I want to know, in case of committal, where my fees are to come from?

Judge (testily). I don't know. (With judicial gravity.) The Court doesn't know.

MR. Grandbouche. C'est bien dur—I mean, it's very hard—

Judge. C'est possible. But, à propos, before passing sentence, I want to know who is to pay the expenses of this sitting?

The Avocat for the States (derisively). Whose expenses?

Judge (frowning). My expenses.

Jurat Gavarnier. Our expenses.

The Avocat. Well, they won't come out of my purse.

Judge (about to pass sentence, pauses). If I send him to prison who's to pay for his keep there?

MR. Grandbouche. The Island.

Judge. If they can pay for him, they must first pay us.

MR. Grandbouche. The police are paid.

Judge. Are they! That's contrary to the law of order. If payments can be made, then they must commence with the Judge, and the rest in rotation.

The Avocat. Très bien. (Hear, hear!)

Judge. Greffier, do you receive your fees?

Greffier. Certainement, oui; yes, of course.

Judge. Then I shall make an order that no officer of the Court shall be paid until I have received my last half-year's salary for sitting as Judge.

Greffier. Then I shan't attend the Court.

Avocat. No more shall I.

Jurats (individually). Nor I! Nor I!

Judge. Very good. Then I shall: and shall expect my fees to be duly paid. If not—(is puzzled).

MR. Grandbouche. Mais pour l'homme sur le banc des accusés—how about the prisoner at the bar?

Judge. I must sentence him; but the longer he is kept at the public charge the more will be taken from the public money, and the less chance of my fees,—and our fees. (Suddenly.) Why shouldn't the prisoner pay our fees?

All (except the prisoner). Très bien! (Hear, hear!)

Judge. I will make an order to that effect. Officer, what was found on the prisoner when taken?

Officer (after some hesitation). Nothing, my Lord; that is, nothing worth mentioning.

Judge (suspiciously). "Worth mentioning!" I dare say not, but was it worth having.

Officer (hesitating). Well, my Lord, I—I—

Avocat. I propose the officer be committed unless he confesses the truth on oath.

MR. Grandbouche. Yes; but who's to pay for him, his prosecution, and his maintenance in prison?

(Silence.)

Judge (resumes). How much did you find in his pockets?

Officer. Three shillings. We handed it back to the prisoner.

Avocat. Without any deduction?

Officer. Two glasses of ale.

Judge. Three shillings would have satisfied my fees for time and attendance in this case. Prisoner, have you the money about you?

Prisoner (sulkily). Two and six.

Judge. Hand it to the Greffier—no, hand it to me. No, stop, don't come out of the dock. I'll step down and fetch it myself.

Prisoner. I won't give it unless I'm let off.

MR. Grandbouche. In which case it ought to go to the prisoner's Counsel.

Judge. I don't see how this is to be arranged. (Suddenly.) Let the prisoner be locked up while the Court takes his sentence into consideration.

Greffier. Will any further cases be taken to-day? I have twenty down on my list. Civil cases chiefly.

Judge. Is there any sort of chance of our getting our fees?

Greffier. Yes, in one case.

Judge. Very well. (Satisfied.) Then we'll take that first. First paid first served, but Justice can't go on on long credit. Now then, Greffier, tell them to pay up on both sides, and we'll begin.

[Defendant and Plaintiff are introduced to Judge, who begins to arrange with them, the Jurats and Avocat anxiously regarding the proceeding as Scene closes.]



ATHLETICS.

SPARRING WITHOUT PAIN OR LOSS OF TEMPER.—THE CUMBERSOME BOXING-GLOVE SUPERSEDED.

THE POLL AND THE CHIGNON.

ARE women in general fools as great as the unenfranchised *residuum* of the harder sex? Are they beings as depraved and degraded as those non-electoral cads? Then perhaps it is well that they should remain serfs, on a political parallel with the unrepresented horse, ox, ass, dog, cat, pig, sheep, and other cattle and domestic animals. But since even negroes are entitled to vote, and if, as in the United States, they exercise the right of voting with signally glorious results, it is difficult to see why the suffrage should be denied to any cad, or indeed to any idiot but a deaf-and-dumb one, to a negress any more than to a negro, and then, of course, why it should not be conceded to white ladies, and the fair sex at large. Thus much might have been said at a late meeting of the London Woman Suffrage Society, held at the Architectural Gallery, Conduit Street, Mrs. P. A. TAYLOR in the chair; present a considerable number of advanced Liberal M.P.'s and philosophers, with Mr. J. S. MILL at their head. The Chairwoman (mind your *i*) in a speech opening the proceedings, said:—

"It had been urged by the opponents of this movement, that the polling-booth was not a suitable place for women. She did not think that was a sufficient reason why women should be excluded altogether from the franchise (*Hear, hear!*) She had herself taken one woman to the polling-booth at the last Leicester election, and many ladies had, to her knowledge, voted at other places, and nothing objectionable had come under their notice."

An inference from the experience of one polling-booth may be considered to be a hasty generalisation, and information about other polling-booths, from how many informants soever derived, is hearsay, and, those informants being ladies, hearsay female testimony; not perhaps in the highest degree trustworthy or conclusive. A polling-booth in general is a place surrounded by a crowd of those persons who constitute the base of Society, geometrically considered. They are most of them in states of excitement, many in a state of beer or spirituous liquor. Under these circumstances they are wont to express themselves in terms not current among the higher orders. If any lady would like to increase her acquaintance with the English language, a polling-booth may be recommended to her as a place where she might learn more words than

are to be found in the dictionary, and at least one more definition than it contains.

British electors of the Compound Householder class, or thereabouts, particularly when they are inebriated, on provocation, or in spontaneous fury, for the most part give vent to their feelings in terms other than such as "Oh!" "Dear me!" and "Goodness gracious!" Anyone who offends them, or incurs their resentment, they usually rebuke with names more opprobrious than those of a "donkey," or a "stupe." They would say something stronger to such an one than, "Oh you story!" or "Oh, you brute!" even, or "Oh, you good-for-nothing wretch!"

The only polling-booth at present proper for ladies would be a hair-dresser's, where chignons might, so to speak, be polled, in being affixed to the poll. Considering whence artificial chignons are derived, it would be satisfactory to the fashionable part of the sex to be assured by clever women that nothing objectionable at such a polling-booth had come under their notice—especially in the entomological way. Otherwise the polling-booth ought, for the gentler and more refined sex, to be as the public-house. Female Suffrage would be, to any purpose, impracticable without the concomitant concession of voting papers; and these, of course, would be perfumed. Nevertheless, it is quite true that an attractive damsel, polling, would be, as it were, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes—a poll-star: and if, as of course she would be, on the right side, might occasion a rush to the poll which would be desirable.

Fashionable Arrival.

MRS. MALAPROP, whose last letter was dated from Frankfort on the *Odour*, has returned home to the family mansion at Ball's Pond. She rather shocked some Temperance friends by telling them that she came in a "screwed" steamer.

I TROW, NOT.

SHOULD you like to be caught giving a crossing-sweeper a shilling, and asking him for elevenpence halfpenny change?



MR. PUNCH'S READING PARTY.



MIGHT NOT THE PRESENT PANNIER DRESSES BE MADE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL?

THE ROMAN WORLD'S FAIR.

Pro Nono, apparently, does not mean to rest contented with condemning the proposition that the Pope ought to conform to the ideas of modern civilisation. He seems to meditate confronting them, and cutting them out on their own ground. One of the chief of these ideas is, that of holding exhibitions of industry. The Holy Father, on the other hand, intends to hold an exhibition of Romanism. According to a newspaper:—

"The Pope has decided that the Universal Catholic Exhibition of 1870 shall be opened on February 1, and closed on June 1, and is reserving a large sum for the prizes and other expenses."

In speaking of a Universal Catholic Exhibition there seems to be something of a pleonasm, such as would be committed in talking of a Hibernian Irish row. A better denomination for his Holiness's projected Show would perhaps be the International Popish Exhibition, or Romanist World's Fair. Of course, in this assemblage of ecclesiastical art-treasures, there will be no end of images and of Church millinery and upholstery. We may expect a considerable display of canonised bones, and other relics or remains of revered mummies. A large assortment of hair-shirts, and a variety of sweet things in scourges and other instruments of discipline, will also probably be offered to the inspection of the faithful. In respect of hair-shirts and the like specialties of saintly *toilettes*, hagiology will very likely be associated with entomology in certain forms.

The department corresponding to that of machinery in secular exhibitions will perhaps include certain winking statues and pictures, or pictures and statues which, as our domestics would say, "have a wunk." Among the thaumaturgic objects and productions a prominent item will surely be the phial containing the celebrated blood of St. Januarius, which will liquefy to the confutation of heretics, being exhibited among the sacerdotal machinery in motion. Possibly the Holy House of Loretto will levitate itself, take another flight, and drop into a temporary position amidst the other miraculous curiosities. The avoidance of scandal will necessitate the omission of some mediæval and even later illustrations, racks and thumbscrews to wit; stakes, chains, sanbenitos, samarras, and other appertenances, appliances, and engines of the

SHAKSPEARE SUPERSEDED.

WHEN on HOME's successful piece,
Douglas, first the curtain fell;
 (Now-a-days, dissentient geese,
 Would not let it go so well).
 In the pit a brother Seot,
 Cock-a-whoop, in triumph crew,
 Crying, like a patriot,
 "Whar's your WULLIE SHAKSPUR noo?"

To the Tragic the Grotesque
 Now the multitude prefer;
 Wags, burlesque upon burlesque,
 To the public minister.
 Why not, when their loftier aim
 Would be wasted, would not do?
 So with Sawney we exclaim,
 "Whar's your WULLIE SHAKSPUR noo?"

Up to Nature while buffoons,
 On the stage, the mirror hold,
Colleen Bawns and *Octoroons*,
 In succession we behold.
 Drawing, since a by-gone day,
 More than *Hamlet* ever drew.
 Those sensation dramas pay—
 "Whar's your WULLIE SHAKSPUR noo?"

Six long years, at Drury Lane,
 For the ideal Drama strove
 CHATTERTON, with effort vain;
 All that while he never throve.
 Says that SHAKSPEARE ruin spelt,
 BYRON bankruptcy in view,
 Where's your BYRON, tedious felt?
 "Whar's your WULLIE SHAKSPUR noo?"

Now *Formosa*, who *Jane Shore*,
 In a measure would suggest;
 Were the latter not a bore,
 Too outworn to be expressed,
 Fills the stalls full every night;
 Fills choke-full the boxes too—
 Who is England's first Playwright?
 "Whar's your WULLIE SHAKSPUR noo?"

Inquisition. Such things are now out of date, even in Spain, and had best be forgotten. No place, therefore, will be assigned them, but besides the Catalogue, visitors to the papal omniumgatherum will be presented with a copious Index.

BEATS SPIRITUALISM.

"This evening PROFESSOR PHILLIPS will deliver a discourse on *Vesuvius*."

So it was stated in the account of the proceedings of the British Association in the West of England. But how could it be, seeing that the Professor was at Exeter, in Devonshire, at the time when he was announced to "deliver a discourse on *Vesuvius*" in Italy? Impossible! unless indeed like the celebrated Irish bird—which ought, by the way, to be sent into honourable retirement, along with MACAULAY's New Zealander, SIR JOHN CUTLER's stockings, &c.—he has the power of being in two places at once. Perhaps PROFESSOR HUXLEY will make a note of this singular phenomenon, and mention it in his Presidential Address next year. *Mr. Punch* is glad to have this opportunity of congratulating the last named Professor, the Association, and the Scientific World generally, on his election to the Chair of the Liverpool Meeting in 1870.

THE ANALOGUE OF THE OIDIUM.

A TELEGRAM from Lisbon may afford some gratification to the partisans of compulsory total abstinence. It tells them that:—

"The ravages of the vine disease in the provinces are said to be great, although much good has been done by the use of sulphur."

Are there not prizes proposed by certain anti-liquor Leagues for the best essays in dispraise of intoxicating drinks? If so, perhaps it would answer some duffer's purpose to write a pamphlet calculated to disgust people with wine by suggesting the essential identity of the vine disease with a human malady wherein sulphur is a specific.

"THE COMING MAN."—A Waiter.



GOING NORTH.

Nurse, after the first two hours, to Jones (who has taken refuge from his family in the Smoking-Carriage). "PLEASE, SIR, MISSIS HAS SENT YOU MASTER ALFRED FOR A BIT, AND WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU WILL TAKE MISS EMMY TOO, AS SHE DO FIDGET SO WITH US!"

NAVAL INCONSTANCY.

MR. PUNCH,

MAY it please your Honour—My mate BEN BARNACLE tells me that the Problem is re-solved at last. That their Honours the Lords of the Admiralty, after koketing, like fickle lovers, with the *Favourite*, have now set; their affections, for better or worser (as parsons say) upon the *Inconstant*.

The *Favourite* (a screw armour-plated corvette) was a Hottentot sort of Venus—not the partner by no manner o' means that you or I would choose to dance a nautical hornpipe with (wide the late T. P. COOKE and *Black i'd Susan*)—whereas the *Inconstant* is a lively young craft with as thin a waist and as neat a pair of ankles as any lass that ever ran away, laughing, from a bewitched and single-hearted sailer. So that upon my word, *Mr. Punch*, I do not wonder at their Lordships falling over head and ears in love with that sprightly little beauty.

Then again, with respect to them Revolvers what's been set in motion by Coals (C. B.), I ain't seen 1 on 'em yet, but suppose I shall soon, and I'm gradually preparing my optical instruments for the Spectacle what I anticipate will make my dear eyes wink a bit. Why, *Mr. Punch*, you know such things as them are calculated to create a revolution in marrytime warfare. What the "Spinning Jenny" has done on land, them "Smoke Jacks," as I call 'em, will do at sea. When I meditates upon it, *Mr. Punch*, it makes me as giddy as a Roundabout at a fair. Putting this and that together, I shouldn't be astonished if orders was issued the first time we go into action, for every A. B. to stand on his head. P'rhaps also we may see the gallant Commodore on a Shetland poney trotting round the turret of Coals, and waving his sword in defiance of the enemy.

Yours till distance us doth part,

"Jack-in-the-Box,"

Opposite the breakwater, 8 Bells.

TOM TRUNNION.

N.B. It seems to me that as in course BRITANNIA must continue to rule the waves as heretofore, that she'll be obligated to lay down her black-lead pencil and rule 'em with a rod of iron. Am I right—ay? Or any other nautical man?

THE ROW IN ST. PANCRAS' POORHOUSE.

AT this season of generally uninteresting occurrences, the St. Pancras Guardians become objects of perhaps the greatest interest. Without fear of being misunderstood to imply that they are not gentlemen, but on the contrary, persons of the gentler sex, we may say that they are in an interesting situation. The following portion of a note about them in the *Pall Mall Gazette* cannot, therefore, but occasion a thrill of horror in the sensitive nervous system of everybody who sympathises with those trusty protectors of the parochial rate-payers from their sick poor:—

"We fear they have begun to prey upon each other. At their meeting on Monday we learn that 'two or three Guardians wanted to move resolutions. They nearly all spoke at once, about nine of them, several in anger, and the din may be imagined, but it cannot be described.' Painful as it is to know so little, and to feel so much, it is perhaps as well that no accurate description can be given of the din in question."

The utterances which constituted that din were inarticulate, but not unintelligible even to minds not endowed with the gift of *Æsop*. It was such as to give good reason for the fear that they had, indeed, "begun to prey upon each other." To obviate such a calamity and scandal to the parish, we are credibly informed that one of the most respectable inhabitants of St. Pancras, who resides within hearing of them, was heard to suggest to a neighbouring butcher the endeavour to quiet the occupants of the Board Room by means of sending them a quantity of offal, but there was nobody at hand who could be considered fit to be the envoy. A stranger in London who happened to hear the body of simultaneous sounds into which their debate resolved itself, observed that he did not know he was so near the Zoological Gardens. But, notwithstanding that, like *Duncan's* horses:—

" 'Tis said they ate each other—"

—we are happily enabled to assure their friends that they have fed, that is fed themselves, at least like Christians, and that their bark, or rather, we should say their growl, is worse than their bite.

AUGUST 27, 1869.

THE Great International Boat Race is over! Bravo, Harvard! Bravo Oxford! *Mr. Punch* admires your pluck, skill, and endurance; and thus immortalises you!

OXFORD.

F. WILLAN, Exeter (bow).
A. C. YARBOROUGH, Lincoln.
J. C. TINNE, University.
S. D. DARBISHIRE, Balliol (str.)
J. H. HALL, Corpus (cox.).

HARVARD.

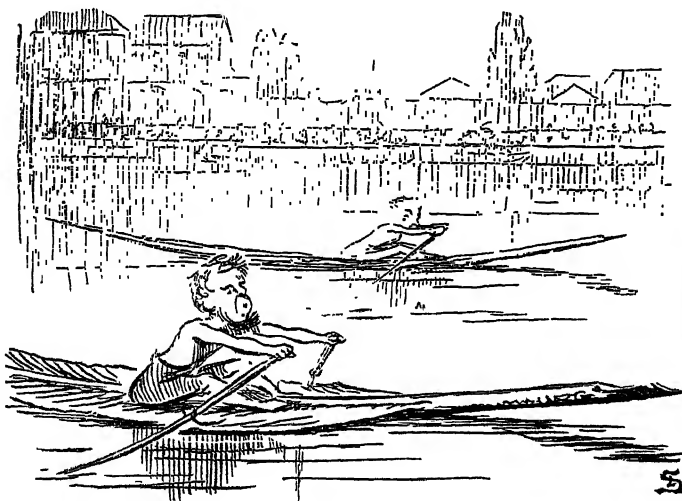
JOSEPH STORY FAY, Boston (bow).
FRANCIS OGDEN LYMAN, Hilo (Sandwich Islands).
W. H. SIMMONDS, Concord, Massachusetts.
ALDEN PORTER LORING, Boston (stroke).
ARTHUR BURNHAM, Chicago (cox.).

As you both spring from the same parent stock—

“CORNELIA’S sons were worthy of their mother—”

there can be no offence in congratulating Oxford on its victory. So let us sing—

Here’s a health to both the crews,
The Harvards and the Blues—
Ev’ry man!
And when they meet again,
May dark blue its place maintain,
If it can!



SIGNALMEN AND SCAPEGOATS.

At the Hampton Petty Sessions, on Tuesday last week, CHARLES BRADFORD, a signalman employed on the London and South Western Railway at Staines Station, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and neglecting to signal a train which was due, got his deserts. That nobody can deny when informed, as by newspaper, that:—

“A sergeant of the detective police who was in the train got out at Staines, and noticed that the signalman was drunk. The sergeant told him to be careful with the signals, and the reply was ‘— the signals.’ It was stated that the defendant had been on duty thirteen and a half hours, but the Bench said that, although that was a matter for the Directors’ consideration, they had nothing to do with it. If the defendant had felt unable to do the duty required of him, he should have given it up. Seeing how many accidents were occasioned by negligence, the Magistrates inflicted a fine of £5, with the alternative of imprisonment for two months.”

But that was not all:—

“It was stated that the man had been dismissed from the company’s service.”

Every one sees that a fine of at least £5, with the alternative of not less than two months’ imprisonment, are necessary for any signalman who gets drunk on duty, and not only neglects to signal the train that he ought, but answers a mild admonition to be careful with the signals by blanking them. Preceded by dismissal, the fine, coming on an empty pocket, probably necessitated the Hobson’s choice of imprisonment: all not too bad for a reckless and abandoned signalman. If he couldn’t stand thirteen hours and a half of duty without requiring stimulants, and getting drunk on them, doubtless he ought to have dismissed himself, as the Bench justly told him. They also told him what was perfectly true when they said that, although the length of his duty was a matter for the Directors’ consideration, they, their worships, had nothing to do with it. But that is a pity. They ought to be in case to have something to do with it. Accidents are of rare occurrence on the London and South Western line. One thinks that they would be of frequent occurrence if the authorities of that line were accustomed to put signalmen on duty for between thirteen and fourteen hours at a stretch. So probably they are not so culpable as “it was stated” they were. Otherwise it would be to be regretted that the Magistrates who gave their signalman the alternative of fine or imprisonment had not, and did not exercise, the power of giving them, Directors and all, imprisonment without option.

TO BE SEEN FOR NOTHING.—The Play of the Features.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

VIII.—NOT SO BAD AS IT SEEMS.

I AM not one of those who weakly dread
To be encountered in the West of Town,
When clubs are cleaned, and parks are slightly brown,
And all the gay and glittering throng have fled.
I saunter, now, where erst I swiftly sped
In terror, lest the car should hurl me down,
Or stucco me with mire from heel to crown;
In shops I’m promptly served; in taverns fed
With welcome haste; the papers I peruse.
In peace; and if Thalia’s haunts attract
My nightly steps, my modest seat I choose
Without delays, in comfort watch each act
Unfold the plot, at ease applaud the views—
I and my friends, whilom like herrings packed.

IX.—THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Mark! they are settling down on HORNER’S land,
A little wild, they’ve dropped in turnips there:
Come on—keep back—look “Don” and “Venus” stand,
Another brace—the third (besides a hare)
I’ve killed on WAKEFIELD’S farm—good dog, good bitch!
The cock-bird’s lying yonder in the grass,
The hen has fallen in the ferny ditch,
Hi! Don, Hi! Venus, there, good dog, good lass!
Not ours the fierce battue, the sweeping drive,
With servile keepers on the scent of fees;
But just ten brace as Besthorpe clock strikes five—
Then home, to yon white house amid the trees,
To share with MARY when the dinner comes,
The birds, the smooth bread sauce, the brownest crumbs.

X.—EXETER, AUGUST, 1869.

The great “Devonian group” has broken up,
The “Stars” have vanished from the West, and sage,
And *Savant*—lights who lead this groping age—
Have done with “junket” and with cider-cup.
No more they hold debate on granites, clays,
On agricultural labourers’ wants,
And carboniferous labyrinthodonts,
On puzzling man and his primeval ways:
The *Fauna* of the mermaids’ coral cave,
The bird on bright metallic wing that flies,
The sun, the stars, the worlds in distant skies,
The epiglottis, and the tidal wave,
The busy Sections leave, and disappear—
To meet at Liverpool in HUXLEY’S year.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THERE are plenty of new novels in promise for the libraries, so readers at the sea-side need not dread a dearth of recreation for wet days. As a rule, the titles are as catching as the influenza, and a sequel now so usually succeeds to a success, that we feel surprised the following have not yet been announced:—

Near and Narrow, by the Author of *Far and Wide*.

Strings of Barley-sugar: a Sequel to the thrilling tale of *Ropes of Sand*.

Downy as a Decoy Duck: a fascinating Sequel to *Simple as a Dove*.

The Gent She Jilted: a Romance of Real Life, written by the Author of *The Girl He Married*.

Boiled Blackbeetles: a Sensation Story, by the writer of *Burnt Butterflies*.

Fatal Fever-heat: a Tale of most Unreal Life, by the Author of *Fatal Zero*.

Handley in Good Humour: a Sequel to the Story of *Handley Cross*.



A SHREWD ANSWER.

Lady (at Sunday School). "AND WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND BY 'THE POMPS AND VANITIES OF THIS WICKED WORLD'?"
The Head of the Class. "THE FLOWERS IN YOUR BONNET, TEACHER!"

BLACK SPOTS ON THE BLUE.

Oh, Bobby, what stories have reached me, too true,
 Of Bobbies whose baseness disgraces their Blue;
 Bad Bobbies, false witnesses, vile corrupt knaves,
 Low rascals whose foul hands dishonour their staves!

My Bobby, a ruffian, disgrace to thy name,
 Assaults his own comrade, O scandal and shame!
 Sure Angels might weep—'tis to make them enough—
 Himself when the Guardian of Peace acts the Rough.

High, Bobby, 's thy calling, a higher one, far,
 Than that other Soldier's, the trade of mere war;
 The battle he fights may, or may not, be just—
 Thine, honestly fought, of necessity must.

Garotters and burglars when you heroes smite
 Then, crushing resistance, you strike for the Right;
 Or shouting "Move on!" while your truncheons you wave,
 For Progress your combat is, Bobby the Brave.

As CÆSAR's wife's, Bobby's fame should be fair,
 Not even the taint of suspicion can bear;
 The Beat, as the Bench, from all taint should be free:
 The Azure as pure as the Ermine should be.

We honour you, Bobby, and therefore by those
 Are taunted, whom Jack Priests conduct by the nose.
 We smile at such dupes, but there's point in their sneer,
 When we in a Bobby a humbug revere.

Awake Bobby, up, Bobby, come Bobby, come!
 Invoke rub-a-dub, roll degrading of drum;
 With strain ignominious, which bugles shall pour,
 Whilst Rogue, ex-Policeman, 's kicked out of your corps.

A WOMAN'S OWN CHARITY.

AN appeal has been made to the Public by a benevolent lady on behalf of an Institution of ambiguous name. It is entitled *St. Luke's Home for Incurable Women*. Certainly some women are incurably fond of finery and furniture; of gadding about, dancing, tale-bearing, and scandal. Some are incurable flirts; many incurable chatterboxes. Not a few are incurably jealous, or incurably perverse, or incurably extravagant, or have incurable tempers. In a general way, it may be said that incurable women are women whom it is impossible to cure of their whims.

In some respects the majority of women may appear incurable; but their malady yields to time, and they are cured at last. Almost all of them were for many years afflicted with a frenzy for crinoline which defied ridicule, and all other remedies, but the crinolinomania ultimately ceased, though a relapse of it may occur yet. Perhaps girls will, one of these days, be cured of the fixed idea represented by chignons.

Having said thus much of incurable and curable women, we may observe that Miss L. TWINING has acknowledged the receipt of £14 13s. subscriptions in aid of her Home for the former, and says that any further contributions will be thankfully received. What can't be cured must be endured, but it may be palliated, and much suffering, doubtless, will be prevented by the liberal support of the Charity advocated by Miss TWINING.

Military Intelligence.

MANY years ago the discovery was made that common soldiers were not to be trusted off duty with their side-arms. It remained to be found out by the authorities at Head Quarters that there was any danger in trusting them with the possession of ball-cartridge.

A THOUGHT AT MORTLAKE.

THE row with America is over. The "row" with that country, with which we have at times been threatened, we hope will never begin.



A DEDUCTION.

Young Hopeful. "WHAT DOES 'PA PAINT ALL DAY LONG FOR, 'MA?'"

Mamma. "THAT YOU MAY HAVE YOUR DINNER, MY DEAREST."

Young Hopeful (pondering). "DOES HE SMOKE ALL DAY LONG FOR MY DINNER, TOO, 'MA?'"

PHRENOLOGY AND FRENZY.

MR. PUNCH,

Now that the lively, pithy, and concise debates of the Session have ceased, and political oratory can instruct and exhilarate us but occasionally, in the form of extra-parliamentary utterances, we, the British Public, betake ourselves for intellectual recreation to the fields of science. There we exercise our observant faculties on swarms of ladybirds, and employ our reasoning powers in arguments about the origin of species, particularly those relative to the dispute touching the human pedigree; whether we are descended from an original pair of creatures like ourselves, or if our first parents were a pair of anthropoid apes. By the bye, if they were, what cause or just impediment would there be why any gentleman who may happen to conceive an attachment for one of his poor relations should not be joined together in holy matrimony with a chimpanzee?

Well, Sir, by asking a scientific question at this season of the year, a man may possibly contribute to the public stock of harmless amusement, and not constitute himself a bore. Allow me, then, to make an inquiry suggested by divers reviews which have appeared of late in sundry Journals, of SIR JAMES CLARK'S *Memoir of John Conolly, M.D.*, rational and reforming mad doctor. DR. CONOLLY, as you know, in a very short time, succeeded in abolishing the system of mechanical restraint at Hanwell.

Now, as you very likely also know, some years ago there lived in the Strand a certain gas-fitter and vendor of lamps, named DEVILLE. To his business MR. DEVILLE added the pursuit of practical phrenology; a subject on which he occasionally gave lectures. MR. DEVILLE was a self-educated man, and he had educated himself very imperfectly in English grammar. He was wont to reverse his v's and w's, and drop his h's, or aspirate his vowels amiss. But what is there necessarily to forbid an ungrammatical speaker from speaking the truth? MR. DEVILLE used to aver that one principal means whereby order was maintained at Hanwell without force was that of classification; the

lunatics being harmoniously associated together there, according to their dispositions, as supposed to be ascertained from the craniological conformation of their heads. Now was this the case? If it was, it constitutes a very considerable reply to the question, "Is Phrenology all humbug?" which was not debated by the British Association, but may possibly, by way of diversion, or, for a bit of a timeous kind of lark, be considered by the Social Science Congress. Phrenology is not all humbug if available for the government of lunatics, it has an answer for the cubonists, and, you, Sir, will perhaps decree that it should cease to be altogether ignored. If Phrenology is a mistake, it is at any rate no superstition, and its absurdity is nothing like that of the farce of *Turning the Tables*. For that matter, believe me,

Your ancient,

JEREMIAH BUMPS.

P.S. I should mention that MR. DEVILLE was accustomed to call himself DEWILLE. He always so pronounced his name in relating a dialogue wherein the interlocutors were himself and a late eminent Surgeon whom he denominated SIR HASHLEY COOPER.

WINCHESTER TWIGS.

THE antiquities of the City of Winchester may have some interest for the autumnal excursionist. In the school-room of the celebrated College there, his eye will be attracted by the following legend, pictorially illustrated, intended to admonish the neophyte or freshboy:—

"Aut disce aut discede; manet sors tertia: cædi."

Winchester School, everybody knows, was founded by WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM. But our forefathers, in his day, were not particular how they spelt their names. May we not conjecture that the founder of the above-named seat of learning was, when called by his right name, WILLIAM OF WHACK'EM?

TESTIMONIAL "WITH 'CIRCUMSTANCE.'"

11, Alcibiades Terrace, Yorkshire.



MY DEAR PUNCH,—You may be aware—you know some things—that in the superior kind of houses in watering-places, landladies keep elegantly bound books in which a departing lodger is asked to certify to the comfort he has enjoyed in the apartments.

I see no harm in this, except that as the grammar of rich people is often queer, the testimonials testify to a good deal of defective education among us. The certificate does not mean much, for a landlady must have behaved very badly indeed to be denied a few civil words.

Having been well treated, at the above address, which I have left—your cashier knows my new one—I had no hesitation in composing a tribute to my handsome and kindly hostess. It pleased her so much, that

she rewarded me with the sight of a leaf which she had been obliged, she said, to cut out of her book, but which she exhibited with affected deprecation of the contents, though I know she thoroughly enjoyed them. While I was looking at it, her youngest child luckily rolled down a long flight of stairs, and while she was chastising him for hurting himself, I made a note of the testimonial.

I think that if this style were usually adopted, the testimonial books would be pleasanter reading:—

"I, HECTOR BLAZES, Colonel, have much pleasure in saying a good word for MRS. ALLICAMPANE, of No. 11, Alcibiades Terrace. By the way, a good-looking woman still, and must have been deucedly pretty as a girl. She is a worthy, honest, motherly soul, who looks at her lodgers as friends to be pleased, not as pigeons to be plucked. I recommend any one who wants decent cookery, fair charges, clean beds, and a pleasant smile, to come here. Mrs. A. is a remarkable contrast to the hag at No. 1 who stole my wine, which I could forgive, and filled up the bottles with water, which I could not. Also to the wretch at No. 2, who put me into damp sheets, and brought back my gout. Also to the fiend at No. 3, who sang hymns, made me dine at one on Sunday, and had a false back to her *cheffonier*, which she was so especially urgent that I should lock—"not to tempt our humbler fellow-Christians." Also to the squinting woman at No. 4, who gave me toadstools instead of mushrooms, and dared to be saucy because I tore down the bell-ropes, and sent out the servant for brandy a few times after eleven at night. Also to the old cheat at No. 5, who cast up her bill wrong, all in her own favour, and let me have it only when I had just time to save the train. N.B. Beware of insects in that house. Also to the mad creature at No. 6, who screamed whenever my dog—a harmless, faithful beast—jumped at her, and who tried, I believe, to poison him for biting her ugly boy, though I gave the howling little brat sixpence, and offered to burn the bite with the parlour poker. Also to the superfine lady, without an aitch in her alphabet, at No. 7, who did not like sending out for beer, talked of her late *Emery*, who I dare say was hanged, and stole my tea. Also to the Cat at No. 8, who gets tipsy every night, and beats her husband in the back cellar. Also to the stupid Owl at No. 9, who won't have a cook, but tries to do the cookery herself, and utterly spoils it, in the most cruel, detestable, and outrageous manner. N.B. It is a lie to say I struck her because there were cinders in my mulligatawny, I never struck a woman, but I threw the soup at her, and paid for a new dress, which she wears now. Also to the slovenly creature at No. 10, who does chops in a dripping-pan, and never opens a bed-room window for fear the dust should come in, and require sweeping. N.B. I went into the kitchen, and found her old shoes in a tureen. Also to the showy woman at No. 12, who, I believe to be no better than she should be, and—"

But here, Sir, MRS. ALLICAMPANE came in with her castigated infant, whose brow was adorned with dirt and brown paper, and she reclaimed her testimonial, observing that the Colonel was nothing but a gentleman, but a little hasty in temper, as Army gentlemen sometimes were. So you lose particulars of three or four more houses.

If any other travellers find similar entries, they might remit them to you, for I suppose you find it hard work to make your paper lively when everybody worth a farthing is out of town, like

Yours truly,

OVID AMONG THE GOTHs.

ANOTHER TRADITION GONE DOWN.

"We hear from Bury St. Edmunds of a remarkable manuscript. It is a volume which originally belonged to Mr. FROLKES, the antiquary. It contains (we are told) an interesting account, addressed by NEWTON himself to FROLKES, of the discovery of the power of gravitation. Nothing is here said about the fall of an apple having anything to do with it; in fact, the account differs in many respects from the ordinary tradition, and as coming from NEWTON's lips is worthy of belief as the true account. This volume, with other MS. treasures, is now in the possession of Mr. WILLIAM RAYNBIRD."—*Athenæum*.

MR. PUNCH,

HITHERTO I have been a lover of old traditions and stories, an unquestioning believer in ROMULUS and REMUS, in QUEEN ELEANOR suoking the poison from her husband's wound, in KING ALFRED and the neglected cakes, CANUTE and the waves, NERO's fiddle, RALEIGH's cloak, COLUMBUS's egg, RICHARD THE THIRD's hump, QUEEN ANNE's farthing, SHAKESPEARE's deer-stealing, the Royal Oak, the Cock Lane Ghost, the Geese in the Capitol, WHITTINGTON's Cat, BURKE's dagger, DR. BUSBY's hat, ANDREW MARVELL's shoulder of mutton, and WILLIAM TELL's Apple.

Imagine then what I felt when I read the unwelcome paragraph quoted at the head of this letter, and found that I was called upon to abandon my faith in a still more celebrated apple—NEWTON's. It goes to my heart's core to do it. I wish this untimely manuscript had never been discovered. I only hope that amongst the "other MS. treasures" one may not turn up, demolishing our faith in SIR ISAAC using a certain lady's finger as a tobacco-stopper, and calmly forbearing to scold "Diamond" when that little dog upset the taper which destroyed his papers.

But I am prepared now for any heavy blow. I fully expect that authentic documents will be found by an enthusiastic antiquary, in an old chest, in a disused garret, in a secluded country house, which will upset our belief in JAMES WATT watching the steam issuing from the family tea-kettle, or WILLIAM LEE attentively observing his wife knitting stockings, or BENJAMIN WEST making a paint-brush out of the hairs from the back of his mother's favourite cat, or PETER THE GREAT working in Deptford Dockyard, or GIBBON planning his *Decline and Fall* as he sat in the Capitol, or DR. JOHNSON taking his dinner behind a screen in CAVE's parlour—and a score more of such like romantic little narratives, almost as interesting as the Wars of the Roses, or the gradual growth of the National Debt.

I daresay GOLDSMITH never ordered that plum-coloured suit from MR. FLYBY, I daresay ADDISON and PITT were total abstainers, and SHERIDAN as abstemious as HANNAH MORE; no doubt it is all a fiction about JOHNSON waiting in LORD CHESTERFIELD's ante-chamber, or JUDGE JEFFREYS disguising himself as a sailor at Wapping, or BEN JONSON serving the bricklayers, or SIR PHILIP SIDNEY resigning the draught of water to the dying soldier, or THOMSON eating the peaches off the garden wall, with his hands in his pockets.

We ought to be ashamed of our credulity, and get rid of these old wives' fables without delay, determined to believe in nothing which cannot be proved as certainly as a mathematical proposition. I am going to do so, and now that I have lost NEWTON's apple, shall endeavour to forget that I ever was what CHARLES LAMB called himself—

"A MATTER OF FICTION MAN."

THE POPE AND DR. CUMMING.

THE following Epistle, if genuine, would go to show that the POPE, if somewhat dogmatic, is at least not uncourteous. It is perhaps a trifle too facetious to be the production of his pen, and also seems to imply a greater knowledge of the English tongue and of Dr. CUMMING than the POPE probably possesses. On the other hand, the advice given is of a truly paternal character, and such as we should suppose Dr. CUMMING would do well to follow:—

JOHANNI CUMMING, S.P.D. PIUS NONUS.

Literas tuas accepi. Quod attinet ad libertatem quam petis dicendi in Concilio quid sentias, breviter et aperte respondeo—operam te perdere. Quod putas Protestantibus ad disputandum invitatos esse, toto erras celo. Aliud est disputare, aliud cæco comiter viam monstrare. Nequeo satis mirari te, Scotus etiam si sis, *ἐν ἀκόρε ἐκωρῆς* perstare velle. Nolim tamen Presbyterum cui nomen inditum *Come-in*, temere *excludere*, modo ne docere malis quam discere.

Igitur si bonus es, venias, si nequam, nequaquam. Vale.

CLERICAL CELIBACY.



EAR MR. PUNCH,
As young ladies in QUEEN ANNE'S time (was it ANNE? I really forget, and have mislaid my *Mangnall*) were accustomed to write to *Mr. Spectator* for his advice in their love affairs, so we, in VICTORIA'S reign, address *Mr. P.* for his tutelary guidance when similarly embarrassed. I am very anxious to learn (for certain reasons which I cannot explain just now) whether greater latitude is about to be given to that very interesting class of highly educated gentlemen who are at present under vows of perpetual celibacy.

To speak more plainly, will the approaching Ecumenical

cal (what an awkward word, one cannot pronounce it without looking ugly) Council treat as an exploded canon the Romish law that no Clergyman of the (to us) opposite persuasion shall take orders from any person but his ecclesiastical Superiors? Cousin AGATHA thinks that the secular Clergy will be permitted to enter into certain solemn engagements, under certain severe restrictions. For instance, no union will be allowed with a Lady whose fortune is herself alone, or who is very inquisitive. (To confess the truth, *Mr. Punch*, both AGATHA and I are *rather* inquisitive.) In any event it will be setting a good example to our young High-Church Curates, and will induce them to modify their ascetic habits to some extent, for I know a young Oxford man, who is so abstemious that he has not only renounced all ideas of domestic bliss, but has given up eating nearly every kind of vegetables, and subsists almost entirely on cresses or celery.

It will be so nice to see such excellent self-denying individuals driving a basket-chaise comfortably filled, or holding up a family umbrella. I do, therefore, sincerely trust that the dear POPE will give his sanction to such an arrangement, for it is such an anomaly that one whose title as Head of the *Papal States* is suggestive of paternal relationships, should discountenance them. I am sure I only speak the sentiments of all my sisters when I say that not one of us would desire, for an instant, even if opportunity were allowed, to approach the lattice-work from which no whisper has ever yet been stolen by ears profane, since Hymen, like CORIOLANUS, was banished from Rome.

And besides, were it otherwise, it is quite a vulgar error to suppose that no woman can keep a secret, from the simple fact of her being so seldom trusted with one. It is very true that our sex is more communicative than yours. A husband's secret can only be extorted from him, as we all know, by pinching his little finger (my sister BERTHA has done it repeatedly), but something wrong is so often hidden under the mantle of mystery that no young lady, who really loves sincerity and truth, ever feels that she has quite done her duty, until she has vindicated herself by taking it off. Do excuse, dear *Mr. Punch*, this immethodical letter, as I am so busy preparing for ESTHER'S wedding that I have no time properly to arrange my thoughts.

Vitruvius Villas.

Ever, ever yours, CONSTANTIA.

P.S. One word more. Will ladies (of a certain age, of course) be allowed to be present at the Ecumenical Council? I know several who dearly long to say a word or two on the occasion. AUNT ESTHER says she is almost prepared, but fears that her knowledge of Latin is so confined that she should have much difficulty in making herself understood. Perhaps DR. CUMMING would assist her. It occurs to me that the name (Ecumenical) clearly implies that men only are called to do what they can, under cover of the Vatican.

The Plague of the Wardrobe.

"MOTHS!" exclaimed an old lady, conning over a string of advertisements relative to a book about those *Lepidoptera* in the *Times*. "And where to find them. Where, indeed! As if there wanted a book written to tell us that—drat the nasty good-for-nothing destructif mischevious things!"

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

XI.—TO THE MOON.

O FULL-GROWN Moon! I scan thy simple face
Appearing as the Almanack foretold,
And shedding beauty on the meanest place,
On tower and tree, on window-pane and wold;
On mariners becalmed in Southern seas,
Where dolphins play athwart thy lane of light,
On lawyers toiling till the dawn for fees,
On clown and king, on GLADSTONE and on BRIGHT;
And as I gaze, I ponder—Canst thou know
How frequent thou hast shone in rhyme and lay,
By bards addressed who faded long ago,
By poets sung who "pipe and trill" to-day,
By rare old HOMER in the mythic age,
By me, this week, in *Punch's* famous page?

XII.—DISAPPOINTMENT.

I wait and watch, I watch and wait in vain,
All day I watch, I wait as late as ten;
I know his step amongst a thousand men,
I rise and press my nose against the pane,
I trace his swift career from door to door,
And nearer, nearer as he speeds to mine,
I sometimes have to take reviving wine,
To bear the blow too often borne before:
He pulls the wire, I fly along the hall
To find within the box—my heart, how hard!
A draper's circular, a dentist's card,
Or Cousin RACHEL'S uninviting scrawl.
O ROBERT, ROBERT! far away from Town,
Why don't you write to your LETITIA BROWN?

THE CRY OF "NO JENNERY!"

On the platform of the Anti-Vaccination Meeting held the other night at the Vestry-hall, Bancroft Hall, Mile End Road, among a number of equally proficient amateurs of medical science, the *Times* enumerates the illustrious MR. EDMOND BEALES, M.A. "Several mothers," it says, "holding children in their arms, were also present." Has the reason of our BEALES vacated its throne; does he imagine himself a mother, and write himself M.A., meaning Ma? Did M.A. BEALES also carry a baby?

A MR. STEPHENS, Hon. Sec. of the "East London Branch of the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League" stated that:—

"A gentleman had sent him a sovereign to pay the costs of HODGE, who had been lately sent to gaol for neglecting to have his child vaccinated. The man, however, refused to have his costs paid, and had gone to gaol on principle."

Who is HODGE? The name HODGE, once, with its synonym, GILES, used to signify the British Clown, Clodhopper, Bumpkin in the abstract. Are the ploughmen and carters, the agricultural labourers in a body, an aggregate and collective HODGE, or GILES, going to gaol on principle—that of an enlightened disapproval of vaccination?

A MR. RYMER proposed a resolution which declared "that the law enforcing vaccination is repugnant to the principles of the British Constitution." Perhaps MR. RYMER can suggest some better preservative of the British Constitution, than that afforded by vaccination, from small-pox. MR. RYMER'S resolution, above referred to, will not then be open to the objection of being as devoid of reason as of rhyme.

Perhaps MR. RYMER is a believer in MORISON, and very likely BEALES, M.A., holds the same faith. The Professors of the College of Health, and proprietors of the great Hygeist's "Universal Medicine" strongly recommend the substitution of his discovery for JENNER'S. The views of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY have not been stated. He probably agrees with the Morisonians in the abstract as to vaccination considered as a prophylactic, but differs from them in the concrete—his concrete being another patent medicine. The successors of MORISON style themselves Medical Dissenters: but they constitute only a single denomination. There are many other sects who dissent from medical science, but also from each other. Possibly a medical dissenter, instead of vaccinating a baby, would put it (if another person's) on a course of the Delicious Peas-pudding, or What-do-you-call-it.

The comparative statistics, sustaining the case for vaccination, might as well, however, be posted on the church-doors, or in the public-houses, or somehow or other proclaimed to the people who are going over rather largely to medical dissent on the subject of vaccination. They secede in gross ignorance. Facts are stubborn things; and may, when sufficiently well known, prove too stubborn for the Mile End malcontents, for a HODGE, or even for a BEALES.



WHISPERS IN CHURCH.

"MAMMA, DEAR, IS THAT THE PIANO?"

"HUSH! NO—THE ORGAN!"

"THEN WHERE'S THE MONKEY?"

WHEAT AND WEDLOCK.

"The price of wheat is falling; statistics bid us wed,"
 FITZ-EUSTACE REGINALD ST. CLAIR to GERTRUDE MOWBRAY said;
 "The price of wheat is falling, and therefore needs must we
 Now celebrate our marriage, long enough on the *tapis*."

"The price of wheat is falling; by reason of that fact
 We ought our matrimonial alliance to contract;
 The price of wheat is falling; then let us, lady fair,
 Meet in the Church of sweet St. George, by Hanover's high Square."

"The price of wheat is falling; a Bishop must be got,
 Assisted by a Canon, to tie our nuptial knot.
 The price of wheat is falling; we'll to thy Sire's away,
 The auspicious ceremony there, ensues a *déjeuner*."

"The price of wheat is falling; which makes it fit and meet
 The happy pair their honeymoon should spend at some fair seat;
 The price of wheat is falling, and may descend more low,
 But be no moment wasted in completing the *trousseau*."

"The price of wheat is falling, though bread keeps up. What then?
 The loaf to even money will soon be down again.
 The price of wheat is falling, so thou, though meat and wine,
 Dress, dwelling, horses, equipage, abate not, must be mine."

"The price of wheat is falling; it only falls to rise,
 We marry, notwithstanding; we're wealthy, and we're wise.
 The price of wheat is falling—the masses marry too,
 Its future rise unheeding, quite as little as we do."

THING NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

The Bibliopegist's art is of older date than is commonly supposed,
 for we know that the ancient Greeks had the *Prometheus Bound*.

TO INFANTINE SMOKERS.

We saw the following advertisement in the *Liverpool Mercury*:—

WANTED, a SMART BOY, well acquainted with a Tobacconist's counter.

Wishing, if possible to supply the want, *Mr. Punch* looked round at a lot of boys whom he knew, but found that they would not do, for such of them as are well acquainted with Tobacconist's counters are very far from smart, being usually stupid, slangy, pert cads. However, having found one that he thought might possibly answer, *Mr. Punch* dispatched him to Liverpool. He was returned by the next train. The boy wanted was for the other side of the counter, the side on which brains are required.

MILITARY JURISPRUDENCE.

FOR trying to kill himself a non-commissioned officer, named FULLER, has been sentenced by a Court Martial to nearly two years' confinement in a military prison, and to forfeiture of past claims for rewards and pensions for the term of his natural life. This seems a very remarkable course of proceeding with a view to deter a man from abridging that term. Its only conceivable effect can be that of causing a person about to commit suicide to take care to kill himself effectually. That is, to kill himself effectually in the current sense of the verb to kill. Whether a man can really kill himself is a question which occurred, indeed, to *Hamlet* the Dane, but is not likely to occur to a British non-commissioned officer. This the Horse Guards and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE might have considered before approving of a sentence, which, by way of encouraging a soldier to live, makes his life still more wretched than it was before, when he found it unbearable.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

FRAUDULENT shopkeepers require the instruction we give to boys and girls. They ought to be taught the scales correctly.



“WELL ROWED ALL!”

UMPIRE. “HA, DEAR BOYS! YOU’VE ONLY TO PULL TOGETHER, TO LICK ALL THE WORLD!”

THE SHOOTING OF THE FUTURE.



COMMENTING on field sports, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in some sportsmanlike remarks on partridge shooting, observes:—

“By the way, last year some one suggested shoeing pointers, the modern stubble being so short as to pierce their feet and render them lame after a few days' work.”

The progress of agriculture suggests the possibility of an advance upon even the expedient of shoeing pointers. Steam-ploughs, and steam-threshing machines may be expected to be shortly followed by steam cart-horses. From the construction of a steam-horse it will be but a step to that of a steam-dog.

Some difficulty will have to be surmounted in the mechanism of the dog's nose. Otherwise, on no very distant first of September, we might expect to see partridge-shooters take the field, accompanied by their brace, or rather their pack, of steam-pointers, setters, and retrievers. Who knows? Perhaps they will also betake themselves to steam guns, and make shooting altogether an affair of steam, a consummation to which the mechanical sport of modern times would naturally tend.

FARE IS FOUL.

Time is money. The truth of this maxim is appreciated by Railway directors in more ways than one. One, however, seems to be that of the arrangement by which the least possible time is spent at Railway Stations in taking passengers' money for their tickets. Not only is time, and therefore money, thus saved in the proverbial sense, but more money is taken than there would be if the passengers had time enough to count their change, and get the deficit, when there is one, returned to them. And, according to various complaints in the newspapers, there is one very often. The allowance of time to the public for taking tickets should at least be doubled, and the amounts of the fares should be printed on the tickets. It is not to be supposed that the Directors of Railways generally have instructed their Clerks to give short change with intent, so as to obtain an increase of receipts that will swell dividends, because none of them can be such fools as not to see that servants who would not hesitate at cheating on their employers' account, would as little scruple, on opportunity, to rob their employers. Nor, indeed, will many people imagine that any surplus, of which, by mistakes in their own favour as to change, railway clerks may find themselves in possession, very often passes from the booking-office till into the Company's coffer. As little will they suppose that it is usually put into a poor's-box; their opinion will rather be, that the clerk who makes a mistake at the public expense usually profits by his own error, and pockets the difference.

Somebody did propose a scheme of railway fares at certain uniform rates, analogous to that of the penny-postage. That plan, if it were but practicable, would, as far as railway change goes, settle the question of railway time, in as far as time is money, and that money change, too frequently short at present.

Why not have a clerk whose duty it should be to give change to those persons requiring it, before taking a ticket?

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

MY DEAR LORD CHAMBERLAIN,

NOW M^{LL}E. SCHNEIDER has gone, a word from me can do her no harm, nor injure her in her business here. Not that I would utter a word against her behind her back, which, if as broad as her acting, will bear all that I or my professional brethren (I mean, Sistersen) can say on the present subject.

My dear Lord,—You in your anxiety for the public good would have lengthened the dresses and shortened the run of an Extravagant Extravaganza, recently played at the Gaiety Theatre. I don't complain of that; if the public agree with you, my Lord, well and good—if it doesn't, well and good again. Length of Extravaganzie dress must be measured by public opinion.

But, my Lord, it is rather *breadth* not *length* with which I have now to do.

The Critics, generally, have cried out against the vulgarity of Burlesque, and the Critics, generally, have lavished praises on M^{LL}E. SCHNEIDER.

She is essentially a burlesque actress. I went to see her (I play in burlesque, my Lord, and will give you private and timely intimation of my forthcoming benefit), for said I to myself, I may learn something from this Parisian Paragon.

My Lord, I saw *Orphée aux Enfers*, also *Barbe-Bleu*, also *La Grande Duchesse*.

My Lord, had I, or had any London actress, ventured upon one-half or one-quarter of M^{LL}E. SCHNEIDER's eccentricities, we should have been pronounced most vulgar, offensively coarse by the Press, and, my Lord, we should have been goosed—that means hissed off—by the people.

Her *Bulotte* in *Barbe-Bleu*—my goodness!!! She did what the celebrated nigger “Ole Joe” is reported to have done—“kicked up behind and before” on every possible occasion. She did such vulgar tricks as would have brought down the birch on any little uneducated boy at his first school. She leered, ogled, and—and—and—the more she leered and ogled, and the higher she kicked up behind and before, and sideways too, the more vehement was the applause from private boxes, stalls, circle, and upper boxes.

Her *Eurydice* was quiet and tame (a stupid piece that *Orphée*, but then, I confess, I did not understand the improper *doubles entendres*, which a friend informed me were *the life and soul of the piece*) until she came to the last act and danced a *can-can*. I never!! If you saw it, my Lord, did you ever?

Now, my Lord, what is the consequence of your indulgence? We have got *Formosa*!

I remain, my Lord, yours sincerely,

THALIA THMITH.

HOW TO CHECK STREET-BEGGING.

Not know how to check street-begging? Don't we, though? Just let an Act of Parliament be passed by which a Magistrate may be empowered to act as may be thus reported some score of years, say, hence:—

AT BRIDE COURT, yesterday, a silly-looking gentleman who at first refused his name, but after some reflection confessed to that of SMITH, attended before Mr. Punch, the sitting Magistrate, charged with having given sixpence to a beggar in the street.

Policeman JONES, A I, deposed that on the afternoon of Tuesday in last week he saw the prisoner accosted by a beggar in South Kensington, when, after a short parley, prisoner gave the man a sixpence, and was taken into custody for committing that offence. Prisoner appeared to be quite sober at the time, and, from the furtive way in which he drew the sixpence from his pocket, he clearly knew that he was doing what was contrary to law.

Being asked if he had anything to say in his defence, the prisoner smiled feebly and then blew his nose in a highly nervous manner, and said in a mild voice that he was truly very sorry, but he really couldn't help having acted as he did. His excuse was he had yielded to a momentary impulse, or he might say, weakness, if the worthy Magistrate thought that a fitter word.

Mr. Punch. Yes: certainly. Go on.

Prisoner proceeded to relate that when the beggar first accosted him, he felt utterly convinced that the man was an impostor, but, being himself afflicted with a large bump of benevolence, he found it very difficult to give up his old habit of almsgiving in the street. He had half-a-dozen children to support, and of course he knew that charity should begin at home. Yet he never could deny himself the luxury of giving a few half-pence to a beggar, although he knew that in most cases the man was an impostor, who would speedily transmute the metal into gin.

The worthy Magistrate observed that bumps were no excuse for acting contrary to law. What an impetus to crime would be given if a murderer could plead that his abnormal organ of destructiveness was a sufficient exculpation for his atrocious act! It was to check the nuisance of misguided and injurious benevolence that the Act for the Suppression of Street Almsgiving was passed. By this extremely useful Statute (49 & 50 Vict. cap. 182) a blow was aimed at street impostors in a way that had been proved to be most hurtful to their interests, and the comfort of the public demanded that the Act should be most strictly carried out. Persons like the prisoner who selfishly abstained from putting any stop upon their organs of benevolence, and thoughtlessly indulged their sentimental passion for helping idle beggars who had long been a street-pest, in reality encouraged the mendicants they aided, and were responsible for idleness which often led to vice. With the view, therefore, of making an example, as a salutary warning of the terror of the law, he should inflict upon the prisoner a fine of fifty pounds, and condemn him in addition to hard labour for a month.



"QUITE ANOTHER."

Funny Passenger (the conversation turning on the hard life of the horses). "AH, I SEE YOU'RE NOT A BELIEVER IN THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS!"

Driver. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW, SIR. FOR MY PART I LIKE 'EM FRIED IN THE USUAL WAY!"

THE MILTONIC MARE'S NEST.

(An American Sensation Story.)

THE truth about JOHN MILTON is out at last. We knew already, as a kindred spirit said of him, that he "was a harsh, sire, odd spouse." That was a fact, and not to be denied. "For the first MRS. MILTON left his house." Why did she skedaddle?

The later LORDS FAIRFAX were, for a considerable length of their pedigree, citizens of the United States. The last LORD FAIRFAX died only the other day. His celebrated ancestor once had an interview of five minutes with the first MRS. MILTON. In that she confided to him a thrilling secret. His ancestors kept it out of respect to the fair fame of the Author of *Paradise Lost*. But, when their latest descendant's papers were rummaged at his decease, it came out.

MILTON is well known to have been a Dissenter from the Episcopal Church of England. The reason of his dissent has always been taken for granted to have been conscientious conviction. We now know what it was.

It is a fact which his biographers have unaccountably overlooked, that the maternal parent of old MR. MILTON, JOHN's father, lived to a very advanced age. She was the cause of JOHN MILTON's secession from the English Church. She was also the cause of his disagreement with his wife, which occasioned the first MRS. MILTON to absquatulate.

The Anglican table of the Prohibited Degrees of Affinity and Consanguinity begins with the declaration that:—

"A man may not marry his Grandmother."

But for that, MILTON would have remained an Episcopalian, and not have married the woman he first did. He told her so immediately after their marriage, when they were starting for their honeymoon, with a volley of oaths and curses. She was jealous. He gave her cause.

The foregoing statement is genuinely reliable.

We guess nobody a cut above BRIGHAM YOUNG will ever read a line of *Paradise Lost* again.

THE HEIGHT OF ASSURANCE.—The Management of the "Albert."

THE GENEALOGY OF THE GORILLA;

OR, CAN A RACE DEGENERATE?

(Respectfully Dedicated to the British Association.)

HEAR a Gorilla, sprite-possessed,
A Medium-Ape, with tongue controlled
So that he shall, in speech expressed,
His ancient pedigree unfold;
It from Humanity began:
His line descends from Ancient Man.

"There was an Island of the Sea;
Now 'tis a part of Ocean's bed,
There dwelt our primal ancestry.
Long ages since their day have fled.
They were a race, for brain and mind,
The chiefest of the human kind:

"Land of green wood and grassy mead,
And hedgerows bearing summer flowers,
Land of that once heroic breed
Whose last degenerate race bred ours.
Of whom a pair clung, when the Sea
Their isle whelmed, to a floating tree.

"Land of cathedrals old and grey,
And castles of historic fame;
Progress improved them all away,
And field and forest served the same.
Material Progress did destroy
That Island's beauty and its joy.

"For Science into sordid hands
Put chemic and mechanic force,
And power to work their gross commands
Gave creatures covetous and coarse.
So all things were consumed too fast;
Whereby the nation's grandeur passed.

"New, mean, close-clustered houses crept
O'er all the commons and the downs.
For agriculture space was kept
Only between the reeking towns.
The rivers, all, of old, so pure,
Ran slush of factories, and manure.

"Art, architecture, letters, to
A level dull and dead declined.
Of general cram there also grew
Low uniformity of mind.
Genius was starved; it could not move
And work in the gregarious groove.

"The glorious stage of other days
Was shared by Vice and Folly now;
Buffooneries and sensation plays:
Because the Drama had to bow
To idiots, and to snobs, of taste
For scenes of common life debased.

"Imagination had no scope,
No field the higher powers of thought.
Justice, Faith, Charity, and Hope,
Conceited sneerers set at nought.
The crowns of people slowly sank:
Backward their foreheads sloped and shrank.

"Yet did our fathers not descend
To what I am but by degrees,
They, long ere apehood was their end,
Did, like each other as Chinese,
A nation by competitive
Examination flattened, live.

"Till the brow made its last retreat,
The jaw its last advance; the hair
Grew shag, eye-teeth turned fangs, and feet
Of climbing hands a hinder pair.
Then Chaos came; and Ocean's foam
Bore the Gorillas to their home."

WASTE OF LIFE.

TIGHT lacing is bad, but "lacing" your tea with rum or brandy till you are tight is perhaps worse.

A CONVERT TO CHIGNONS.

MR. PUNCH,

ALL your readers—who also read their Shakspeare—are familiar with *King Lear's* pathetic exclamation:—

"I am a very foolish, fond old man."

Though not yet quite "fourscore and upward," and always I believe in my "perfect mind," at least as much as other people, I may well borrow for myself that confession of *Lear*. Paternal fondness for young ladies is one of my many weaknesses, insomuch that I am excessively interested about them generally, and especially as regards their personal appearance, and their dress and the decorations thereunto ancillary. This is foolish enough to be sure, but I have been even more foolish than so much so as to trouble my head about matters which may be supposed not to concern me. I have committed a very gross error in judgment, *Mr. Punch*, respecting these matters. *Peccavi!* I cave in.

Sir, I have been such a fool as to condemn and vituperate chignons. In ignorance of their sterling merits, I allowed myself to be prejudiced against them by unthinking eyesight. I did not like the look of them, therefore abused them, and what is worse, tried to disgust their wearers with them by pointing out the sources whence false hair is said to be derived—fabulously!

"He has no children," is what *Macduff* could not say of *Mr. Punch*. If those children include grown-up daughters of some years standing, then you know what used to be the cost of bonnets. You know it too well. You need know it no more.

Sir, I have the honour, the pleasure, the happiness, of being acquainted with a young lady whose bonnets, I find, come no dearer than three shillings or three-and-sixpence a-piece. She makes them herself—out of a little piece of crape or *tulle*, and a few artificial flowers. This *tulle* is not *tulle illusion*, no, Sir, *tulle* at one-and-three pence a yard, fifteen penn'orth of *tulle*, dog-cheap, no illusion, and no mistake.

Now this admirable economy, *Mr. Punch*, is rendered alone possible by the chignon. That fashionable superstructure of the upper storey itself, in fact, constitutes the clothing of the head, thus allowing, or rather necessitating, a bonnet which is simply decorative. In the case to which I refer it is Nature's gift; but even a chignon, constituting a *quasi* wig would be so durable as to be comparatively cheap.

Chignons are praiseworthy inventions. No head-dress can possibly be more becoming than the chignon, it is the most elegant, and captivating, and the prettiest ever devised. The chignon is more than graceful when it has that saving grace which charms an old censor like you.

CATO.

RATHER A FOOL'S QUESTION.

THE question which has arisen touching the precedence of the Household Cavalry over the Royal Horse Artillery will recall to the minds of some of *Punch's* more ancient readers, a scene at Astley's, in the hippic days of that establishment, which used to occur between *MR. WIDDICOMBE* and the Clown. At the conclusion of one of their customary dialogues between the rides, *MR. MERRIMAN* proceeded to make his exit, marching ahead of *MR. WIDDICOMBE*. Whereupon *MR. WIDDICOMBE* pulled *MR. MERRIMAN* back behind him, saying, "I never follow the fool." "Don't you?" *MR. MERRIMAN* used to reply. "Then I do." And he followed *WIDDICOMBE*. Did not *MR. MERRIMAN* treat the question of precedence in a spirit of wisdom which the gallant officers of "crack" regiments might, but do not emulate, in discussing that subject?

Beales v. Jenner.

AN agitation, which it is not too much to call wicked, considering its probable results among the uneducated, has been got up against Vaccination. *Mr. Punch* rejoices to say that the movement has received its death-blow. The Noble *BEALES* has observed the crisis. Resolved to do something which should stamp the agitation as utterly ludicrous, and should make it impossible for a rational person to speak gravely of it, *MR. BEALES* has patriotically joined it. A bolder, kinder, better-timed act is not upon record. Let this reformer's motto be, "Emancipate the Small-Pox!"

Elegant Writing.

A LANCASHIRE journal, describing a scene of confusion at the railway after a people's holiday at Alton Towers, says:—

"But for the humane and herculean efforts of LORD SHREWSBURY, there would have been disaster."

Herculean is a noble word, and we compliment the Vesuvian narrator, who had probably had a drop of the crater.

HABITUAL CRIMINALS BILL OF COMPLAINT.

MR. PUNCH,

LETTER-WRITING not being in my line, I've got a perprofessional Gent, who makes his living by it (begging pardon of the "Mendicity," that is when they'll let him) to put my ideas on paper for me, in order that you and other gentlemen of enlightened minds and liberal principals may know what me and my Friends think of a certain act of parleyment, as effecting a vast and powerfull (so far as mussells is concerned) class of society.

Mr. Punch, I don't mind telling you, now I'm obleeged to shut up Shop, that I'm a Teacher of theiving. I hartily wish I could have sold my Practice, but it ain't worth tuppence now, and it's too late to go into the reglar joint stock business or open a bank (unless it was with a crow-barr). As therefore I can't do nothing in my native country I must go abroad where the liberty of the subject is respected as it ought to be. But how am I to go without Funds? Every body else whose livelihood is taken away by a lot of Bighothed ledgislaters has compensation given them. Why didn't the home sec. put a clawse in his bill to make some prevision for us? Next season I understand we are to have a compulsory Education skeme thrust upon us. Why that'll be worser than this. We shan't have a chance of getting a Prentice then, for our motto is "catch your hare early in the morning" (a Prentice is a hare—in Newgate he's jug'd hare). Unless you have a boy in training as soon as he can use his hooks and eyes you will never make a thief of him what'll be worth a hering.

If boys is made to go to School till they're 10 or 12 year old, their Fingers won't be lissome enough for the Pocket, and another thing Education makes boys Superstitious, and further than that, they get too knowing. They see that Theiving after all is a losing game—that it don't pay in the Long Run, so far as the lower orders is concerned, even if it pays us Trainers what get a commission and run no risk.

I do hope the home sec. will see what he can do for us and pay our expenses to America. Sweep a crossing I never will—no, I'll beg my bread from door to door first—neither will I go to the Union, for there the mean creatures require you to pick okum, and I hate work as a rat hates pison.

Yours, &c.

The Crib, Monday Morning.

JIMMY.

p.s. My learned friend proposes that I should start a paper and show up the Swell Mob. But I scorn such a shabby act to avoid starvation, leastways that'll be my last Dodge. I do abhor Ingratitude, and am disgusted with that short but miry cut to Mint Street.—J.

CUTTING DOWN CLERKS.

MR. BAXTER is of opinion that the country maintains "scores of useless clerks." Very likely it does. That is an indisputable reason for not filling up their vacated places. The country maintains a great many officials who are of no use. It maintains useless bishops, parsons, lawyers, military and naval officers. *MR. BAXTER* does not propose the abolition of their stipends and pay. So the *Post* need not apprehend that he proposes the dismissal and disendowment of the useless, but engaged clerks. He scorns the suggestion of discharging scores of clerks uncompensated, as he would scorn that of wiping out milk-scores unpaid. He knows that the uselessness of useless clerks ought to have been considered by those who hired them on the country's behalf. Of course he no more thinks of pauperising ex-clerks than of stopping the pensions which ex-Ministers may be entitled to. *MR. BAXTER's* views are the reverse of mean, cruel, unjust, and selfish. For the sake of an inappreciably fractional relief of the taxpayer, who would dream of turning poor clerks out of their situations to starve? Nobody but an unfeeling economical prig; and there is no such person in the Cabinet. Her Majesty's present Ministers are not the men to reduce other placemen to beggary with the sole view of currying favour with the British Public and keeping themselves in office. There is no fear, therefore, that they will deal more hardly with useless clerks than by making use of them.

THE WAY THROUGH CLARENCE GATE.

SO, *MRS. PRESCOTT* excludes the British Public from the Roehampton entrance to Richmond Park, by barring them out of Clarence Lane! Well, she can do what she likes with her own. For no Railway Company has as yet been authorised to spoil Clarence Lane and Richmond Park too by laying down a line in the former to traverse the latter. If this Vandalism had been legalised, *DAME PRESCOTT* would have been obliged to sell her lane to the Railway-men at a valuation. The other day, it appears she exercised her right of ownership by excluding the Chief Commissioner of Works. Had not *DAME PRESCOTT* better agree quickly with her adversaries (*LAYARD* and the British Public) whilst she is in the way with them; lest, ere this time twelvemonths, a special Act of Parliament, compel her to surrender Clarence Lane to the Government on terms to be dictated by a Metropolitan Jury.

PUNCH'S ALPHABET.



G WAS THE GREENGROCER—**G** WAS THE GUEST;
I DIDN'T KNOW T'OTHER FROM WHICH—SO I GUESSED.



H IS A HUMBUG. IN HONOUR SOME HOLD;
SOME IGNORE HIM IN HATE. *Both* ARE EQUALLY SOLD.



I WAS THE IDIOSYNCRATIST WHO—
BUT NO MATTER. KIND READER, I LEAVES IT TO YOU.



J IS A JOKE. BUT A LITTLE OF J,
LIKE A VERY GOOD THING, GOES A VERY LONG WAY.



K'S A KALMUCK, FROM THE SHORES OF THE BALT-
IC. BUT THAT'S HIS MISFORTUNE. IT ISN'T HIS FAULT.



L IS A LUNATIC, SELFISH AS WELL;
FOR HE KILLS THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH AND RAVES ABOUT "L!"



"UNIFORM, BUT IRREGULAR."

IF THEY COULD ONLY SORT ALL THEIR MEN AND HORSES, HOW MUCH BETTER THE BUCKSBRIDGE YEOMANRY WOULD LOOK!

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS!

(By our Clodhopping Correspondent.)

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE other day, being Sunday, your servant and three companions, a respectable solicitor and his two children, were ordered by a seeming under-keeper, accompanied by two other cads, out of Nightingale Wood.

Nightingale Wood is a wood lying between Southampton and Romsey. Derives its name, of course, from being full of nightingales in the nightingale season. Might have been called Primrose Wood instead, with equal reason. Abounds in various other flowers and plants, including lilies of the valley and Solomon's Seal. Is traversed by grassy walks bordered with chesnuts and hazel. Communicates with the highway by open gates not barred. Has been, from time immemorial, open by gracious permission to rural rambles.

Your Commissioner, when informed that he and his associates were trespassing, was dancing jauntingly down a hill, bearing in his hand a large bunch of the herb eyebright, and might, if he had only had spectacles on, have been taken for a regular Professor. He did not look like a poacher, at any rate. But one of the keeper's concomitant cads did.

The principal cad, the keeper, said that he had orders from the proprietor of the property to exclude all persons from the wood. Your Commissioner does not for a moment believe any gentleman capable of cutting off his neighbours, and the harmless stroller, botaniser, or toadstool-hunter, and the children in the purlieus of Broadlands, from their ancient privilege of access to Nightingale Wood. He believes that the cad who accosted him as a trespasser, was, in so doing, simply trying it on with a view to a "tip"—which he missed.

Let the exclusion of your Commissioner from Nightingale Wood, by an officious if not a rapacious cad, pass. But there are other cads, who, without doubt do represent their employers, and represent them thoroughly, by whom the pedestrian has lately become liable to be ordered out of woodlands and solitudes which in time past he was free

to roam at large. In wood, coppice, and wild, where for ages there had been free leave of pathway, wayfarers are now almost everywhere confronted with a horrid board, reared on a post, and inscribed with an execrable "Caution to Trespassers." Which structure your Commissioner would gladly see converted into a gallows, with the churl who reared it hanging thereon.

By the way, no notice-board warns people out of Nightingale Wood.

You, *Mr. Punch*, are aware that the brutes now fast closing the sylvan scenery of England to Englishmen, are with the exception of an ignoble Duke or two, rich rogues of speculators and financiers, who have ousted the old territorial aristocrats and 'squires, having bought fields and forests with the reward of their rascality.

"Haven't I a right to do what I like with my own?" demands the exclusive Proprietor. Oh yes, Curmudgeon. I am answering a Snob and a Philistine, not *Mr. Punch*. Oh yes, Niggard. You have a perfect right to curtail people of an indulgence they have only enjoyed on sufferance. You have an undeniable right to deny them the vision, even, of your Paradise. And they have a right to do what they like with their own too. They have a right to vote for whom they will. The rights of property rest on common consent. Did you never hear any thing about a certain cry of Communism? If you want to provoke it, pursue your present course of excluding your less fortunate fellow citizens from domains which they have been accustomed to range as commons. And then that cry will be joined, and swelled, and helped as much as possible to become law by men who, enthusiastic upholders of a landed gentry, would, if they could, abolish landed Snobs.

Nobody, *Mr. Punch*, can be a more thorough well-wisher to your landed gentry—observe, Gentry, not Snobs—than, my dear *Mr. Punch*,

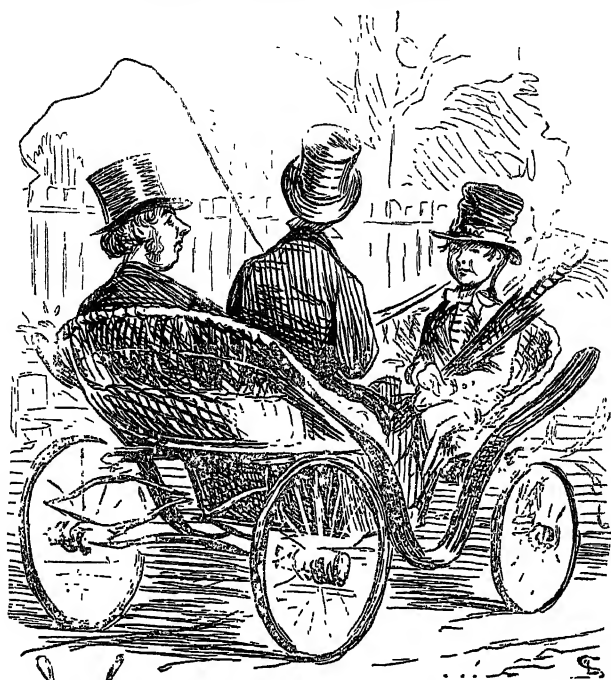
Your ever faithful Commissioner,

HOBNAIL.

Information Wanted.

WILL some one explain how it happens that, though wheat falls, bread continues to "rise?" We have dipped into *Yeast*, but can find no solution of this puzzle there.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Answer from POPGOOD AND GROOLLY. Arrange to go home at once and return.

Happy Thought.—Flying visit will enable me to protract my holiday; because I can explain that I must return to—

1. Call on POPGOOD AND GROOLLY.
2. Make arrangements for publishing, if necessary.
3. Sit for my portrait to What's-his-Name.

Happy Thought.—Have it engraved as a frontispiece to *Typ. Devel.*, with a little slip in book, “*.* Directions to Binder: Portrait to face title-page.”

4. Bound to go to Jersey. Ought to go.
5. Bound to go to Milan. Ditto.
6. And to go to Austria, and call on COUNT DE BOOTJACK.

If my wife says I am, too much away, that's absurd, when it's business. Then it's absolutely necessary for my literary work.

Happy Thought.—To put down on paper Literary work in order. Have read somewhere of orderly habits of literary men (*DISRAELI'S Curiosities*, I think). Good plan, and divide the week and the days.

First, What work? *Typical Developments*. This will probably run to twenty vols. Notes for these (as did the author of *Civilisation, History of*). It is said that portmanteaux full of notes were lost. Good plan that, portmanteau for notes for travelling.

Second, *Book of Repurtees*, alphabetically arranged. These require perpetual refining and polishing.

Third, *Everybody's Country Book*. This will be a capital Shilling volume, with a picture outside (my portrait again, in colours would do) containing a quantity of valuable information on country subjects, when I have collected it.

Fourth, *Humorous Tales and Stories*. I began to make a large collection of these; that is, it would have been large only I kept forgetting to carry about the special pocket-book with me, except at first, so that I've only got six down. It is so difficult to recollect a good story when you come homelate at night and write it down. I've got some commenced in the manuscript, but on looking at them I fancy I must have fallen asleep over them. I have since tried to finish them.

Happy Thought.—Might publish a weekly paper of *Commencements and Endings*, as a sort of *Notes and Queries*, and invite the public to correspond and fill up.

Very good idea this. Will try it on friends first: try it everywhere. The plan on paper is this—

A Commencement.—“As BRUMMEL was one day coming out of a shop in St. Martin's Court, an urchin who had been eagerly eyeing the Beau, asked him for a penny. The Beau refused, telling the ragged youngster in words less polite than forcible that he would see him at Jericho before he would bestow upon him a stiver. The Urchin—”

Now what did the Urchin say?

Again. “SOAME JENYNS, seeing the LORD CHANCELLOR mount

his palfrey at the gate of Westminster Hall, observed to GEORGE D'ARCY—”

Now what did SOAME JENYNS observe to GEORGE D'ARCY?

. Anyone knowing what SOAME JENYNS said will kindly forward the same to the Editor of the *Commencements, &c.*

As an example of *Endings*: “There's a capital Irish story ending with ‘Bedad, Dochter, 'tis the same thing entirely.’ How does this begin?”

“His nose,” answered the wit. ERSKINE smiled at the witticism, but never forgave the satire.” How does this commence?

I would give a trifle to remember one or two things I've said also, but I dare say they'll come in in time. A friend of RAWLINSON's told me the other day about somebody on a tight-rope, and I made a reply which set everyone roaring; there were only RAWLINSON, CAZELL, and self. I couldn't write it down at the time, and two hours after I couldn't recall it.

I ask RAWLINSON; he doesn't remember. I ask CAZELL, he doesn't. CAZELL says he'll think of it, and he's got a capital thing for me for *Typ. Devel.* Will he tell it me when I return? He'll be away. He's going to BUSTED's, in Hertfordshire to-morrow.

My Cottage is near the road, will he stop the night, and over a pipe he could tell me all about it. He accepts.

CAZELL has his luggage ready, so we start. I complain of luggage. “I'll tell you what you ought to do,” says CAZELL.

N.B. I subsequently discover that this is CAZELL's peculiarity; he is always telling people “What they ought to do.” He is great in “dodges,” and apparently there is not a single subject he is not well up in. Most useful fellow, CAZELL.

As to luggage, he says, “You ought to get one of SPANKER AND TICKETT's bags. Those are the men: only six guineas. Put everything in 'em for a fortnight.”

Happy Thought.—To say, knowingly, “That depends what you want.”

Capital for repartee-book that. Put it down. I should have said it was unanswerable if CAZELL (he is a sharp fellow, CAZELL) hadn't immediately replied, “Yes; but if you take one of these bags, you won't want anything.”

Happy Thought.—Put CAZELL's answer down instead of mine. Better.

“Have you got one?” I ask.

“No, he has not. He divides things into two lots, one for each week. It is nearly as good.”

Happy Thought.—To say, “Yes, of course,” being uninterested. I don't know what he means, and hate uninteresting explanations.

We talk about literature: chiefly *Typical Developments*. I ask his opinion of POPGOOD AND GROOLLY. He says, “I tell you what you ought to have done: gone to LAXON AND ZINSKIN.”

I say if POPGOOD AND GROOLLY fail, I'll go to LAXON.

Happy Thought.—Wish I'd gone to LAXON.

I think CAZELL (I put this note down later as an opinion) is calculated to render one dissatisfied.

“Where do you go for your hats?” asks CAZELL.

I tell him. He smiles pityingly, and shakes his head. “Why not?” I ask.

He tells me where I ought to go to for hats.

It appears that I go to all the wrong places for gloves, shoes, boots, coats, shirts—everything. All the people are furnishing me with those things who oughtn't to.

I apologise for them generally, and say, “Well, they suit me very well.”

Happy Thought.—When CAZELL gets out at our Station and sees my boy in livery (as a tiger) and my pony-trap, he won't go on giving advice as if I was nobody at all, and knew nothing about that sort of thing.

At my Station.—“Come,” I say, heartily, “here's the trap waiting. I shall be glad to get home for dinner.”

“My servant here?” I ask the Station Master, with a lord-of-the-mannerish air.

Station Master hasn't seen him, and goes off to give some directions to a sub-official. This apparent neglect will not impress CAZELL. The trap is not there.

I say, “Confound that fellow JAMES!” (Explain that JAMES is my groom.) The fellow JAMES is four feet high, aged fifteen.

Happy Thought.—Better walk.

“Tell you what you ought to do,” says CAZELL, “you ought to have a communication between the Station and your house, so that you could tell 'em when you come down, and so forth.”

I say it would be convenient, but how could it be done?

He says, “Easily; write to the Manager. Represent the case here, and to the London Superintendent, and it's done.”

We meet JAMES and the pony-trap. He is doing a full gallop, and, on seeing us, pretends the pony has run away. Young vagabond! Most angry at the present state of his livery, he looks so dirty and disreputable (specially about the gloves, and tie), that I wish I could pass him off as somebody else's boy.

Happy Thought.—Blow him up privately behind the stable-door when we get in, and threaten to send him away if he's not better.

He weeps copiously at this, (hope CAZELL won't return during this scene: he'll go about telling everyone that I make my groom cry,) but I feel sure that directly my back is turned he makes faces at me. I turn suddenly one day, and find him (I will swear it) executing a sort of war-dance at my back. I charge him with it, and he says, with a look of utter surprise, at such an insinuation, that "No, he warn't."

I can't say, "Yes, you were," when he says, "No, he warn't." He *must* know whether it was a war-dance or not better than I.

As to pony-traps, CAZELL tells me what I ought to do. Go to LAMBORN, the fellow who builds for the PRINCE. This wrinkle (he generally calls his information "wrinkles") he gives with a wink. In fact, when I think of it, CAZELL'S conversation consists of nods, and winks, and wrinkles.

"You mention my name," says CAZELL, "and LAMBORN will do it for you at a very moderate price."

I make a note of this. Begin to wish I'd gone to LAMBORN originally.

As CAZELL hasn't much to say about the pony (I am disappointed with CAZELL, as most people coming down observe "What a pretty pony!" Ladies say, "What a pet!" "What a delicious little trap," &c., &c.)—I remark to him that it's a pretty pony, isn't it?

CAZELL hesitates. "Yes," he says, dubiously. It appears he doesn't like that sort. He suggests that it is rather touched in the wind. I deny it. Wish he wouldn't say these sort of things before the boy JAMES. "If I want a pony (wink and nod) he can put me up to a model. Go to HODGKINS." Here [he leans back in the seat, and looks at me as much as to say, "There! there's a chance for you, my boy. 'Tisn't everyone who knows about HODGKINS."

Happy Thought.—To pretend (as I get rather tired of CAZELL) that I wouldn't go to HODGKINS on any account.

"Then you're wrong," says CAZELL. Subject dropped.

We arrive at my gate.

JAMES (the tiger) has been instructed by me to touch his hat on going to the horse's head. He has a salute peculiarly his own: "something between military and a clown in a ring," says CAZELL (rudely, I think. If he sees a fault, he says, it's friendly to mention it).

"You ought to send your boy to THOROUGHGOOD, the trainer. He educates them regularly for noblemen. I know him, he'd do it for me."

I should like to send JAMES to be educated as a tiger.

Happy Thought.—To avail myself of CAZELL'S knowing THOROUGHGOOD.

OUR SEA-SIDE SWINDLE.

It is admitted by us both,
That summer leads to sea;
So every autumn nothing loth
Do I and Mrs. B.
Lock up our plate, pack up our trunks,
And leave dear Number 3,
Cornwallis Place to Mrs. HUNX,
Who "chars" for Mrs. B.

An ancient female given to
Brown brandy in her tea;
But that's the case with all her crew,
Declareth Mrs. B.
She never sets the house on fire,
And that means much to me;
Whilst inexpensive is her hire—
And that suits Mrs. B.

Each August for ten years or so
To Shellford-on-the-Sea;
A small place lying rather low,
Have I and Mrs. B.
Gone as a rule—this year as well—
Embrowning there are we.
We *daren't* admit that it's a sell,
Not I or Mrs. B.

The butchers' shops are dear and bad,
The grocers keep vile tea;
There's seldom good fish to be had,
Which vexes Mrs. B.
The butter's vague, the eggs are stale,
And with us disagree;
The smell of shrimps pervades the gale,
And sickens Mrs. B.

If you should wish to get a book,
And seek the librarée;

Scott's novels meet your anxious look,
Read all has Mrs. B.
No modern works by TROLLOPE, or
By READE, are there, says she;
But *Pamela's* on hand—a bore
To simple Mrs. B.

To-day's newspapers don't arrive
Until to-morrow. Three
We fix for dinner, but it's five
Before poor Mrs. B.
Can get it served, good luck if then.
Our evenings bring ennui,
We have sat up till nearly ten,
Have I and Mrs. B.

By early dawn a German band
Beneath our balconee,
Plays mad'ning airs of fatherland—
An ear has Mrs. B.
It makes her ill: then men with prawns,
Then "Happy, gay, and free,"
Yelled forth: "My dear, I'm sure our brawn's
Been cut!" says Mrs. B.

Our tea's purloined, we lock it up,
But there's another key;
Each day they take at least a cup,
Says angry Mrs. B.
Our butter melts, our cold meat shrinks,
Dries up our eau-de-vie;
But that's the case with *all* our drinks,
In tears says Mrs. B.

The things they call machines, oh dear!
We gladly pay the fee
To get on land again: they're dear
Though bad, says Mrs. B.
The drainage is defective, one
Old native said to me
"It's time that summat should be done,"
And so thought Mrs. B.

There's no amusement, oh dear, no,
We come for health, not spree;
The third week seems a trifle slow,
Eh? Don't it, Mrs. B.?
And still each year we patronise
The place and hail with glee,
The welcome sight of two new "frys,"
For me and Mrs. B.

Each pimple on each boatman's nose,
We know as well as he;
Their boots, their pipes, their knives, their clothes—
All known to Mrs. B.
The goods behind the grocer's pane,
Stamped on our memoree;
One cake of soap nine years has lain,
"Just *there*," says Mrs. B.

"How queer an animal is man,
How strangely loth is he
To deviate from his usual plan,"
Said I to Mrs. B.
Why do we stick to grooves and rules—
"Why Shellford-on-the-Sea?"
"Because we are a pair of fools!"
Says downright Mrs. B.

To a Correspondent.

"INVESTIGATOR." The two great exhibitions of armour in London are at the Tower and the South Kensington Museum. There is none in the place you suppose likely to have a collection of this sort—The College of Arms.

THE IDIOT!

TOMPKINS says he never passes down Bond Street and sees over a door *J. and A. Jump, from Pulliamy's*, without feeling sure those watch-makers must employ the best springs.

MAXIM FOR MRS. BEECHER STOWE.—*De Mortuis Nil nisi Bonum.*

Hired BRAVOS.—The Cheers of the *Clacque*.



SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND MUSIC AT AN EVENING PARTY.—TOTAL DEFEAT OF THE TWO FORMER.

CROMWELL ON CULLEN.

SIR,

I READ that the so-called CARDINAL CULLEN insolently proclaims that Papist children shall not go to your National Schools, which he doth compare to "lions' dens," and declareth he will deprive offenders "of the advantages of the Sacrament." I know not what spirit ye English be now of? But I know what the humblest servant of the Parliament, he who signs this letter, would have done. Marry, the so-called Cardinal should have been forthwith sent to a National School, whence could his Church's hocus-pocus free him, well, but if not, he should have had leisure to repent his outrage on the Parliament's laws. Methinks Popery did not greatly trouble our Israel after certain action by

Your faithful servant,

O. CROMWELL.

OFFICIAL NONSENSE.

OFFICIAL phraseology is often very curious, and indeed not seldom curiously foolish. One reads for instance that HER MAJESTY has "graciously been pleased" to do something or other, which, one feels persuaded, could never have afforded the least pleasure to HER MAJESTY. Again, one finds it stated that some death-deserving criminal, being luckily reprieved on the ground of his insanity, will be confined in Bedlam "during the QUEEN'S pleasure," although certainly the QUEEN call feel no pleasure in the circumstance, and is more likely to feel pain that such a criminal, or lunatic, exists. So, too, when MR. BUGEINS, having made a rapid fortune by the tripe and trotter business, wants to change his patronymic for DE MOWBRAY or FITZ-BOGYNs, the QUEEN is said to have "been pleased" to permit the alteration, though, if HER MAJESTY expressed her real feeling in the matter, it would probably be that of sorrowful compassion, not unmingled with contempt, for one among her subjects who had proved so great a fool.

THE BLUE KNIFE.

(From a Contemporary.)

"Sixteen sheep have been killed by lightning." What of that? Sixteen perish daily in every parish; sixteen hundred in every county; sixteen thousand in QUEEN VICTORIA'S merry England. Yet this death is so singular and so touching, that its tragic element—*tragos* was a goat, a sheep's cousin—becomes softened into a tender mystery. Who needs remind us that lightning is but as mechanical as the action of the fusee that kindles the Havannah of the cynic, who scoffs at these deceased muttons, and who sneers that, had the flash struck an old barn, or an abandoned coal-barge, or a brace of pointers indicating a partridge, there would have been as much purpose in the matter? Nay, let us look higher. *Excelsior!* Happy sheep! Spared the annual fleecing, by violent hands, in the muddy stream, spared the weary, dusty road, and the drover's harrying goad, spared the fall into the butcher's cellar, spared the cruel if finishing blade, they cropped to the last the flowering food, and knew nought of the azure gleam that ended all their cares. Man has done with them, save to bury them, for, mystery on mystery, the bolt of Jove taints where it falls! The sixteen are absolutely out of created space. Yet no! From their transmuted entity may daisies and buttercups grow, and merry children weave the gladder garland that the Blue Knife of the Skies dealt that blow. All is tender. May they find their way to the happy grazing-grounds, if such there be, and, in the poet's words, bring their tails behind them!

Touching Devotion.

We read in an Irish paper—

"A remarkable resolution has been adopted at a meeting held near Limerick to petition for the liberation of the Fenian prisoners. It runs thus—'The farmers of Ireland will not accept of any tenant-right until the political prisoners are first liberated.'"

This, if insolent, is consistent. Who house assassins? And who but a landlord should speak up for his tenants?



"BIG BOGEY" IN IRELAND.

CARDINAL C-LL-N. "HUBBABOO, ME DARLINTS! GO BACK, GO BACK! YE MUSTN'T BE 'IN THE LIONS' DEN' WID THE LIKES O' THIM WICKED 'SWADDLERS,' ANYHOW! AN' YOU DO, I'LL ANATHEMATISE YE, &c. &c."

WORCESTER SAUCE.

(From our Special Commissioner.)

HERE'S the Festival, Sir, and here I am, Sir, and here are all of us at the Star Hotel, and at your expense. Understand that, at your expense; I understand it, if you don't; so does the landlord.

The *Prodigal Son* is here too, Sir. I mean the eminent composer of that delightful oratorio, the *chef-d'œuvre* of which I am sure he will be only too ready to own he obtained from my inspiration. But not a word of this to a soul. I gave him the notion of that part which commences with the glissade movement (*Prodigal Son* returning in a stately measure) and the polka-time of the guests within; the bellowing of the Calf in the stables, which forms as it were the under-current of the accompaniments, was to have been performed on a special stop, made for this occasion only by the organ manufacturers. I say "was to have been performed," because owing to some envy, or hatred, or malice, the special stop did not appear, and so a special stop was put to this particular portion of the entertainment.

Mr. S-L-L-V-N suggested that I myself should sing this part, that is the Calf's notes, but said I, with Shakspearian readiness—

"Go hang a Calf-skin on thy recreant limbs."

For I wasn't going to play the part of the Cock in *Hamlet*, or the hindlegs of the Cow in *Tom Thumb*, for anybody. *Par parenthèse*, though I never have heard the Cock in *Hamlet*, I've often heard the Cock in a hamlet. (Oh, how good! how funny! This is the way I set tables in a roar.)

We had great fun at rehearsal. Immense. I am the life and soul of the party. You must know, Sir, that the organ is *electric*. A chain connects the notes with the pipes; another chain connects the organist with the notes, and a third the organist with the cylinder.

Method.—Work the cylinder in three-four time by a Tempograph made on purpose, and the organist is shocked, I mean receives the exact number of shocks which force him to play precisely in the time, and the notes which the composer wishes. The composer turns the cylinder, and winds up the organist. The cylinder, you understand, is the recipient of all the electricity of several batteries. Very good; I offered my services, at rehearsal. So excited did I get with the music (always this effect on me) that I turned the machine on a hundred-and-four-time, instead of three-fourth time, and bang, crack! went the sparks, away went the organist up in the air, over the organ to the extent of his chain, back again bump on to his seat, up again round the corner, kicking the notes as he alighted, with his heels and toes, whizz went the organ-works, and in less than three minutes, Sir, the organ had played by electricity *five Oratorios all at once*. The effect was fearful. I thought the Cathedral would have fallen—it shook to its foundations. So great was the force of the electric currents within a radius of ten yards, that no one could venture near, while I sat within, like the magician in a charmed circle, unable in my nervous excitement to stay my hand.

The Organ manufacturers tried to break through the line, but the current seized them and whirled them round and round (waltzing time), while the Composer of the *Prodigal Son* himself could only tap the edge of the Precentor's seat, as an intimation to the organ that he wanted so many bars rest. No effect. Canons, Deans, Precentors, all the Choirs, Conduits, Vergers, Beadles, Sextons, all came rushing in to know what the—

I mean to inquire what *was* the matter.

In a quarter of an hour all was explained, and the ancient edifice had regained its wonted quiet.

First Day.—I have to complain. Five people said they'd get me a stall, a reserved seat. Five people didn't, and everyone of them individually said he thought the other had done it.

So you see I couldn't get a seat for *Elijah*—I mean I couldn't get a seat for myself.

In the evening I was *not* asked out to any of the parties, although I *had* brought my best things with me, and my gloves had been cleaned on purpose. It's too bad—too bad. I sit alone in my room, and I say "What is the use of these Musical Festivals? Charity! Pooh! Humbug!" My own impression is that the *whole thing is a Failure*.

Second Day.—Kept me a seat to-day. I saw people looking at me and saying, "Who's that?" I hear the answer in most cases: it was "Don't know." But the *better informed and well educated*, I am sure, replied, "That is Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner; he is also a great composer, &c., &c., and a first-rate musician, &c., &c." Some people informed others who I was, without being asked. I had on a neat plum-coloured frock coat with velvet collar and cuffs, white waistcoat, scarlet tie with fashionable collars, and plenty of wristband and stud showing. You see I know how to make *you* respected, Sir.

The ladies did not, I think, behave quite as they should have done, considering it was a cathedral we were in; but then I knew your Correspondent was there, and the painted window was dimmed.

The stalls are very comfortable, not a bit like those at the Opera, you must know. But I daresay you have been in a cathedral, and seen one of these seats before now.

They are admirably adapted for repose and contemplation—for what the ascetics call recollection. Of course you can't sleep if electric organs are pealing in your ears.

I couldn't refrain from a *jeu de mot*. (Do you remember how I used to revel in 'em when I went as your Commissioner à l'*Eggspostission*g years ago? Aha!) I said,

"Why is an Organ like a Policeman?"

Answer (to follow immediately).—"Because it's a *Peeler*."

I whispered this in the ear of my next neighbour. He frowned, and wouldn't laugh: no, not at *that*, nor at any one of my numerous witticisms which I poured into his ear, and wrote down in my pocket-book. He said, sternly, after my fifth *jeu de mot*:—

"Why is the *Ancient Mariner* like a waggon in the Finchley Road, going to London?"

Answer (to follow at once).—"Cos it comes from *Barnet*."

Well, Sir, he said—my neighbour did—"I must beg, Sir, you'll hold your tongue: your conduct is unseemly."

I thought, of course, he was a wag, and so, as I couldn't dig him in the ribs—the partition of the stalls prevented that—I kicked him, gently, on the shins, and said, *sotto voce*, "Chck!" Whereupon, Sir, instead of returning my pleasantry, I'm ashamed to say this inhospitable dog (he was a Minor Canon I subsequently discovered, and in authority too) beckoned to the Verger, who in turn beckoned to me; but as I am too old a bird to be caught with such chaff as that, I winked at him, as much as to say, "Walker!"

He then handed me (by a stranger in a seat below) a note to this effect:—

"You are requested to behave yourself while you are in the Cathedral. (Signed) THE DEAN."

"P.S. If not, the police have strict orders." &c.

This was perhaps why I was not present at the next day's concert. I was asked out to dinner previously, and enjoyed myself much. But I complain: as your representative I register my complaint.

I think the *Ancient Mariner* was the Oratorio performed when I was in the Cathedral. Somebody said so. At all events it was some sacred subject or other. Altogether I have been very well treated, and the whole thing is a success. More in my next.

It was not the *Ancient Mariner* I heard in the Cathedral, but Mr. A. S. SULLIVAN'S *Prodigy Son*, which I have no hesitation as a musician in pronouncing the best thing he has yet done, that is it *would* have been, had he not previously composed *Cox and Box*, the *Great Triumph-vretta*. To the regret of all true lovers of Art, including the Dean and the First Chapter of the Cathedral, the Committee had decided that *The Triumph-vretta* was not suited, as a whole, to the solemn place and the occasion.

One word as a Musician. Mr. A. S. SULLIVAN'S instrumentation is admirable—I assure you I didn't go to sleep once—I *couldn't*.

Talking of that, the sweetest and most appropriate thing during the whole Festival was done at the Concert: this was it. It was No. 9 in the books, Part II. of Concert, and was thus set down—

SERENADE.—"Dors, enfant, dors!" (*Violincello obbligato*, Mr. COLLINS.)

Now, Sir, isn't that perfect? First, the idea (so German!) of serenading an Infant! charming! simply ecstatic! Then the words, "Sleep, Infant, sleep!" Beautiful! And says the Composer of this exquisite serenade, how shall we sooner send an Infant to sleep than by playing an *obbligato* to him on the *Violincello*!

Dors, enfant, dors,

Thou little smiling fellow:

That is if you can "*dors*"

While I play the *vi*lincello.

Those should have been the words for MADAME TREBELL BETTINI to have sung. Copyright *now*. MESSRS. BARNETT AND SULLIVAN received an "Ovation." I don't envy them. I recollect what my ovation was when I was canvassing at Pennyborough. I found that "*Ovation*" is derived from the Latin, *Ova*, eggs. Were you ever "*Under the Yoke*?" with which *jeu de mot* I conclude for the present, and am your old friend and pitcher-in (when necessary)

PEEPER THE GREAT.

In the Long Vacation.

THE newspapers have been speaking lately about the possibility of some great legal changes taking place, one of which might send an eminent Justice of the Common Pleas to the Court of Probate and Divorce. Should this transfer ever take place, it will be universally acknowledged that a more appropriate selection for the Court of Probate could not possibly be made than—WILLES.

BY OUR OWN SIR ORACLE.—Shut out the subject of the weather, and you destroy half the world's conversation.



TAKING IT EASILY; OR, MATRIMONY IN 1869.

Friend (at Tea). "I SAY, WHEN IS YOUR WEDDING TO COME OFF, GERTY?"

Gerty. "O, I DON'T KNOW. I HAVE A LOT OF VISITS TO PAY THIS AUTUMN, AND GUS WILL WANT TO BE IN LEICESTERSHIRE ALL NOVEMBER; SO I DARESAY WE SHALL SETTLE IT ABOUT CHRISTMAS, WHEN THERE IS NOTHING ELSE GOING ON, YOU KNOW, DEAR!"

IS A GOVERNESS A KITCHEN SERVANT?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM a young lady, and I go to church pretty regularly, and I can speak French pretty well, and I can play on the piano, and I am fond of children (at least as much as most folks are of those who don't belong to them), and, though my sewing is so-so, I think I know enough about the noble art of needle-work to feel "competent to instruct" a child of nine years old in it. Yet, although I am so clever, I find it hard to earn my living, which I am forced to do; and as I now want a situation as a Governess, I scan the papers eagerly in the hope of getting one. Now, here is a fair specimen of the places I see advertised, and as I have told you my accomplishments you may help me to judge if I am likely to suit:—

A RESPECTABLE YOUNG PERSON WANTED in a Christian family, about six miles from London, to take the entire charge (including washing, dressing, and undressing), under their mother's superintendence, of three little girls, respectively in their fourth, seventh, and ninth years. She must be competent to instruct in English, French, music, and needle-work, fond of children, and truly pious. Salary £10 per annum, with a comfortable home.

The word "lady," now-a-days, is terribly misused, so I don't mind being called a "respectable young person." But, should I be right in applying for this place? I don't know what is meant by being "truly pious;" still, as I said before, I regularly go to Church, and in other respects I fancy I am just the kind of Governess this family requires. But as they would require me to act as nursemaid also, I fear they may expect me to live chiefly in the kitchen; and moreover, a salary of £10 a-year is not a very tempting offer to a "person" who has to wash and dress and put to bed three children, besides instructing them in English, music, needlework, and French.

Then see, here is another splendid offer to poor me, but I have not yet accepted it:—

A COMFORTABLE HOME and Four Guineas a-year are offered to a **YOUNG LADY** to take charge of and instruct three children, ages seven, five, and one-and-a-half years. One fond of music preferred.

In this instance, I am at least addressed as a "young lady," but the wages which are offered are less even than the former. The number

MELBOURNE AND MELBOURNE.

By the law of Victoria—the colony as well as the QUEEN—any person who has been convicted of felony can be forbidden to reside there.

But the pardoned Fenians have been convicted of felony.

Therefore the pardoned Fenians can be forbidden to reside there.

We may add that, if they are forbidden, and don't quit within seven days, they are liable to imprisonment, hard labour, and forfeiture of goods.

What then?

They may be forbidden, or they may not.

If they are not, well.

If they are, well too.

Let well alone.

"Can't you let it alone?" was what the late LORD MELBOURNE was accustomed to say to his colleagues on occasion. He would certainly say so, if he were now Premier, on the apprehended expulsion, by the Colonial Government, of forty-odd pardoned Fenians from the town synonymous with him in Victoria. GLADSTONE will probably say what, under the same circumstances, would have been said by MELBOURNE.

What Says Apollo?

THE *Standard* properly says that it is "weary of harping on the health of the EMPEROR." Yet, is "harping" the right word for playing on the instrument synonymous with *Le Menteur*, whence the healthnews comes?

INSURED.

M. CARPEAUX's statuery, at the new Paris Opera-house, has been splashed with a volley of ink for being too like nature. How happy our London statues must be in their absolute safety from punishment for *that* offence!

of my pupils would, I notice, be the same; and I suppose I should be right in considering myself left to teach them what I pleased, for nothing specially is said about anything but music. It puzzles me, however, to guess in what new branch of learning I could "instruct" a baby of but eighteen months in age, when surely it must far less need a teacher than a nurse.

Please, dear Mr. Punch, do endeavour to persuade people to call a spade a spade, and a governess a governess, and beg them not to puzzle poor "young ladies" like myself, by advertisements which seem at first sight to be meant for our attention, but which in reality can only be intended for girls who are desirous to take a servant's place. I feel sure that, if we met, you would not take me for a nursemaid; but many "persons" (well, I cannot call them ladies) very willingly would do so, because, you see, the wages now demanded by a nursemaid very far exceed the salary of many

A POOR GOVERNESS.

CULLEN O' SIMPLES.

CARDINAL CULLEN orders three days of rejoicing over the downfall of the Established Church in Ireland. Ungrateful PAUL! That Church, by virtue of the hatreds it fostered, was the best friend of his own. If the disestablishment bring peace, and fraternisation, how long will superstition have a chance? To do him justice, PAUL sees this, and drives the little Catholics out of Protestant society. But that will not do, while the parents can meet. Why doesn't he order that no Catholic shall speak to a Protestant? Probably, "Cut the Prods!" will be the next howl from the altar. Unless this be the command, and it be obeyed, Rome has seen her best days in Ireland. He had better revoke the order for thanksgiving, or transfer the thanks to the account of St. Bartholomew's day, or some other real Catholic victory.

Well-Named.

"MR. HENLEY on the Late Session." Remembering that the House of Commons used to sit till two and three o'clock in the morning, a more suitable epithet could hardly have been devised for the Parliament of 1869. No wonder the fine old Member for Oxfordshire talked at the Bicester dinner about sleep in the House.

RECENT CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

(Reported in the "Times" last week.)



Lor of drovers and sailors—Heavens! a sailor and a cowardly brute!! No, hearts of oak—shiver my maintops, it can't be! At all events, if it is, it *shan't* be—have ill-used the poor beasties that come all the way from Rotterdam—("bad word," as the prim old lady said) to provide us Englishmen with the roast beef of Old England—yes, ye gentlemen who sit at home at ease (where? in what chairs? by the way), to provide you with the Old English roast beef.

Shall the cattle be bullied? No. Shall disease be generated by cramming (it is, afterwards, ye gentlemen aforesaid of Old England by stuffing) and herding the poor animals together until fiends in shape of drovers and sailors can walk over their backs like mats? Shall they be goaded and hounded on to the shore? No.

There is an Act, and the Privy Council can stop this and punish the offenders, punish the Directors who order the packing on board the steamboats first, punish their agents, from captains downwards, who see the brutal commands carried out. Go it, MR. ARTHUR HELPS!

There, ye Gentlemen, educate the drovers. Let us hear no more "cursing and a swearin' like anythink" in our streets as through them our food is taken to the markets.

Let us hear no thuds and thwackings, but let gentle smiles irradiate the shepherd's countenance as he drives his lambkins to the new emporium; let joyous harmonies make the new road welkin ring as the gay beaming drovers with feather brushes switch their fresh and scarcely breathed beasts.

Instead of, from the drovers' savage mouths, such sounds as these: "Gr-r-r-r—blank my, &c.—vot the blank are yer gettin' down there for, blank you."

[*Whack, thwack, waving of arms, more "Grrr—grrr!"—whoops and cries, and howls, and blankings, and confused herding and rushing of the frightened animals.*]

I say, instead of this, let us hear: "Nay, gentle bullock, do not turn aside; do not, I pray thee, go down a side street, for our way lies yonder—straight on, in fact."

[*He coaxes him back to the herd, kisses his forehead, weeps at the idea of his being made into rounds and sirloins, stifles his emotion, and, joining his comrades in the rear, sings a gay air, the burden of its chorus being "tra la la liety."*]

This is a suggestion. Something, in fact, to begin with. Let who will go on with it, and may blessings light on the Privy Council if they adopt the hints of

Yours ever,

Manchester.

BULLOCK SMYTHIE.

Musical News.

THE new Irish Church is called the Church of the Future. HERR WAGNER has sent to ask whether he shall compose hymns for it. He has been answered by an extract from the Canon, forbidding service in a language that nobody can understand.

CERTAINLY NOT.—Police Constables who just manage to scramble out of a dirty case, can scarcely be said to get clean off.

THE POP' AN' JOCK CUMMING.

AIR—"The Campbells are Coming."

THE POP' an' JOCK CUMMING, oh dear, oh dear!
They winna forgather I fear, I fear;
For JOCK certain questions has got to speer
That the POP' wad na fancy to hear, hear, hear.

The POP' till his Cooncil did all invite,
Wha couldna see Truth, to receive their sight.
"For me," answered JOCKIE, "noo that's a' right;
Just what I wad hae is your light, light, light."

"Ye've sic an' sic points I could ne'er mak' oot,
An' want my puir vision illumed aboot;
Mair light is the cure my complaint wad suit;
Sae lighten my darkness an' doot, doot, doot."

"Do show me your light, abune Lime, or Bude,
Magnesian, Electric—do be sae gude!
Sin' I've been invited, I dinna intrude;
When I cry for light ca' me not rude, rude, rude."

The POP' to JOCK CUMMING maks no reply;
Non possumus, noo, he may truly cry.
'Tis not as it was in the days gane by,
When a POP' could his questioner fry, fry, fry.

The POP' and his Cardinals sing fu' sma',
An' they girn an' they glow'r in their Conclave Ha',
An' their auld shaven chaps wi' dismay do fa':
JOCK CUMMING's dumbfounded 'em, a', a', a'!

THE ELASTICITY OF YOUNG LADIES.

Is tight-lacing injurious to health? Quite the reverse. That is to say, for women.

Man, we know—we anatomists and physiologists—is fearfully and wonderfully made. Woman is made still more wonderfully and more fearfully.

She is made more fearfully for her parents, at least, and for her husband. Women, mostly, are always ailing; that is owing to delicate constitution. This is fearful for those who love them, and on whom it entails doctors' bills. But female ailments are never caused by tight-lacing, only by over-exertion and other varieties of self-sacrifice.

Women are more wonderfully made than men. *Lady Macbeth* says, comparatively of men and a woman:—

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire."

That which is man's meat is woman's poison, and *vice-versâ*. Tight-lacing would make any man uncomfortable. Women declare that it is nice. No doubt, if an ordinary man were to wear stays which drew in his waist to sixteen inches, his respiration would be impeded. Perhaps it would soon cease. Men breathe partly by means of pectoral muscles, which expand the ribs. Tight stays would prevent their action. A tight-laced man, indeed, could only breathe by his diaphragm, and that squeezed and jammed together with the super and subjacent viscera. A woman breathes independently of pectoral muscles, diaphragm, and all those things.

Even if a man, laced like a young lady, could exist for a short time, he would be never well. His ribs, by the constriction of his waist, would be forced into his liver, and indent it with deep grooves. His stomach and its dependencies would be displaced and compressed. The bile would be apt not to get into his duodenum, and his solar plexus of nerves would be squashed. He would be afflicted with indigestion: he would grow peevish, fretful, melancholy, be always moaning and sighing, and taking *sal volatile*, and would pass much of his time in lounging on a sofa.

The plastic nature of woman's organisation, in substance resembling caoutchouc, enables her to lace almost as tight as she pleases with impunity: the delicate health which many women enjoy, and whereby they afford so much enjoyment to their friends and relations, arising from those other causes above-mentioned.

To lace quite as tight as perhaps some women would like, to be sure, is not in their power. If you were to take a woman, put a strap or a girdle round her neck, and pull it in several inches, you would seriously inconvenience her, and we know, indeed, from the case of MARIA MANNING and a few others, that a certain constriction of the female throat is even fatal. What is true of the jugular veins, the carotid arteries, the larynx and trachea, is doubtless not altogether untrue of the thoracic and abdominal vessels, nerves and viscera. But lacing has evidently no consequences which prevent women from wearing stays as tight as they think pretty.

POLITE IMPRECATION OF THE PERIOD.—Lace me tight!



SCOTCH 'SALMODY.

WE LEARN FROM THE *INVERNESS COURIER* OF THE INVENTION OF A NEW ROCKET POP GUN, WITH WHICH A DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMAN (THE INVENTOR) HAS DONE GREAT EXECUTION ON THE SALMON IN THE HIGHLAND RIVERS WHEN THEY WON'T TAKE A FLY!

NEW YORK TIME.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE often heard Papa and Uncle HENRY, when talking of the Americans, speak of them as a *go-ahead* people; an expression I now quite understand, after reading in the paper the following paragraph, which I cut out on purpose to send to you, to ask you what it can *possibly* mean:—

"The intelligence of the result of the International Boat Race, which terminated at 36 minutes past 5 on Friday evening, was received in New York about 1 o'clock on the same afternoon."!!! (These notes of admiration are mine.)

As I was with dear OSCAR and his sisters at Mortlake, I know that the race *was* over about half-past five, and therefore I am *completely* puzzled to understand how at one o'clock the *same* afternoon, four hours at least before the boats even *started*, they could hear in America who had won. Perhaps the Spiritualists there had something to do with it. All I can say is, that if the Americans have the power of knowing what has happened *before* it has happened, they must be the most *wonderful* people ever heard of, and so far before Old England and all other countries as to well deserve to be called a *go-ahead* nation.

I forgot to ask dear OSCAR to explain this to me when he was here on Friday; and as he has now gone to his brother's in Norfolk, to shoot, I venture to trouble you, dear *Mr. Punch*, with this little note.

Yours affectionately,

EFFIE VALVASTON.

Wriothesley Crescent.

P.S. I ought to have told you that I was at a *first-rate* school at Brighton for five years, where the *greatest* attention was paid to Roman History and ladylike deportment.

Brigandage near Rome.

A DUKE and his daughter were robbed by brigands the other day near the Chigi Park. This, says the report, "causes much trouble and apprehension to those who are ruralising at Albano."

If the "apprehension" could only be applied to the brigands, the cause of the neighbourhood's trouble would be soon removed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In No. 1356 of *Punch*, Vol. 53, appeared the following Medean and Persian Law, from which in future there will be no departure:—

"CAUTION.

"CERTAINLY *Mr. Punch* may call himself a man of letters, for by almost every post he receives about a peck of them. Greatness has its penalties, besides its pride and pleasures; and the penalty of *Mr. Punch's* greatness is an avalanche of correspondence that overwhelms him every day. He had need be a Briareus, born with fifty pairs of hands, to open all the envelopes which are hourly laid before him; and, were he hundred-eyed like Argus, he could barely read, ere bed-time, a tithe of their contents.

"Yet, despite his many warnings that his waste-basket stands ever yawning at his side, and that he never will return the nonsense he receives, *Mr. Punch* is often plagued by irritable persons, who seem to think he is responsible for the safety of whatever may be sent him by the post. *Mr. Punch* repeats his caution, that the less his 'constant readers' write to him the wiser he will think them; and, as to any hints or suggestions they may proffer, he has neither time to look at them, nor disposition so to do. ALL THAT *Mr. Punch* WILL ADD IS, THAT NO ARTICLES OR DRAWINGS SENT TO HIM, UNSOLICITED, WILL BE RETURNED; THAT HE CANNOT GIVE THEM HOUSE-ROOM UNTIL THEY ARE CALLED FOR; AND THAT NO LAW EXISTS IN ENGLAND WHICH RENDERS HIM ACCOUNTABLE FOR WHAT MAY BE THEIR FATE."

Revelation of the Smoking Room.

Brown, to *Jones* (who has suddenly re-appeared at the Club). JONES, my good fellow, take another cigar, and try to be civilised. You are abominably dull, and offensively dictatorial.

Jones (calmly). I dare say. Easily accounted for. I have been in the country for a month, and have spoken to nobody but my wife and family.

[General disgust.]

NOTES OF ADMIRATION.—Love Letters.



'WARE THE KEYHOLE OF THE STREET-DOOR.

In the Passage.)

Master. "HI! MARY! STOP! IF IT'S MR. AND MRS. TOADY, SAY WE'RE OUT OF TOWN."

Maid. "YES, SIR."

(On the Doorstep.)

Miss Toady. "THERE THEY ARE, PA! I CAN SEE THEM! THEY'VE JUST COME IN FROM THE GARDEN; AND NOW THEY'RE RUNNING UP-STAIRS!"

THEATRICAL ARCHITECTURE.

THE object of all internal arrangements is in modern times to *keep the fiddlers out of sight*, and to make the audience forget that it is in a Theatre.

MISS MARIE WILTON (who has lately issued her queen-like manifesto) has commenced it, and several new Theatres, already projected, are being built upon a similar plan.

Plan of Theatre, No. 1.

The audience will no longer sit in old-fashioned "Boxes," but on sides of mountains, the seats being partitioned off by heather, and overshadowed by foliage.

These at their bases will converge so as to form a valley where on hillocks (apparently hillocks) in delightful daisy meadows the Stall audience will sit.

The Pit will represent mushroom beds: but this is uncertain.

The Orchestra will be over the roof (to represent the Music of the Spheres) and round the sunlight.

A river of scented waters will run in front of the stage, wherein swans and ducks will swim, and the front row of Stalls alone, for extra payment, will be allowed to fish during the *entr'actes*.

The Gallery will be made to represent clouds, so as really to keep up the Olympian notion of gods being there seated.

The Upper Boxes will represent fir plantations.

The Dress Circle of red sandstone rocks, with dark green moss, the back being a vivarium.

The Boxkeepers and Officials will be in pastoral costume; the Refreshment Room will be a Swiss Cottage: the Ladies' Cloak-room a Chalet in the valley: and the Gentlemen's Reading, Waiting, and Smoking-room a cool grot, where they will be waited upon by faylike forms.

Flowers will be everywhere: also real ants, grasshoppers, earwigs

and butterflies, only to be let out during the *entr'actes*, with strings to their legs.

In Summer the Theatre will be iced.

In Winter it will be warmed, and still retain in appearance all the characteristics of Summer.

NOVUMBALDERUM.

CHAWBACONS AND CHAWPRATIES.

At the Anniversary Dinner of the Huntingdonshire Agricultural Association the other day, LORD R. MONTAGUE, on his legs, made a suggestive observation. He said:—

"I once inquired why Irish horses jump so much better than those of other countries, and I was informed that it was merely the result of habit. It is, in fact, because the Irish are much worse farmers than you are. The foals are turned out into rough fields, full of small ditches, and are thus made to jump when young, and when two years old they are led over higher leaps. They thus acquire a greater custom or habit of jumping."

This information suggests a difference between Irish and English agricultural labourers, corresponding to that of Irish horses from English. The English are clodhoppers, but the Irish are ditchhoppers, unless, indeed, when they are bog-trotters, which all of them will cease to be when all the bogs are reclaimed, and if that were done what a satisfactory settlement it would be of the Irish Land Question!

Donkeys at Doncaster.

THE Doncaster St. Leger is not, as its locality might suggest to the ignorant, a donkey race, wherein the hindmost quadruped wins; though the favourite may come in last. It is no more a donkey race than the Derby or any other race which horses run that donkeys bet upon.

SCHOOLS OF HUMANE SCIENCE.

MISS BURDETT COURTTS'S proposal to make kindness to dumb creatures a branch of education is a happy thought, and, as such, commends itself especially to *Punch*. It is erroneously imagined that the persons whose education has hitherto been neglected in this particular, for the most part occupy a station at the bottom of the social scale. Surely, gentlemen accustomed to shoot tame pigeons for fun, in so doing practise a recreation not at all dissimilar, in point of humanity, for example, to the sport of forcing a pig through a hole which is too small for him. The higher classes, some members of them, need tuition in clemency to the lower animals. There are Swells who, no less than Cads, want lessons in their duty towards their subordinate neighbours. Education has been described as teaching the young idea how to shoot. The supplementary education which Miss BURDETT COURTTS has proposed would teach the Gun Club how not to shoot; at least as they are wont at Wormholt Scrubbs. If it taught them how to shoot, it would teach them so to shoot as never to break their birds' legs and wings, but always kill them outright, which indeed would perhaps be more merciful than wringing their necks, in case they were wanted for a pigeon-pie.

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

VII.—THE BARON HANWELL OF COLNEY HATCH.

THE wonderful deeds I'll sing in a catch
Of the BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.

He hadn't a pair of boots to match,
Had BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.

He went to a shop to buy a batch,
Did BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.

He stood on his nose his toes to scratch,
Did BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.



He took a poker to wind up his watch,
Did BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.

He went to the butcher to sew on a patch,
Did BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.



He sat in a ditch and called it a datch,
Did BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.

Thus he attempted repose to snatch,
Did BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.

He went outside to bolt the latch,
Did BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.

Then got on the roof and jumped through the thatch,
Did BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.

MORAL.

Now who to the deeds can importance attach
Of BARON HANWELL of Colney Hatch.



THE FOULBOROUGH CATTLE PLAGUE.

THIS epidemic continues its ravages, particularly in the Eastern and Western Counties. The exciting cause is a species of *Acarus scabiei*, the predominant symptom being an itching palm, whose excessive irritability can only be allayed by Banker's golden ointment. As a disease of the body politic it requires to be vigorously stamped out, and we trust that the Commissioners now sitting will put the government stamp upon it. Millionnaires who cherish political aspirations must not be permitted to touch the Polls, except with clean hands. The Booths to which the Foulborough Cattle are driven should be limewashed—disinfectants liberally used in committee rooms, narrow passages fumigated, and local attorneys deodorised.

It has been observed and verified by Cabmen, that you cannot mix much with horses without acquiring a love of chaff. Nor can certain susceptible constitutions come in contact with "a Gent. one," &c., without feeling an irresistible impulse to sue for money.

The Foulborough pestilence originates in morbid acquisitiveness, and it may be taken for granted that no curative measures will be effectual that do not enforce a rigid buttoning up of the Lawyer's breeches-pocket.

MORE NEW NOVELS.

RARE news for young ladies! The book market, we hear, is glutted with new Novels. By the help of a clairvoyant we mention one or two which probably, ere long, will be in everybody's hands:—

The Deal Door: a romantic story by the Author of *The Ivory Gate*.

My Friend's Grandmother: a sentimental sequel to *My Enemy's Daughter*.

Ins and Outs of Life: a realistic novel, by the Author of *Up and Down the World*.

Declined with Thanks: a sequel to the love story of *Twice Refused*.

The Pie and the Pudding: a domestic Novel, by the writer of *The Crust and the Cake*.

In Corduroys and Highlows: a rustic story, by the Author of *In Silk Attire*.

Stingy Doings.

MRS. MALAPROP, who has read that the Bishops attending the Pope's great Council at Rome are to receive an allowance, "varying between 6s. 8d. and 10s. a day," says that she now understands why it is called the "Economical" Council. She is thankful to think (Mrs. M. is an exemplary member of the Established Church) that our Bishops are better paid.

CONJECTURE VERIFIED.

THE Letters known as NEWTON-PASCAL,
Have turned out forgeries by a rascal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DULY received 389 jokes on "MRS. BEECHER'S-TOE putting her foot in it." Enough for the present.

"WALLACE WIGHT."

THE Scottish have finished the Wallace Memorial at last, and have inaugurated it, and it is now open to English visitors, whose shillings will in a short time make up the amount which Northern enthusiasm has not been able to raise, and then the Memorial will be paid for. We do not say this complainingly; for, considering that we cut off WALLACE's head, the least we can do is to subscribe for his monument.

Nor do we see the necessity for affecting to doubt whether there ever was such a personage as SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, or for saying that nobody knows much about him. The facts of his life are very familiar to every Scotsman, and ought to be so to every Englishman. As THACKERAY wrote,

"He robs us half our glory who says the 'Scots' had none."

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, baronet (so created by his kinsman JAMES THE FIRST), after defeating the Southrons many times—at Flodden, Sheriff-Muir, Culloden, and other famous spots—resolved on a grand effort for freeing Scotland from the "English Epicures." Gathering all his forces together at Inverness, he marshalled them around the hill called Tam na Hurich (now a cemetery), from the top of which he addressed them in a Latin speech of extraordinary power, composed for him by the celebrated BUCHANAN. In this speech, the original of which is to be found in the Library of Advocates in Edinburgh, a good deal stained with the tobacco which the hero, like CHARLES THE TWELFTH, used to carry loose in his *misericorde*, or pouch, SIR WILLIAM asserted the right of liberty and property, deprecated centralisation, declared himself in favour of trial by jury and a reduced income-tax, and professed his fidelity to the U. P. Church of his forefathers. He then gave out a few verses from the hymn by his friend and protégé, ROBERT BURNS,

"Scots, wha hae with WALLACE bled,"

and a benediction having been pronounced by ARCHBISHOP SHARP (previous to his murder), the Scots army returned across the suspension-bridge to Inverness, the Provost-Marshal paying the tolls for every cannon and artillery-waggon, for WALLACE's orderly habits forbade his wronging the collector, even at this supreme moment. A council of war was held at the famous Stone, and resolutions of a patriotic character were drawn up, and sent for three insertions in the *Inverness Courier*, that all might be done in accordance with the Solemn League and Covenant. Spies then brought word to WALLACE that the English army, under KING EDWARD THE FIRST, was advancing upon Drumadrochit. "They shall hear my drum," said the hero, with a grim smile, adding, "I'm just droukit mysel with that mist, so here's their health in a dram." He next caused drink to be distributed to every soldier, unless he belonged to the Band of Hope, observing, "Their necessity is greater than mine." The march then commenced, the right wing led by ROBERT BRUCE, and the left by the Black DOUGLAS, WALLACE himself commanding the centre, where was displayed the Banner of Scotland, with the lion ramping in gold, and the proud legend, "*We're nae that fou, but gaily yet.*"

Again crossing the Ness, WALLACE proceeded by Craig Phaidric and Belladrum, where he was joined by JACOBUS DE MERI, on his famous war-horse, named from his house, and theme of many a bard, and on the next day came in sight of the foe. The King's army was drawn out in Glen Urquhart, but the monarch himself observed the Scotch through a telescope (the priceless gift of GALILEO) from the top of the mountain called Mealfourvony. "Now," exclaimed WALLACE, in the true spirit of chivalry, "now to kick those English droddums!" "Be it mine, Thane, to bear your challenge," exclaimed eagerly the gallant young knight, SIR DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, Lord Lion King-at-Arms. SIR WALTER SCOTT has preserved the response,

"In battle day," the Chief replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside,"

"What say'st thou, MACBETH?" he added, turning to that terrible chieftain. "Let us unseam them from the nave to the chaps, and place their heads upon our battlements," was the savage reply. WALLACE then gave the order for a general charge by both wings.

The Scots rushed to their work like men, amid the maddening strains of the pibroch and the wild notes of the Lament of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS on the approach of Spring. Soldiers of ordinary mark and likelihood would have gone down like corn before the reaper. But the assailants were confronted by troops who had been trained in the Wars of the Roses, and the Great Rebellion, and who had swept through the South like a tempest, bearing JEFFREYS up to the bench of the Bloody Assize. "A thousand centuries are looking down upon you from Ben Nevis," cried SIR WALTER RALEIGH, the poet. "Smite Bel and smash the Dragon," growled the sterner voice of OLIVER CROMWELL, and the English fire leaped forth like a blasting torrent. Vain was then the DOUGLAS brand, vain the CAMPBELL's vaunted hand, vain KIRKPATRICK's crimson dirk, making sure of murder's work. The English shafts in volleys hailed, with headlong charge their horse

assailed, nor paused on the devoted Scot the ceaseless fury of their shot till scarce a foeman was there found alive save those who on the ground groaned in their agony.

"All is lost except honour," said WALLACE. "But I knew not that they had breech-loaders. There is time, however," he added, taking out his watch, "to win a battle yet. Meat and prayer never hindered man, let us therefore refresh ourselves at yon hostelry, kept, or I misremember, by a hostess named DE PUTRETS." He galloped thither, and the excellent inn, still in the possession of a descendant of the family, is pointed out to strangers as the place where SIR WILLIAM WALLACE drank during the great battle of Drumadrochit. Having slaked his thirst, and treated his staff, the Hero of Scotland resumed his post, and beheld KING EDWARD fiercely waving his telescope, as a sign for his army to advance. "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King, confusion on thy manners! Wait!" cried WALLACE, in indignation at the bloodthirstiness of the British monarch. He then divided the residue of his forces into five parts, placing four of them under the command, respectively, of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, NAPIER of the Bones, the Regent MURRAY, and BALFOUR of Burley, and giving each a copy of the Ordnance map of the county, he directed them to make wide circuits and assail the English from different quarters simultaneously. "*Le Diable à quatre*," laughed a gay French knight, GEORGES DU KIKI, who was serving as a volunteer in the Scottish ranks. "Carte and tierce," wittily rejoined another knight whose name is seen in the Ragman roll, and that of Hastings, GRUMPIUS DE MAIDA. Such was the high courage evinced in the midst of deadly peril.

The masterly manoeuvre of WALLACE, which he owned that he had imitated from MARLBOROUGH's tactics at Dettingen, had almost met with the success it merited. But the fatal gift of the starry GALILEO was the evil genius of WALLACE on that day. The wary EDWARD spied the moving mass of Scotchmen, and exclaimed, "Odds-fish! *E pur si muove!*" He sent word to CROMWELL. "Ha!" exclaimed the Protector, "then, ifackins, Providence has delivered them into our hands, aye, marry, come up." The last words were addressed to his charger. Suiting the action to the speech, the dauntless regicide spurred his steed, and as the four divisions moved away, leaving WALLACE with a small band only, the Ironsides swept down upon him like Cedron in flood. The partridge might the falcon mock could that slight party stand the shock. In scotch they awaited it not, for scarcely did the dread notes of LUTHER's Hymn, sung by the Puritans as they charged, reach the ears of the Scots, than, their horror of Lutheranism being added to their natural terrors, they separated and fled. WILLIAM WALLACE alone was firm in that dreadful hour. SIR HUMPHREY DE BOHUN sought to seize him, but was a corpse ere he reached the ground to which he was stricken by the hero's mace. The LORD MAYOR, flushed from his Wat Tyler feat, snatched at the rein of WALLACE, and the proud office was vacant in an instant. SIR ALEXANDER IDEN, the slayer of CADE, found his burly form no protection against the thunderstroke of the Scottish chief, and went down to rise no more. Twelve or fourteen other warriors of historical name and undoubted prowess succumbed to the fierce blows of the hero, and it was from a pile of dead enemies that he was at last dragged by overwhelming numbers.

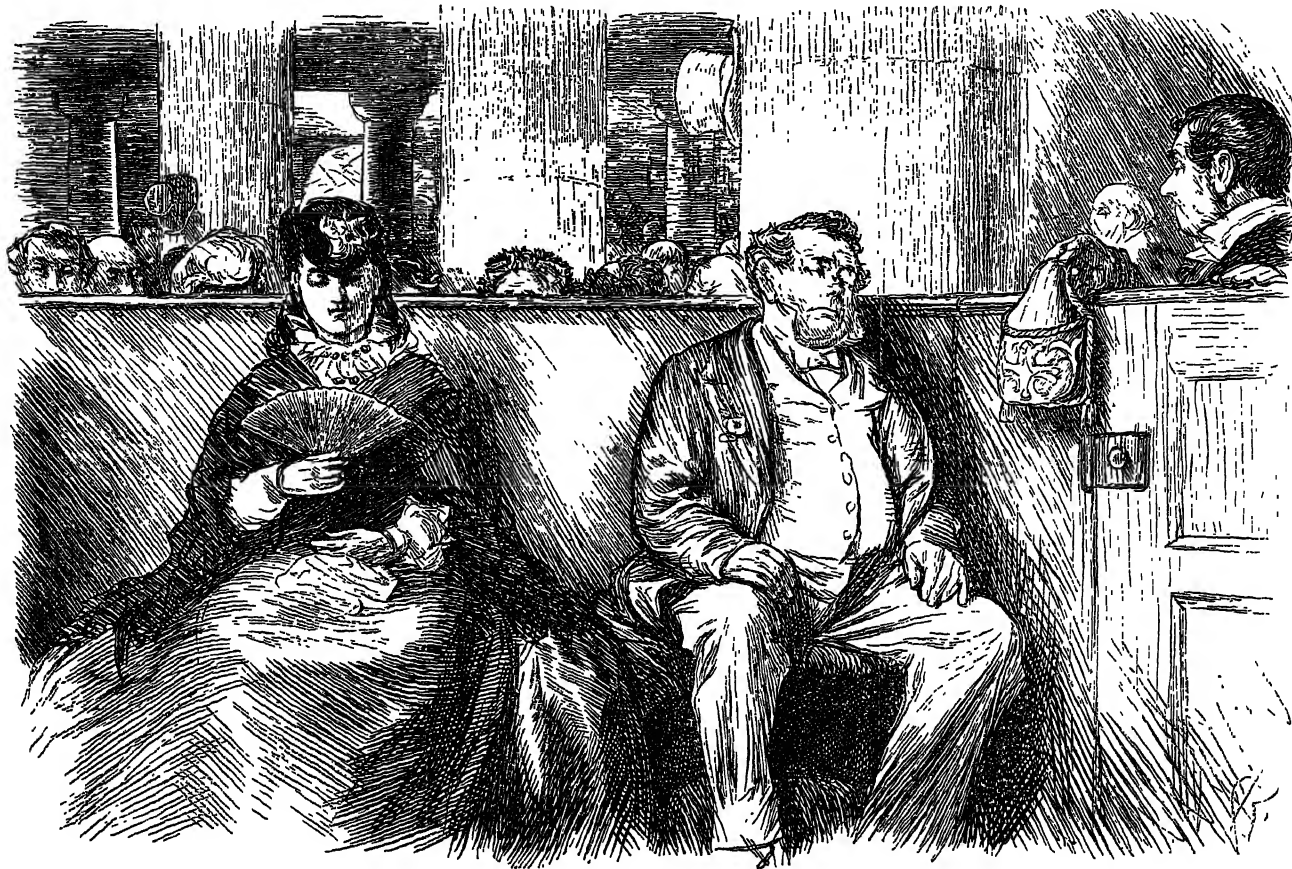
The rest is known. Dispirited by the loss of their great leader, the other divisions lost heart, and the day was over. CROMWELL, from religious scruples, refused the knighthood that was given on the field of battle to RALEIGH, but accepted a handsome interleaved copy of DR. WILLIAM SMITH's *Dictionary of the Bible*, bound by EELES. The Scottish rebellion was at an end. WALLACE was brought to London to be tried, and though the trial was moved by *certiorari* into the Court of Chancery, SIR THOMAS MORE was too determined to destroy the champion of freedom to give him a chance of escape, and ERASMUS exchanged a classic jest with THEODORE BEZA as they heard the Doomster give sentence. The efforts of Serjeants BALLANTINE and FARRY were superhuman, but all was in vain; and the Tower block, scarce dry from the execution of LORD LOVAT, was again brought forth.

Eight or nine hundred years later grateful Scotland still adores her WILLIAM's holy shade, and raises a stately tower in honour of him for whom England raised a gloomy scaffold. Since WALLACE lost his head, England has found hers, and has the sense to know that the stronger and nobler are her provinces, the stronger and nobler is the United Kingdom. Therefore let Englishman, Scot, and Irishman join hands around the Wallace Monument, and unite in singing, with SHAKESPEARE,

"Here we are met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we,
And many a night we've merry been,
And many a night we'll merry be."

The Battle of Jenner.

OUR advice to anxious Mothers who are alarmed about Vaccination is, Don't be frightened—though you're Cowed.



FORCE OF HABIT.

City Merchant (blissfully dozing in his Country Church). "SEASON TICKET!!"

"HERE BE TRUTHS."

WE rather feel for MR. ALEXANDER BROGDEN, the Liberal M.P. for Wednesbury, a place we have always had a regard for ever since we read of a certain cock-fight, at which the combatants and most of the spectators came to singular grief. MR. BROGDEN has been convicted out of his own mouth, by the Commissioners at Bridgewater, of bribery at the election of MR. VANDERBYL.

"THE CHAIRMAN reminded the witness that the voters bribed had said they should not have been tempted if the gentlemen had not brought the money.

"MR. BROGDEN, M.P. My experience is exactly the other way. If electors did not exact such requirements, the gentlemen would not be induced to resort to such practices."

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEE'S rejoinder to this was a crusher. He supposed that, if people would only abstain from having valuables, other people would not steal them.

But, if we feel for MR. BROGDEN, we must, in justice, feel also for MR. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, the Conservative M.P. for Beverley. We don't know that we have any regard for Beverley, except in that it gives name to the heroes of the *Gamester* and of the *Rivals*; but the Honourable Member is a son of SIR TATTON SYKES, whom everybody honoured. MR. SYKES, examined, said:—

"Until the winter I only suspected it (Conservative bribery) in the fairest possible manner. I suspected it partially because Beverley had always been more or less influenced from that source, and partly also from my knowledge that every borough in England, in some degree or other, is influenced by it.

"THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER. Don't say that. I wish you would withdraw it. You are a Member of the House of Commons. You had better confine yourself to facts."

And after a good many "facts" had come out, one of which was MR. SYKES's sending a cheque to somebody who had told SIR HENRY EDWARDS that the Conservatives should come in for very little money, this occurred:—

"THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER. As a Member of the House of Commons you

know that if you pay money that has been illegally expended, by Act of Parliament it is bribery?

"MR. SYKES.—Yes.

"And, of course, at that time you knew that money had been illegally expended?—Yes, after the sum was presented to me.

"But, like others, you prefer to do an illegal act rather than allow persons who advance money for you to be at a loss?—I should think so."

[Exit Mr. Punch, whistling "Little Boy Ballot, come Blow me your Horn!"]

A PUZZLE ON THE MAP.

MR. PUNCH,

WHEN I was a boy Guildford was in Surrey, and Surrey was not generally considered to be one of the Western Counties. But I suppose all this is altered since my time, and that there must have been wonderful changes in geography, as in farming, and drinking, and travelling, and everything else during the last half-century. At least, I conclude so after reading the following paragraph:—

"At an influential meeting held at Guildford on Saturday afternoon, it was decided to invite the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society to hold its meeting in 1871 in that town."

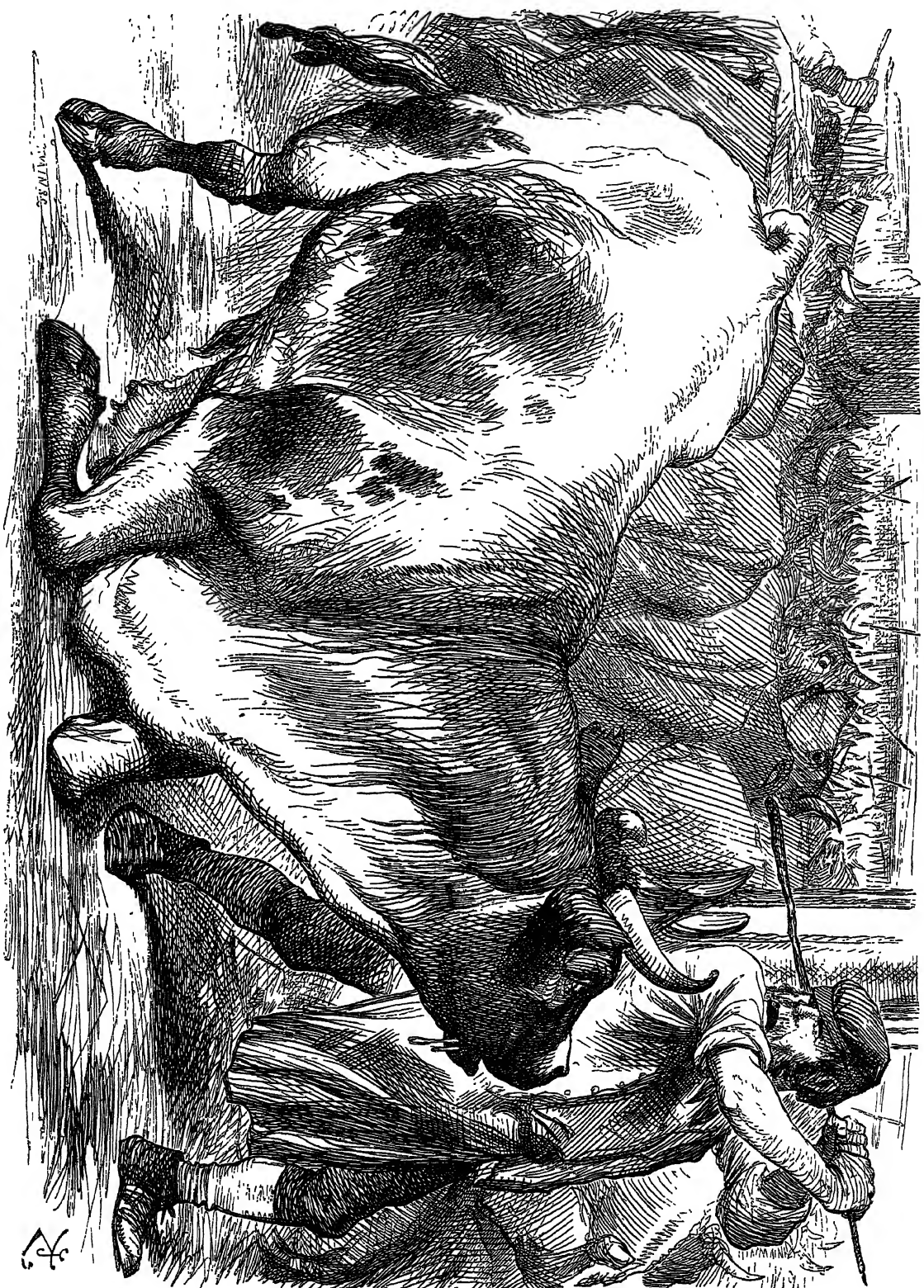
I rubbed my eyes and my glasses, and suspected myself of a great blunder over my paper, but my daughter assured me I had made no mistake, and suggested that I should ask you for an explanation of this puzzle. Which will oblige

Yours obediently,

JONATHAN OLDSTYLES.

Is it true that the Highland Society have been solicited to hold their Agricultural Show at Margate in 1870; and do you believe the rumour that the Festival of the Three Choirs will take place at Durham on the next occasion?

A STRIKING ACCOUNT.—A Clockmaker's Bill.



“AM NOT I A BRUTE AND A BROTHER?”

DOMESTIC SERVANTS.



HERE is a saying that "when things come to the worst there must be a change for the better."

Now, dear *Mr. Punch*, can you tell how we mistresses can bring to the worst our difficulties about domestic servants? When I tell you what most of us are doing towards this end, I am sure you will say we deserve encouragement.

We spend many half-crowns and many more half days at the Register Offices, offering any amount of wages to any sort of incompetent servants. Wages are no object at all, and we omit no opportunity of saying so. If we are in treaty with a young girl who knows nothing; whose mother sends her to service because she is undutiful at home, or because she costs too much, we offer her £10. If with one who has had a little more experience, but who is a great deal more extravagant, and a great deal more impertinent, we propose £15.

If she objects to washing, we put it out; if to waiting, we engage a parlour-maid; if to cleaning boots, we hire a boy—and so on. Some object to children, but that's awkward. We can easily manage about the perambulator, but we have not quite decided to put the children out. We send them to school before they are old enough; and in the holidays we hurry them off to the sea-side, lest they should increase the work at home, but that's all we are doing at present.

Observe, we don't make these concessions to servants who have been with us a year or two, but always to *new and untried ones*; thus offering a premium to those who go from place to place, and unsettling such as would otherwise stay in comfortable situations.

Then we are content with a written character, or a three months' character, or without any character at all; and if they turn out dirty, or untruthful, or dishonest, we pass them on as well as we can, to spoil other servants and to disturb other homes. You see, *Mr. Punch*, this teaches them that they can get on quite as well with a bad character as with a good one, perhaps better; so it must help to bring things to the worst.

We try many other ways, according to circumstances; in fact we leave no stone unturned. For instance we allow the cook to consider the kitchen and larder, *her kitchen and larder*, and so we seldom intrude. We should like to take our daughters in sometimes, but as it would not be agreeable, of course we give way.

If the cold ducks or chickens are not served up again, we don't ask for them; we conclude her cousin has been having supper with her.

If she drinks more beer than we allow, we don't mention it, but order in another barrel.

When she spoils a dinner we do venture to speak, and then there are "a few words." "She's sorry she can't give satisfaction; she's never been found fault with before! Never! Never since she was in service has she been told that she didn't cook fish nicely. But if she can't please, somebody else may try! She'll go that day month, that she will! If Misses can get a better cook, she knows she can get a better place! Yes, and better wages, too!"

In a case like this we wait a week or so, and then we make her a present of a new dress; and then we hint that we don't want to change, that if an advance of two or three pounds will satisfy her, she shall have it. If she is good enough to accept this reward for her outbreak of temper, she stays a little longer, just long enough to suit her own convenience, and to set a bad example to all her fellow-servants. Few plans answer the end we are aiming at better than this. We commend it to the notice of mistresses.

There are, however, some ladies who do not adopt our views or plans; they look well after their domestics. They combine firmness with kindness; they know what to allow, and what to refuse. They advertise, and ignore Register Offices; believing that good servants and good places may be suited without their intervention. They decline to expose to everybody the internal arrangements of their home, or add to the number of tit-bits, which, true or false, must be circulated by their means.

These thwart our efforts a little, but we are not greatly discouraged. As long as we persist in offering to new servants higher wages than they received in their last places, before their capabilities and characters are tested in the new ones, things will go worse—they must go worse. There are, no doubt, many other ways of reaching the crisis, but so far as we have observed, this answers better than all the rest put together. But if you, *Mr. Punch*, can suggest anything else, we mistresses will not fail to try it. We have, as you know, exerted ourselves to the

utmost for many years past, and not without great success. Even now, the cook who spoils our dinner demands more consideration than the Governess who teaches our children.

Our husbands and sons prefer the Club and the table-d'hôte to their own comfortless dinner-table; our daughters look down upon household duties as irritating and degrading; and their "Admirers" are deterred from matrimony by the fear of unreasonable expenses.

If things are not to be better, until they are worse than this, the kindest wish we can express for you, good *Mr. Punch*, is that you may not be there to see.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

XIII.—CROQUET.

SMOOTH as a billiard-table spread the lawn
Frequented by the early-rising lark,
Where dewy brilliants sparkled in the dawn,
And glow-worms lit their lanterns in the dark—
But now astir with many an eager group
Brisk "youth and old" black coat and muslin bleat,
Urging the rolling ball from hoop to hoop,
Or taking light refreshments in the tent,
Till the soft Vesper star, soon after eight,
Gave warning of another day's decline,
And sent us laughing through the garden gate
To lobster salad and the beaded wine—
O happy hour! when first I learnt the game,
And called MATILDA by her Christian name.

XIV.—AFTER THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES, DONCASTER,
SEPTEMBER 14, 1869.

Mystic and Seer, who stand above the crowd,
What mark you in the hazy distance coming,
Are boding voices heard by you aloud,
Or do you mock us with some idle mumming?
Is that dim future which we yearn to know,
Now lying mapped and measured out before you?
Shall we, still hung'ring, from your presence go,
Or humbly bend and prostrate all adore you?
Will you be guides, philosophers, and friends,
Through Life's dark pass, drear glen, and wildest forest,
Our constant escort till the journey ends,
Our balm and comfort when the need is sorest?—
Then Seer and Mystic, tell us, if you're able,
Will next year's Derby fall to MERRY's stable?

AN ADVANCE ON BABY-SHOWS.

THIS is an age of interesting exhibitions. One such, according to the *Daily News*, had place the other day at Gregory's Point, Connecticut. This was a show of fat men. They boxed, performed athletic exercises, and played at a game which was called leap-frog, but, bloated as the players may be supposed to have been, would perhaps have been more happily named leap-toad. Obesity is an excess of adipose tissue. It may be general or partial. As an exhibition of the former has proved popular, so may a show of the latter.

That American show consisted of the fattest men in the United States. Two of them weighed respectively 258 lbs. and 235 lbs. This it is as well to mention; for, in some English minds, the idea of a fat American is less suggestive of a DANIEL LAMBERT than of a DANIEL DANCER.

A HINT ON HIGH HEELS.

WE—when speaking of a feminine dress, we mean to say that it is, has been, or is to be made—say, simply made, or made up, however elegant the dress may be. But if a *toilette* is pretty, French milliners call it *confectionnée*. This word suggests the idea of something not only nice but savoury. Such a thing is gravy soup—Gallicé *consommé*. Couldn't a dress be called *consommé* as well as a soup? The short dress with the high heels which convert a pretty foot into the likeness of MOTHER SHIPTON's, the nearest possible approach to a cloven one, might then, in bagman's French, be denominated *Consommé aux Hoofs*.

Awkward Seats.

In a rabid speech in which Mr. G. H. MOORE, M.P., endeavoured to terrify the Government into letting loose another batch of Fenian convicts, he is reported to have said that "England had always been throned on the gallows." This beats the trunk-maker, in *Bubbles of the Day*, who compliments the aristocratic orator for his beautiful picture of "Britannia sitting on her polished trident." But a more ridiculous seat than either is Mr. MOORE's, in Parliament.



—A DULL BOY.

Podgkinson (determined to "be off" somewhere). "ALFRED, JUST BRING ME AN ATLAS."

Jaded Club Servant (with his mind running on American drinks). "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT WE'RE OUT OF IT!!"

PITY THE POOR FENIANS.

RELEASE the Fenian Convicts? Yes.
How could we think of doing less?
They only made a slight mistake
Which still they say they didn't make:
Mistook themselves, and did suppose
They were our fair and open foes,
Forgot they were but private "gents,"
And "claimed" to be belligerents,
And, gallows-free, to shoot police
On duty whilst they kept the peace;
To blow, as in some hostile town,
A prison up, and houses down,
Reckless of death and mutilation
Dealt round to neighbouring population.
Release those Fenians? If they please
To go down humbly on their knees,
For merciful remission sue
Of penalties most richly due,
Confess the crime they did commit,
Plead error in excuse of it,
The pardon of the QUEEN implore,
Promise they will offend no more;
And, penitent, each penal slavey,
Cry *miserere*, and *peccavi*.
Punch may consider, then, if he,
With dutiful consistency,
His Royal Mistress could, or no,
Advise to let those rascals go.

Happy Man!

AMONG the advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph*, for lodgers, we find one which says that a single gentleman may have "partial board in a house kept by a lady and her daughter. Busses and boats convenient." We only wish we were a single gentleman.

A THOUGHT IN MADDOX STREET.

THE poor ill-used cattle have found a good friend in MISS BURDETT COURTIS; and as they have HELPS besides, there seems to be a hope of better treatment for them.

MR. PUNCH knows a Young Man who is so Lazy that he will not even Labour under an Impression.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I NEVER saw such a fellow as CAZELL. I mean, he'd make anyone (who wasn't strong-minded, and able to view things philosophically) discontented with everything around him.

Happy Thought.—Never ask anyone to stop at your house suddenly.

When I note down "suddenly," I mean, don't ask a stranger, or a comparative stranger. CAZELL is a *positive* stranger. [Note that down on a side page as either for repartee, or a story from SHERIDAN. I see how it might be done. Story about a stranger who laid down the law to SHERIDAN. Some one says to SHERIDAN, "So rude too from a comparative stranger." "Comparative," replied SHERRY, "Gad, Sir, he's a *positive* stranger." This will make story No. 6. Good.]

We arrive at Mede Lodge. A little time ago I called it Asphodel Cottage, but, as there are no Asphodels, and it isn't exactly a cottage, I said one day.

Happy Thought.—Call it Mede Lodge.

"Why Mede?" says CAZELL. "Because," I answer, triumphantly, "it is in the midst of *medes*, or meadows." "Might as well call it Persian," says CAZELL.

Happy Thought.—To reply, "I knew he'd say that," and pass it over. Everybody who comes down admires Mede Lodge. It is lovely; the rural thing that I was looking after for years. Everyone, seeing it for the first time (specially ladies) is in raptures with it.

I say to CAZELL, "Here's Mede Lodge."

"Oh, indeed," says he. "This is the Lodge, eh? Then *where's the House?*"

Happy Thought.—To tell him, without a smile, that it's an old joke. It suddenly occurs to me, "How will my wife like CAZELL?" That's another reason why one oughtn't to ask a man down suddenly. Always try your gold in the fire (or some proverb to that effect).

The gate-bell doesn't respond to the tug I give it.

"I tell you what you ought to do," says CAZELL, seizing the opportunity. "You ought to have a bell attached to the House."

"This is attached to the House," I return rather snappishly, I own.

Happy Thought.—Host mustn't lose his temper with comparative stranger. But then Comparative Stranger ought not to go on telling me "what I *ought* to do," as if I didn't know.

"Yes," he continues, imperturbably; "but don't you see, if it was attached by means of a metal-plated zinc tube impervious to wet, it would never be out of order, as it is now."

I ring again violently. No one comes. Most disappointing. What I should have liked would have been one servant rushing out to open the gate, another at door (both smiling at my return) to receive luggage, my wife in the hall, beaming, dogs rushing, barking, jumping up and fondling me. Recollect how SIR WALTER SCOTT used to be welcomed by his Deerhounds.

Happy Thought.—Buy a deerhound, and teach him to welcome me.

I apologise to CAZELL. I say, "I suppose the servants, and all of them" (meaning my wife, and MRS. SYMPERSON, with perhaps nurse and baby) "are in the garden, and don't hear the bell."

"It's certain they don't hear the bell," says CAZELL, "It's dangerous, too, in such a lonely place as this. I tell you what you ought to do; you ought to have dogs about."

I inform him that I *have* dogs about—four dogs, somewhere. I got them because the place was lonely. I purchased a magnificent stable-yard dog that has been chained up ever since we've had him to make him savage, but he won't be vicious at all, and only plays with all the tradesmen and any strangers who may come in. If a burglar came at night I'm convinced the idiotic brute would play with him, and be rather delighted to see him at midnight (when he must feel it very lonely) than otherwise. Now I come to think of it, a burglar would be quite a godsend to the animal as a playmate.

Happy Thought.—When the dog first came. To call him Lion.

He is between a retriever and a Newfoundland, with a placid sheep-like expression of countenance.

Another Happy Thought.—To write up, "Beware of the Dog."

If JAMES the boy-tiger in top-boots hadn't been a wicked, mischievous, young ape, (I was obliged to call him this when I found him inciting Lion to jump over the side of the sty and worry the pigs, which the little fiend considered as fair sport in the absence of rats) people would have believed in Lion's ferocity. But he told anyone who came up that the dog was as harmless as a kitten. I should never be astonished if we were inundated with tramps and burglars. My dogs inside the house *do* bark; at the slightest noise too. A stranger (CAZELL, for instance) would think there were attempts at burglary all night. If they really *did* come, I wonder whether the dogs would be afraid. Perhaps they would.

CAZELL is about to tell me where I ought to go for dogs when the maid comes down the garden and opens the gate. CAZELL says to me, *sotto voce*, "What a pretty maid you've got."

Happy Thought.—To reply Yes, severely, adding, "and a very good girl, too," emphatically.

I don't like CAZELL's conduct. *Mem.* Certainly not to ask a fellow down whom you've only met once casually.

"This gentleman sleeps here to-night," I tell my maid.

Happy Thought.—Only to-night.

Maid says, "Very well, Sir."

This is as it should be in a country house, no difficulty about receiving a guest, no trouble, old-fashioned English hospitality.

I ask where her mistress is? She is up-stairs with MRS. SYMPERSON. Very good; then what does CAZELL say to a walk round the place before dinner? CAZELL says delighted to view the domain. A whiff of dinner comes down the passage from the kitchen. A nasty whiff.

Happy Thought.—Take CAZELL out before it gets worse.

I don't know why, but the smell of cabbages boiling conveys the idea of huts, poverty, and living all in one room.

CAZELL won't be moved, but stops to sniff.

I say (to take, as it were, the wind out of his sails), "Yes, nasty smell, but the cook *will* do it, though I've told her not to, over and over again."

CAZELL says, "My dear fellow, I'll tell you what you ought to do. You ought to get one of INCE's patent door-ventilators. Have it fixed up here," he taps the wall, and begins examining the capabilities of the wall, "and you'd be free from it at once."

I say, "Indeed!" and he puts on his hat and accompanies me into the garden.

I never knew such a fellow as CAZELL!

He surveys my geraniums and asters with an eye of pity; he looks at my roses, of which my gardener is justly proud, and shakes his head as he observes, "Ah! why don't you have the Double Lancaster? *that's* a Rose." As if *this* wasn't. "You ought to go to MULLINS's at Sheffield for them. MULLINS is the only man."

We visit my glass-house, where the grapes are. He starts back—he is horrified. What is it? A wasp? A hornet? No. "My dear fellow," he says, "you'll *never* do anything with your grapes if you don't move 'em lower down, and syringe them with SLOPER's Ingreser Mixture."

Happy Thought.—CAZELL would be worth anything to tradesmen as an advertiser. Won't suggest it, he might be angry. Host mustn't insult guest.

But I say they (the grapes) are very fine this year.

"Fine? well, so so," he admits; "but next year you won't have one."

Happy Thought.—Call the gardener, who will floor CAZELL, technically, on the spot.

I call, loudly, "ADAMS!" There is no answer. I know by this that ADAMS has gone to the village.

Directly his work is finished, ADAMS every evening disappears to the village. Being remonstrated with, he says his work's done for the day, and what's he wanted for here when his work's done? For this I had no solution when he first put the difficulty, nor have I now. I think a repartee, quick, cutting, and decisive, would have settled him. "G" Gardener. Repartee to a Gardener. Never thought of Gardener before. Had only got down Godchild and Gasman. Repartee to a Godchild: Repartee to a Gasman. ROWLAND HILL and SYDNEY SMITH used to do this sort of thing; also DEAN SWIFT. SWIFT cuffed his servant PATRICK. Wonder where I should be if I cuffed ADAMS?

CAZELL approves of the place generally. He agrees with me, "Nothing like being out of town." But he'll tell me, he says, what I ought to do with this place. This is given in an interrogative form, and evidently demands the answer

"What?"

"Why," he returns emphatically, "Buy it."

Does he think it worth buying, I ask modestly. No, he doesn't, he says, for the present, but in future it may be valuable. "But," he goes on, "I'll tell you what you want." This is only another form of "what I ought to do," and it's no use answering that you *don't* want whatever it is. "You want to pull down the left wing, construct a

new doorway, throw out a bay window, just put a verandah round the dining-room, and there you are."

Happy Thought.—To say ironically: Pull down the house in fact.

CAZELL replies, "That's it, pull it down, and build two storeys. What's your drainage here?"

Happy Thought.—To say, "don't know," because this is a question I hate.

I look upon the country as pure and healthy, and questions of drainage and water-supply annoy me. I say to him, jocularly, "Bless you; we don't know what drainage is here, it's beautifully managed," I have an idea *how* it's managed, but keep it to myself; "and we, none of us, were ever so healthy anywhere as here." I always say this, or my wife would want to go somewhere for the benefit of her health and baby's.

Ring at gate-bell. A gentleman. "Who's that?"

"That is," I'm obliged to say—"that is DR. BALSAM." "Whom has he come to see?" The maid replies, "Missus and baby." "Thought you said it was so healthy," observes CAZELL.

Happy Thought.—Must remember he is the guest, and I am the host. Old English hospitality must be observed, or really he is so irritating I could quarrel with him at once.

DR. BALSAM comes out. CAZELL doesn't offer to withdraw, as he *might* do, on pretence of seeing the plums, or anything, before the family doctor; but he walks with DR. BALSAM and myself round the gardens, while I am being told how my wife is suffering from a low state of nerves and rheumatic hysteria; the baby, of course, from rash.

"Your wife says she's had the Inspector of Nuisances here?" I try to turn the Doctor's question off jocosely before CAZELL; but it won't do. DR. BALSAM says, "You must have your pigsty cleaned out, and the drainage is—"

"Ah," cries CAZELL, knowingly, "I'd have sworn I smelt something horrid."

"It'll breed fever," says the Doctor.

What fever! fever! bad drainage! pigs cause of illness—at Mede Lodge, in the loveliest part of—No!

"I tell you what you ought to do," says CAZELL, "buy five tons of Disinfecting Fluid, and ten of Chloride of Amphiastartum Compound, and empty it all about the place. It'll last for two years."

The Doctor says he's right, and wishes me good-bye.

Inspector of Nuisances to come to-morrow. I see Doctor to gate.

Happy Thought (which I express).—"A little inconvenience which a few labourers will remove: soon do it. The only nuisance, after all, in the country."

Man looks over gate with a paper. "For you, Sir," he says. I open it. A legal document. Summons before the Magistrate for keeping dogs without a licence. Hang the dogs! Irate woman heard at back door. I go round to her. She is holding up a fowl with its head off. "Well?" "Well!" screams irate elderly peasant, "I ain't going to have this: your nasty (*so*b) dog came into our field (*so*b), and killed (*so*b) my (*so*b) chicken. I wouldn't ha' took five shillin' for it. I wouldn't."

Happy Thought.—To say, "Glad to hear it." Offer her sixpence.

CAZELL says, "You ought to ask if the fowl was tied up, or not."

I ask the question. This sends her nearly wild. She'll have the Law on me. She'll go and fetch a policeman. "Tisn't because she's poor and hard-worked she's to be insulted, &c., &c. She raves through the stable-yard gate. Lion, instead of attacking her (he oughtn't to have let her pass, the idiotic brute!) pretends to play at something or other with her shawl as she passes his kennel, for which he gets a thump on the head, and retires dismally.

CAZELL follows her into the lane to reason with her and tell her what she ought to do.

Happy Thought.—Better leave it to mediation and retire.

Go back into house. Screams. Wife in hysterics on sofa. Doctor, man with summons, woman screaming, smells from pigs, baby with rash too much for her, "And," says MRS. SYMPERSON, ironically, "I think you *might* have taken the trouble to come up-stairs and see how we were when you came in."

Mem.—Don't bring down a friend suddenly again.

Another Great Scandal.

We *did* think Mathematics was a steady and decorous science, but our opinion is now completely shaken, since we have seen the title of one of the papers read in the Mathematical Section, at the recent meeting of the British Association—"On Conic Osculation"! We have no longer any difficulty in believing in "The Loves of the Triangles," and should not be in the least surprised to hear of disclosures affecting the moral character of a Parallelogram. At the same learned Meeting another Paper was read "On Initial Life." Could this refer to those strange advertisements which head the second column of the *Times*?

NOISY INSTRUMENTS.—Storm Drums.

PUNCH'S ALPHABET.



MAY OON MOSSOO KEE PONX LWEE MAYM TRAY
BOWKOO PLOO BONG-REGARDONG KER VRATMONG IL AY!



NIZ É NINGLICHEMAN! ROSEBIF!! OLRAI!
MILOR! DAM! COMME IL TOURNE UP SON NOSE! O MAIE AIE!!



O'S A POOR ORPHAN OF PARENTS BEREFT;
FOR HE EAT THEM BOTH UP, SO HE'S GOT NOTHING LEFT!



P WAS THE PARENTS OF POOR LITTLE O;
BUT THEY'D TRAINED HIM NOT UP IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.



Q IS THE QUESTION; SO SIMPLE, SO SWEET,
THAT ITS BARE RECOLLECTION WILL MAKE THE HEART BEAT.



R'S A REPLY, AND A SIMPLE ONE TOO,
AND A SWEET, TO THE TREMULOUS POPPING OF Q.



Philanthropic Coster (who has been crying "Perry-wink-wink-wink!" till he's hoarse—and no buyers). "I WONDER WHAT THE F'OR UNFORT'NATE CREETERS IN THESE 'ERE LOW NEIGHB'HOODS DO LIVE ON!!"

A VERDICT ON VACCINATION.

A SIMPLETON, the other day, applied to a Police Magistrate asking his advice how to proceed in order to compel a judicious Cemetery Company (the Highgate) to let him inscribe on a gravestone, over a child he had buried there, the verdict of a Coroner's Jury, "Died from the mortal effects of vaccination." One would like to know who, and what, the gentlemen of this jury were. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, probably, and nine more small tradesmen. Suppose a child had really "died from the mortal effects of vaccination," were those gentlemen capable of understanding the proof that it had? Death, in certain habits of body may result from the clean prick of a pin or scratch of a needle. Were they able to understand the medical evidence which might have shown that the child died, if it did die, of a poisoned wound, and not merely of a plain puncture? If so, they were, in education, acquirements, and intellect altogether, very much above average cheesemongers and chandlers.

Would it not be well if coroners' juries composed of tradesmen were limited in the delivery of verdicts to questions within their competence, of which that of *post hoc* or *propter hoc* in a case of death following vaccination is scarcely one?

In objecting to an epitaph declaring a child to have "died from the mortal effects of vaccination," it is less probable that the Highgate Cemetery Company opposed the record of a scientific opinion, than that they set themselves against the diffusion of a senseless and mischievous prejudice. They deserve credit for disinterestedness; for the propagation of a prejudice against vaccination must greatly conduce to the crowding of a cemetery.

Opening on a Scent.

THE *Times*, in a City article, mentions "as an illustration of the devices used by the European Assurance Society to entrap the unwary" that in one of its pamphlets it said that "Favourable notices of the report and meeting appeared in the *Times*." "It is hardly necessary," adds the writer of the City article, "to say that no such notices were inserted." Not necessary, but very desirable, because here is indicated a means of getting at somebody. Somebody must have written the pamphlet. Where is the manuscript? Where is the printer, to prove whence he got it? And then—where is the nearest Police Court?

MORE GORILLA.

MR. PUNCH,

Sir, that chaffing Gorilla has done you!
A *Medium* Gorilla, indeed!
Be assured that the fellow has spun you
A yarn of lies, as to his breed.

Just read MR. DARWIN, and tell up
The millions of years, if you can,
It took a Baboon to develope
Monstrosity into a man.

One day a large monkey was pounding
Some nuts with two stones in the dark,
When he noticed, the issue astounding
Of fire, lighted up by a spark.

Then gathering bunches of heath, he us
Showed how we might cook and keep warm,
He went by the name of Prometheus,
The father of Monkey reform.

Some thousand years later a Monkey
Laid several sticks in a row,
And nibbling tuned them in one key,
Constructing a xylophone so.

Then first music rang through the forest,
Mirth followed on awe by degrees,
With Lady Gorillas they morriced
And danced about under the trees.

Meanwhile, jabber grew into talking
The language MAX MÜLLER describes,
Even while on all fours they were walking
They discussed the affairs of their tribes,

Distributed food into rations,
And brewed very passable drink,
For they held that all simious nations
Must be jolly before they could think.

One day a Gorilla made scratches
On the sand of an abstract idea,
Nor knew what importance attaches
To all that originates here.

Metaphysical apes soon grew common,
Writing P'aleo-Sanscrit with ease,
Some scratched on the sea-shore, but some on
The smooth surfaced bark of the trees.

Sitting up a great deal to this writing
Their tails got so much in the way
You might see them indignantly biting
A bit off them every day.

And now, Sir, admire how plastic
Is nature; Gorillas no doubt,
In tail-hating enthusiastic,
Had little Gorillas without.

'Tis said that one tribe of Gorillas
Still roam on the African shore;
Though tailless, quite brainless, and still as
Great beasts as their sires of yore.

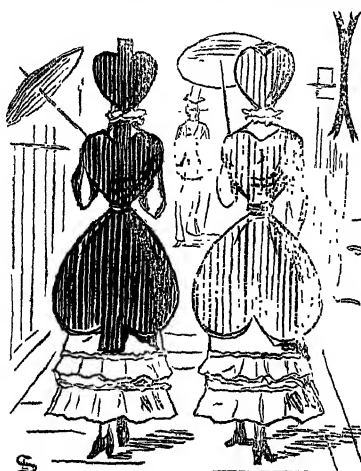
Of the long noble tails of their fathers
They cherish a secular dream;
Whence each one, assuredly gathers
He must be the cream of the cream.

The Stage and the Rail.

WITH a view to the increased attraction and accommodation of the playgoing public, the Managers of Theatres might adopt a great improvement upon their present arrangements. Instead of keeping the Box-Office open all day from 10 till 5, they might close it until a few minutes before the opening of the doors. It is by thus limiting the allowance of time to passengers for taking tickets that Railway Managers contrive to create a rush.

A SCRAP OF THIEVES' LATIN.—*Alienum Cuique.*

A WANTON WARNING TO VANITY.



NDEED the *Morning Post* ought to be ashamed of itself. That journal, which we used to call our fashionable contemporary, publishes a paragraph, headed "TIGHT-LACING," which reports the particulars of an inquest held at the College Arms, Crowndale Road, Camden Town, on the body of a young woman, aged only nineteen, and whereby, if they see it, our dear girls who take in such instructive journals as the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* will be terrified to no purpose by the information that—

"She was out three hours with a perambulator, in which was one child, and as she neared her destination she fell down insensible. She was taken to 10, Polygon, where upon examination by Dr. SMELLIE, she was found quite dead. It was discovered that she was very tightly laced, and Dr. SMELLIE stated that death was caused by effusion of blood on the brain, caused by fatty heart, accelerated by compression of the chest produced by tight-lacing. The jury returned a verdict in those terms."

This statement, so inconsistently published by our once, and, we hitherto supposed, our still fashionable contemporary, is calculated to have a most unfashionable effect, namely, that of deterring girls from following the revived fashion of lacing as tight as they can stand, and tighter than they are sometimes able to go. But a propensity, which seems a law of their nature, happily compels them, for the most part, to follow the fashion regardless of consequences. The typical and average woman can no more deviate from the dress of the day than an animal can choose to change its skin or its spots. There is no fear that any girls accustomed to tight-lacing will ever be induced to relinquish that practice which renders them such delightful objects to one another, if ridiculous and repulsive to stupid men, by any such nonsense as a report of the verdict of a coroner's jury ascribing death to the effect of tight-lacing in accelerating fatty degeneration of the heart. No apprehension of fatty hearts is excitable in intellects which, dominated by a loveable instinct of imitation, brutal philosophers consider fatuous, and sometimes dare to speak of their charming possessors as fat-headed, and express the opinion that their heads contain fat in the place of brains!

HONEY OUT OF THE ROCK.

MR. PUNCH did himself the pleasure of introducing to the world at large his explosive contemporary the *Rock*, when that remarkable journal started. He did so in obedience to the promptings of a prophetic instinct that (if spared) the *Rock* would afford some good fun. That instinct was accurate. Better fun than the "evangelical" journal can be found only in *Mr. Punch's* own immortal columns. The Protestant torch flames like a meteor in the troubled air. It is a pity that the *Rock's* circle is limited, for though its correspondents, worthy persons of the most exhausting enthusiasm, compliment it upon its tremendous power to protect religion, and smash all the non-orthodox, it reminds one of *Mr. Quilp*, who "might have been a ship-broker, but if he were, he broke up his ships so very small, that there was no seeing the pieces." It is a reproach to mankind that the *Rock* is not more known, and to do away, in some degree, with that reproach, *Mr. Punch* has selected a few gems from the last number which has reached him, and thus sets them for the civilised world:—

THE ROCK ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

"And whom has England gained in Ireland in lieu of the friends whom she has alienated from her? Absolutely none. There is far more disloyalty and sedition in Ireland than there was thirty years ago, and a more intense national and anti-English feeling than ever existed before in that country."

THE ROCK ON WHAT THE LATE REV. ROBERT ("SATAN") MONTGOMERY WOULD HAVE SAID TO MR. GLADSTONE.

"Over the recent deeds of the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland, might angels weep! In what words of fire would not the REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY have denounced the bold apostate, who in the decline of life, and in charity, we hope (of mental power and moral responsibility) has with matricidal hands, and aided and abetted by Radicals and Socialists, devoted his power and his energy to the plunder

and destruction of that very Church he once so gloried to defend. Had the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, in 1848, listened to the wise, affectionate, and prophetic warning of the REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, he would now stand before horror-struck Christendom, arraigned of the most impious and wholesale sacrilege on record!"

THE ROCK ON LORD BYRON.

"But what of LORD BYRON? Surely there was fire—bright, brilliant, blazing fire enough in that heart—but was it ever warmed with the glow of a generous affection; was it ever blest with the unspeakable bliss of a fervent and abiding love? The fire in BYRON's heart was like the flame of the volcano; it tore his bosom to pieces, it tossed and upheaved his very being; it rushed out from him only to desolate and destroy all that was near it and within its reach; it was not like the fire that burns in the lamp of Heaven, to beautify and to brighten all that it looks down upon."

THE ROCK ON SHELLEY.

"SHELLEY's married life points precisely the same moral, and from the same cause; for the infidel SHELLEY, like the infidel BYRON, was beyond most men of his time capable of realising to the uttermost all that is most beautiful and most poetical in human affection, and yet the natural fire within him, which should have lighted the lamp of his earthly Paradise, became, as in BYRON's case, the fire of a volcano, and only burnt the heart that it should have blessed."

THE ROCK ON BYRON AND SHELLEY.

"Both were ardent admirers of Republicanism and professed champions of the rights of man (!); both became objects of admiration, of pity, and of horror to the generation in which they lived; both loved to sing of the fascinations of the flesh in strains of gross sensuousness, burdened, too, with the curse of blasphemy, but splendid with the graces and glory of genuine poetry, in which they painted to the very life the terrible influence of a godless unholy love in transforming the manhood of man into the brutishness of the brute, or into the fury and fierceness of a fiend."

THE ROCK ON THE JESUITS.

"The Jesuits are not such simpletons as the *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to imagine. Their unwavering purpose for more than half a century has been fixed upon the accomplishment of that object which Dr. MANNING looks upon as the main business of his life—to undermine and destroy the influence of Great Britain as the leading Protestant Power in Christendom. Protestant statesmen who understand this question do not trouble their heads with the wild absurdities of modern Romish theology. They find more congenial work in looking after the occult diplomacy of the Vatican; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, the Council of Rome will supply some good material for that study."

THE ROCK ON THE FACT THAT A SCOTSMAN HAS BEEN SHOT IN IRELAND, THOUGH NEARLY ALL THE SCOTS MEMBERS VOTED FOR THE DISESTABLISHMENT.

"What will the men of Scotland say to this 'immolation' of their countrymen 'on the altar of tenant-right' by the assassins for whom they sacrificed their Protestant principles in pulling down at the last election the Protestant Church of Ireland, professing, as they did, with MR. GLADSTONE, to glut and gorge the cruel and insatiable hunger of the Popish wolves?"

It will be seen that one Abdiel-journal is "faithful alone among the faithless found," and that the *Rock* is constant to the principles which placed the Star of Brunswick on the Throne, and the Altar.

"MAY AND DECEMBER."—Chaucer.

AN American paper gives the following account of the marriage of an old fellow called VANDERBILT, a railway millionaire. Who shall doubt the power of money when it causes such a fellow to be spoken of, not merely civilly, but with adulation?—

"Not many months ago the COMMODORE VANDERBILT's son fell desperately in love with the charming daughter of one of the city officers. But for some reason or other the father was unwilling that the young man should wed the charming young lady, and there were sorrow and tears and coldness as a result. At length the young man sickened and died. The young lady then, for the first time, became known to the firm old father, who is 74. The latter, in spite of himself, was pleased, then charmed, then in love as strong and deeply as a youth of twenty. By presents at first, then attentions, then the offer of his hand, his heart, and 'the keys of his chest,' was this love shown. Each was accepted, and so the charming young lady became after all the wife of a VANDERBILT. As good as she is beautiful, the world says of her. And a gallant knight is the hale old commodore."

A gallant knight! If the story is true, an old ruffian were the fitter word. He breaks his son's heart, evidently for no sort of reason, and then buys the girl for himself.

A Possible Erratum.

A SERIAL Tale is now appearing in *Temple Bar*, entitled "Red as a Rose is She." We hope great care is taken in printing this Magazine, for "Red as a Nose is She" would certainly not read well.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

XV.—TO A MICHAELMAS GOOSE.

O Civic bird! Thy flight for aye is stayed:
The lonely moor, the tranquil stubble-field,
The fen, the farm, the distant wold and weald,
Have sent thee southward—sometimes carriage paid—
To crown his board for whom the glittering blade,
With nice dexterity upraised, shall yield
Fierce onion and the milder sage, revealed
By one incision with due forethought made.
May those recall, who feast on thee, fond bird,
The time when thou Rome's Capitol didst save,
Or later down, that memorable day,
When our great Queen was eating thee, and heard
Of Spain's Armada wrecked by wind, and wave,
And England freed from fear of alien sway!

XVI.—AUTUMN.

Another tenant of the year arrives.
Ejected Summer sadly moves away,
And Autumn, with an aspect of decay,
His windy chariot through the forest drives,
And, despot in that leafy realm, deprives
The moaning trees of all their choice array,
Forced like unwilling children to obey
The tyrant terror of their simple lives.
Again great-coats are worn, again we burn
The cheerful produce of the gloomy mine,
Again to whist and oysters we return,
By artificial light again we dine—
For now we've reached that period of the year,
When comes October and October beer.

THE SHAM AT ST. CLOUD.

(Exposed by Zadkiel.)

THERE has been nothing whatever the matter with LOUIS NAPOLEON. The "Voice of the Stars—August, 1869," in ZADKIEL's Almanack proclaims that:—

"The chief feature of this month is the *stationary* position of Saturn very near the Sun's place at noon on the birthday of an illustrious Princess. And as on the 18th day Mars transits the opposite place of the Sun at noon on the birthday of the King her father, we may note that time for a portion of the effect. Now we observe that the Prince, her husband, has M. C. square Saturn zod. con = 27° 51', and Sun square Mars zod. con = 27° 54'. These are very serious; and I judge very serious consequences, which I do not feel at liberty to explain more fully."

It can be hardly necessary to point out the obvious accomplishment of this prediction in the trip of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES to Wildbad. But the only other Royal or Imperial personages spoken of by ZADKIEL in his "Voice of the Stars" for last August are the SULTAN OF TURKEY and the KING OF ITALY, of the latter of whom ZADKIEL predicted that he would "be extremely likely to encounter fate on the 15th." Not a word is said about the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, though we are told that:—

"All persons born on the 2nd of December will suffer about or near the 15th day of the month."

Of course ZADKIEL is not such a humbug as to pretend to say that the *coup d'état* was the MAN OF DECEMBER's birth.

The only reference to his Imperial Majesty under "Voices of the Stars" for the present month is as follows:—

"All persons born with the Moon in the same longitude are sure to agree. This is the case with the POPE and NAPOLEON THE THIRD. Hence they agree, and the former is upheld by the latter."

Not a word about any illness of LOUIS NAPOLEON. That crafty ruler has only been shamming, of course with some sinister design. We shall know all about it by-and-by, and then will ZADKIEL be glorified, for the thousandth time Right Again!

Curious Coincidence.

(Literatim.)

DEAR SIR,—The *Court Circular* say that on Thursday PRINCE CHRISTIAN went out for a deer drive. I did the same, Hansom (?) cabman charged me a shilling too much, by inserting wick will oblige,

Your obedient Servant, A. VICIUM.

[He should have overcharged such an idiot two shillings.]

SLAVERY IN SUFFOLK.

To MUSTER PUNCH, SIR,

I BAINT no skollard myself, but my bor JIM he goo to parsons skule, and parson axed me what I thowt o' this here extrack from a jarnal which he red to me, and as yow live in Lunnon praps yow may hev heerd on it t' sounded suffun like the *Paul Maul Gas Set*:—

"Apart from any consideration of personal enjoyment, the ordinary subsistence of the labourer is not sufficient to maintain him in the health and strength required for the efficiency, and therefore for the economy, of labour, that it is impossible for him to make any provision out of his scanty earnings for sickness and old age, and that all he has to look forward to is a life of unintermitted toil, shut out from every hope of advancement, and ending with his being pensioned as a pauper on the poor-rates."

Well say I arter parson had explained all them long words I've heerd as English folk hev paid down pretty hansom for emancipatun niggers and if they'd ony do the same for us poor labrers we'd all sing O be joyful and thank em for their help. Its werry bootiful to brag about how Britons never never never wont be slaves but I'd like to know if slavun for a wife and seven children upon 10 shillun a week with northun but the Workus to look to and no Baccy, aint jist as bad a lookout as they niggers hev bin born to and the wonder is faerm labrers dont rise up in Rebellion like them Jamaky Blacks. And lookee here what parson read me out of the *Paul Maul*:—

"It is a significant fact that no reformer, however advanced, has advocated the admission of the agricultural labourer to the franchise. If use had not familiarised us to it, we should be ashamed that this great class is decidedly in arrear of the general advance in comfort and well-being, and is so wanting in independence and intelligence as to be lower in the political scale than even the emancipated slaves in the United States."

It taint much of a complement to tell us British labrers we be Lower down than niggers. But I dont keer for the franchisee so much as for good bread and cheese with now and then o' Sundays a crumb of good fat bacon. Still if I wur a woter I'd arn a pint or 2 o' Beer at lection time may be and praps my wages ud be riz for to secure my wote and influence! But as I say to parson while us poor faermun labrers are treated wuss than niggers why Gorm me! I say yar gret folk mustnt wonder at our poachun now and then to arn a scrap o' meat. Nor yar faermurs mustnt wonder if we do em skimpun service. Fur it baint in human natur to do good work on bad feedun. And so no moor at present from yars humbly to comand,

GILES SCROGGINS.

P.S. Uppud o' thutty year a labrer at 10 shillun a week in the employ o' MUSTER SKINFINT nigh to Ipsidge Suffuk.

FOOD FOR POWDER AND FIRE-DAMP.

How do the explosions of powder-mills, which are so frequent, generally occur? Nobody, who could have told, can ever tell, because everybody is blown up. So imagination sets to work supposing causes; friction of grit, spontaneous ignition, flashes of lightning, aerolites, meteors, and so on. The more probable causation of most of these accidents is suggested by a paragraph in the *Times*, which Hope, that told a flattering tale, has headed:—

"CAUTION TO WORKMEN.—No less than 58 men were suspended at the powder-mills of MESSRS. CURTIS AND HARVEY on Friday morning, for having in their possession pipes and lucifer-matches, each being searched as he came on the premises. The men are provided with books of rules, and orders are posted in all parts of the building cautioning those employed not to carry pipes or matches."

What will make workmen cautious if not the fear of a blowing-up, so much more severe than a reprimand as that of a powder-mill? Scarcely the mere risk of suspension from their employment. Probably they would not even be restrained by liability to such suspension as *sus. per coll.*, and would strike their lights and smoke their pipes in the midst of powder-works, though they might be hanged for it. What can be a caution to fellows who must be idiotic as to the sense of danger? One would think that those powder-millers' men, as also their like, the miners accustomed to light their tobacco by sucking flame through their Davy-lamps, must be wretches tired of their lives and wishing to commit suicide without incurring a verdict of *felo-de-se*. But even then, if that is their object with a view to decent burial, how stupid they must be not to consider what sort of interment they are likely to enjoy if their bodies are blown to atoms!

Shooting Intelligence.

OUR Correspondent telegraphs as follows:—

"In England the *bags* very short.""In Scotland very little *kill*."

This we now hear is attributable wholly to the late heat of the weather.



UNINTENTIONAL SATIRE.

Donkey Boy (innocently, pointing out a couple of his animals). " 'ERE YOU ARE, SIR! 'ERE YOU ARE, MISS! "

HEY, JOHNNY CUMMING!

AIR—"Hey, Johnny Cope!"

HEY, JOHNNIE CUMMING! are ye waukin' yet?
Or aboot the Millennium talkin' yet?
Gin ye were waukin' priests wad wait,
To shrive JOHNNIE CUMMING i' the mornin'.

JOHNNIE wrote a challenge to the Por' o' Rome,
Sayin', "Sin' till the Cooncil ye've bid me come,
Gin I gang, can I speak as nae doggie dumb?
I wad speer ye for light i' the mornin'."

When PAWPIE read the letter on,
He took him pen and ink anon,
"We'll mak' short wark wi' this heretic son
O' Scotia an' KNOX i' the mornin'."

A line through MANNING the douce auld Por'
To JOHNNIE did in answer drop;
"Thae questions ye'd speer We canna stop
To re-open the noo of a mornin'."

"There's nane can doot or deny that We
Are the Lord-Lieutenant o' Christendie.
D'ye spy ony green in Our paternal ee?
Get hoot wi' your chaff i' a mornin'!"

"Ye're welcome at our Cooncil Ha',
Doon on your marrowbanes to fa'
An' your errors recant, and haud your jaw,
Nae mair o' your gab i' the mornin'."

"Ye'll come to mak' submission mute,
We dinna argue or dispute,
Shall naething say but, 'There's Our fute,
Kiss that, JOHNNY CUMMING, i' the mornin'!'"

When JOHNNIE gat the Por's reply,
Said he, "I baith doot an' deny,
An' sae do mony mair forbye,
The commission ye claim of a mornin'."

Twice ten Munich Doctors of canon law
Acknowledge there's nae rule at a'
To tell what the Por' says *ex cathedra*,
An' what aff of his throne i' the mornin'.

When Pawpish Doctors disagree
As to what maks gude the Por's decree,
The warth o' t canna be ane bawbee
To ae canny Scot of a mornin'.

Nae dogmies Pro will discuss,
To prove whilk wad Auld Nick *nonplus*;
And sae he cries *non possumus*:
Canna meet JOHNNIE CUMMING i' the mornin'.

Merely a Record.

M. DUMAS (not dear old MONTE CRISTO) has expressed himself so admirably upon the forgeries that imposed upon poor M. CHASLES (not the accomplished PHILARETE) that no more need ever be said on the subject. "M. CHASLES," he observed, "had forgotten what was due to HUYGHENS, the honour of his country, and to NEWTON, the glory of humanity. The Academy associates itself with England and Holland in saying that the reputations of NEWTON and HUYGHENS have in no way suffered by this attack either in their glory or their renown." Loftily and 'ustly said, M. DUMAS. "Provincial Letters" please copy.

DUCK HIM!

WHAT new London improvement reminds you of a Submarine Cable?
"A vire ducked," replied the miserable Cockney.



“NON POSS.!”

PAPA PIUS. “NO, DEAR DOCTOR CUMMING—YOU MAY KISS MY TOE IF YOU LIKE, BUT YOU
MUSTN'T SPEECHIFY.”

CASES SHOT FLYING.

READERS whose relish of fun exceeds their philanthropy will be more amused than shocked by the following extract from the *British Medical Journal* :—

"ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND ITS OUT-PATIENTS.

"The issue at present raised at St. Bartholomew's Hospital between part of the staff (as represented by DR. MAYO) and the Governors of the Institution, is one about the results of which there can be but little doubt; and as to its rights, none at all. DR. MAYO, on undertaking the office of House-Physician, finds that, in addition to his ward duties, he is required also to see casualty out-patients; to take, indeed, a third-share of from 400 to 500 every morning, and to see them at the rate of 100 per hour. His work in this department must be over by one o'clock, for at that hour it is his duty to attend the physician of the day in his ward visit. Against this state of things DR. MAYO protests."

Well may DR. MAYO protest against such a state of things. Your friend in *Horace* often as, by way of a feat, he dictated two hundred verses in an hour, *stans pede in uno*, never did anything equal to the performance, exacted from a physician, of prescribing for 100 patients in the same space of time. It is conceivably possible to knock off two hundred verses for a poet literally standing at ease like a stork, but not for a doctor, even on both legs, to knock off so many patients, though, in attempting to do so, he would be likely enough to knock some of them off with a vengeance, especially if he incurred a verdict of manslaughter. Indeed, the idea of a physician, despatching so many patients in so short a time as DR. MAYO was required to do, suggests a comparison, not so much with the poet LUCILIUS, as with the historical dog Billy, celebrated for killing a hundred rats in five minutes. The benevolent Governors of St. Bartholomew's need only have their attention directed to the last instanced analogy to enable them to see the necessity of providing a medical staff sufficiently large to insure all the out-patients, as well as the inmates of that hospital, the full and sufficient consideration of their several cases.

LINE OF BATTLE IN SMOKE.

WE trust we shall ever preserve our friendship with the countrymen of HANS BREITMANN. We allowed Denmark to be robbed of Schleswig-Holstein, and tolerated the total theft of Hanover; so that there seems to be no conceivable offence that can hook us into a war with Prussia and Germany. That view is a pleasant one to contemplate for thinking people, who, but for it, would be rendered very uneasy by the following statement in a *Times* leader on "The Cruise of the Lords of the Admiralty" :—

"It has been imagined that the introduction of steam-power would render naval tactics of extreme importance in any future engagements, but when on one occasion the ships were ordered to go into action, it was found that a few minutes sufficed to envelope the whole fleet in so dense a cloud of smoke that signals were no longer visible, and all that any vessel could do was to fire as rapidly as possible into the darkness around her."

Now, those Deutschers are confoundly clever fellows: particularly at chemistry. Gun-cotton, which was discovered by one of them, is a substance they are at work on perfecting. No doubt they will soon make it available, so as to supersede powder, for naval gunnery. Gun-cotton goes off without smoke. In the happily almost impossible event of a war with them, our ships, enveloped in smoke of our own clumsy making, would blaze away at theirs in the dark, at random, with useless guns of precision, whilst they would fire with unerring aim at the flashes of our guns, and the end of our first sea-fight with them would be, that the British would be sent to the bottom by the German Fleet.

The Recognition of Merit.

It seems that a work entitled *Lives of Eminent Serjeants* is nearly ready for publication. All who are interested in the welfare of our Army must rejoice that the gallant deeds of some of its non-commissioned officers are about to be made more widely known; and the wish will probably be felt that, as a sequel, the public may be favoured with *Lives of Distinguished Corporals*, commencing with "Le Petit Caporal,"—the great NAPOLEON himself. It is not said to whom the volume on "Serjeants" is to be dedicated—probably to the Commander-in-Chief.

VICE VERSÂ.

THE *Post*, in an ecclesiastical article, remarks :—

"These things are a step in the adaptation of the Church to the masses."

Of altar candles, genuflections, elevated wafers, and other Ritualist instruments and acts you may say, on the other hand, "These things are a step in the adaptation of the Masses to the Church."

MOST IMPORTANT

To all of the Theatrical Profession whom it may concern. A Letter addressed in great haste to Mr. Punch.

HISTORICALLY LEARNED SIR,

You are archæological, no end. Do you know this item? Important to Clowns and Pantomimists generally. I have only just opened a book in which I've found this most curious information :—

"A Cardinal's Hat was destined for GRIMALDI, but he died just before his intended promotion."

I closed the book at once, and rushed to the desk. What does DR. CUMMING ("Cumming Events" I call him, 'cos he's always prophesying)—what, I say, does DR. CUMMING think of this? Why there's hope for old Pantaloon to be "afterwards Bishop," Columbine (whose original I suppose, by the way, was wife of COLUMBUS) will be "afterwards Mother Superioress," Harlequin a Subdeacon, and Sprites, Acolytes. Why, Sir, that hymning idiot, the Converted Clown, is nowhere after this.

Yours, ever,

SAM SUDDEN.

P.S. On continuing my perusal of the book I find (in honesty I am bound to inform you) that the above item of surprising intelligence is part of the history of Monaco, in the middle ages, and that the illustrious ancestor of the great buffoon was Bishop and Prince of that historical Principality. What's in a name? Why enough to mislead yours, ever, S. S.

THE TUB IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

"The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower."

THIS poetical statement may be suggested to the Londoner returning to Town by the appearance of the statues in Trafalgar Square, although it is applicable to them only in part. They look as fresh as the mangold, turnips, and other root-crops washed by the late rains, but have themselves been washed with dilute sulphuric acid. NAPIER and HAVELOCK have been much improved by the application of this detergent; so has GEORGE THE FOURTH, who has also had a good deal of vitriol in a more concentrated form poured on his memory. NAPIER looks remarkably bright; HAVELOCK is as clean, but of a more sober brown: and the eye reposes on a GEORGE of the same hue, only darker. But His Majesty has been effectually cleaned, and the "First Gentleman in Europe" can no longer be classed among the Great Unwashed.

SIR EDWIN'S lions at the base of NELSON'S column retain their sombre colour, which contrasts strikingly with the brilliancy of the genius that designed them. They remain dark lions, not to say black lions, for a black lion does not exist in creation, exists only on canvass, or rather, perhaps, we should say board, and is not to be named in connection with SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, at any rate. Indeed, did the Catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition ever contain any entry of a work of Art by anybody whomsoever to which an appropriate quotation or motto could have been considered to have been adjoined in *Ecce signum*?

In London, having, as Englishmen, experienced the advantage of cleanliness, we are now, from tubbing ourselves, proceeding to tub our statues. In Continental capitals, of which the air contains little soot, the monuments may not stand in need of that process so much as the inhabitants do.

CORRUPTERS AND CADS.

THUS, truly in a sense, remarks the *Times*, in a leader suggested by the Election Commissions :—

"It has been said that there would be no bribery if there were no gentlemen to bribe."

Well; yes: with regard to what that statement means. But there are no gentlemen to bribe. There are blackguards. Only blackguards bribe; blackguards only are bribed; but the former blackguards, knowing better than the latter, are the worse, and, richer as they are, wanting the excuse of want, more richly deserve imprisonment and hard labour.

A New School.

A New critical journal is announced, to come from the respected house in Albemarle Street. It is to be called *The Academy*. Now Academia was a piece of land on the Cephissus, six stadia from Athens, originally belonging to a hero, ACADEMUS, and subsequently a gymnasium. Here taught PLATO, whose followers were hence called Academicians. The editor of the *Academy* told us this in the strict confidence of a classical dictionary. For ourselves we have only to express our hope that in this Academy the birch will be unsparingly used. There is a precious deal of sound flogging wanted in various quarters.



"THE GRECIAN BEND."

DOES NOT TIGHT-LACING AND HIGH HEELS GIVE A CHARMING GRACE AND DIGNITY TO THE FEMALE FIGURE?

FOREIGN NOTES AND QUERIES.

I SEE that some intrepid tourists, when they get among the mountains, stick securely to the valleys, and never risk their valuable lives in foreign climbs. Yet they provide themselves with alpenstocks of most portentous size, and get them branded with the names of the heights they have ascended; such, for instance, as Lucerne, Brienz, and Interlaken, and the like terrific eminences. These names may well strike terror to untravelled friends at home; but, as a look at *Murray* might weaken the illusion, I think it would be safer to inscribe upon one's alpenstock the heights which one has climbed to in getting to one's bedroom. The tourist who arrives late at any Swiss hotel, unheralded by either a courier or telegram, will find he has to mount to the eleventh staircase, that he may roost, like house-sparrows, just beneath the roof. The feats of Alpine climbing which he will thus accomplish in the course of a month's tour will be engraven on his memory, and, I think, might fitly be branded on his alpenstock. "*Tei on marque les bâtons*," should be prominently placarded in every Swiss attic.

How is it that our naturalists account for the strange fact that chickens which are served at Continental tables d'hôte are generally quadrupeds, and that apparently two drumsticks are grown upon each leg?

I asked a fellow tourist his opinion of the Rhine.

"Wal, Sir," he said, "it's not so grand as our North River. We haint got them old castles, toe be sure, but our water's twice as broad, and our rocks air twice as big, and mostly perpendic'lar." I remarked that the Rhine ruins were extremely picturesque, and certainly enhanced the beauty of the river. "Wal," said he, "I shouldn't wonder if our builders could put us up a few, if we offered them the contract. But our people don't deal much in ruins, that's a fact: and when you come to think of it, you can't say there's much use in 'em."

The Robbers of the Rhine, by the way, have some descendants, but they now live in hotels, and not in "them old castles." One of them charged me three-and-sixpence for a single slice of salmon, which I had incautiously ordered for my breakfast. *Moral*: Don't go to the Rhine without plenty of the rhino.

BYRON was inspired by the grandeur of the Alps, but his inspiration never led him to compose such wondrous lines as these: I discovered them in manuscript, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea:—

"We rose at four, and our faces we soaped,
Then in the clouds our way we groped,

But to see the view we vainly hoped,
For the mountains in mist were enveloped."

Mrs. Malaprop's descendants are not yet extinct. One of them in my hearing asked if there was any danger now in going up the Gemini; while another sadly puzzled me by saying that she wanted a Dinah à la carp, to be served at eight precisely in the Salamander.

Why are not *chefs* more careful in writing their *menu*? Cacography may often lead to hideous mistakes. I have seen "*chevreuil*" so scribbled that SMITH has asked for "*encore un morceau du cheval*," whereat JONES has very rudely vented a horse-laugh.

CHORUS OF INFURIATED SPANIARDS.

Santiago! GENERAL SICKLES
Talk to us of Cuba! Pickles!
By our TUBAL, son of JAPHET,
Hot and hot we'll let him have it.
Sons of those who took Saguntum,
Shall a Yankee cuss affront 'em?
In the name of AFRICANUS,
Shall Americans disdain us?
We, whose glory was SERTORIUS,
Shall we stoop to act inglorious?
By the fame of CID RODRIGO,
Let him threat, to battle we go.
By the valour of ALPHONSUS
We will crack the Yankee sconces;
By the fires of TORQUEMADA,
Let him hit, we'll hit him harder;
By the egg of proud COLUMBUS,
Shame that he our soil encumbers,
By the wisdom of XIMENES,
Serve him as we served the Sheenies;
By the dashing deeds of CORTEZ,
Let us punch his head, my haughties;
By the plunder of PIZARRO,
Shoot this Washington cack-sparrow;
By the spouse of Bloody MARY,
We will tame him, à la HARRY,
By the shameful rock, Gi raltar,
He shall dangle in a haltr.
By our licking at Trafalgar
We regard him *vilius alga*.
By the English BARON ROURO,
Each man shout, like CACUS, "*Uro!*"
By the fatal Trocadero,
He has made each man a hero;
By the bold DE LACY EVANS,
Send our war-cry to the heavens;
By the windmills of DON QUIXOTE,
Off, and seek your father Nick, sot:
By the novels of CERVANTES,
Trash your philanthropic cant is;
By the noble works of CALDERON,
Hang him, oak, elm, ash, or alder on;
By the dramas of DE VEGA,
Let us kick the cheeky nigger.
Santiago! GENERAL SICKLES
Talk to us of Cuba! Pickles!

HIS EMINENCE DEAN CLOSE.

"OXONIENSIS," in the *Times*, says, touching the Very Reverend the DEAN OF CARLISLE, who lately delivered a remarkable discourse on the tendencies of modern science:—

"The Dean appears obnoxious to the charge of two gratuitous assumptions—viz., that the progress of science must necessarily, and actually does, tend to the subversion of the Christian religion, and, as a corollary, that the attitude of Christianity to scientific discovery must be one of uncompromising, and, I think I may say, contemptuous antagonism."

The old proverb right again! Extremes meet. How close is the proximity of DEAN CLOSE to the POPE! In ideas as to the relation of Science to Faith, CARDINAL CULLEN himself could not be closer.

WHAT NEXT?—That the lower classes have not a monopoly of ignorance is proved by the deplorable fact that a London Police-Magistrate the other day, wished to know what a witness meant by a "dickey!"

PUNCH TO THE POPE.



DEAR AND HOLY FATHER,
If you please, may I
come to the Oecumenical
Council?

I need not promise to
behave like a gentleman, as
I never do anything else.
I will not even wink at AN-
TONELLI when any particu-
larly beautiful lady comes
into the gallery. I will make
no speech until invited to
do so, and I will not, once
say "Roo-ey-too-ey!"

It appears to me that you,
dear Father, ought at least
to give my request the con-
sideration which you gave
to that of DR. JOHN CUM-
MING, "of Scotland." You
are not quite so well
posted up (as our American
friends say) in Protestant
affairs, as would be well be-
fore Infallibility speaks or

writes, or you would know that I am equally entitled with CUMMING
to be heard as the representative of Protestantism. In fact, we stand,
as regards that matter, in exactly the same footing in the eyes of Great
Britain. As to our respective fooling, I may say, reversing the words of
Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "I do it with a better grace, but he does it
more natural."

My dear holy Father, it would not be more absurd for the head of
the Catholic world to write to me than to write to JOHN CUMMING.
I cannot think how the Archbishop of York Place could let you do it.
Have you snubbed him in any way? I know that his real genius is
distasteful to the Ultramontanes.

Well, I claim the same respect as that you have shown the Scotch
Doctor. But I have some personal claims of my own which I proceed
to advance. Do you know my history? Did you ever see my Drama?
It came from Italy.

I am entitled to the veneration of the Romish Priesthood for the
following reasons:—

1. I got rid of my wife. Celibacy for me!
2. I delivered over my enemy to the civil power, whereby he was
put to death.
3. I banged the beadle—thus protesting against the iniquitous in-
terference of secularism.
4. I smashed the lawyer—I despise all laws but those of my own
making.
5. I pitched the baby out of window for crying—i.e. protesting.
6. I pretended to demolish the Devil.

Now, really, dear Father, I think that, my dress excepted, I am as
good a Catholic ecclesiastic as any that will come to the Council. For
my costume, I would say in DR. CUMMING's Latin, *Cubillos non fecit
monkeryum*. But I will attire myself as you please, if you will let me
come.

I would not be unpleasant, but the defection of FATHER HYACINTHE,
the grandest preacher in your church, and his declaration that your
Council is a tyranny and a sin against humanity, are bores for you,
and you need some compensating *éclat*. Have me.

Come, dear Father, send me an invitation, and I will throw over
ISMAIL PASHA and Suez, though I look upon the Canal as a greater
miracle than any in your list.

Deign to receive the assurance of much more respect than DR.
CUMMING showed the aged and venerable High Priest of a great
though mistaken sect, and believe me,

Saint Bridget's Church-Yard.

PUNCH.

P.S. Do not, please, show this to ANTONELLI until you have posted
your answer. He is a very carnal-minded cove, and awfully jealous of
a good-looking man.

Bird and Beast.

IN a pro-Fenian speech, full of Fenian frenzy, addressed at Castlebar
to a meeting on behalf of the Fenian convicts, MR. GEORGE HENRY
MOORE, M.P., is reported by "AN INQUIRER" in the *Times* to have
referred to the British Parliament as "the beast of Parliament." It's
an ill bird that does that to its own nest which MR. MOORE is said to
have done. If he has done it, how long will the other nestlings con-
tinue to stand him?

HOW TO MAKE A PIECE "GO."

(A Modern Receipt.)

CHOOSE an immoral subject, or one taken from some French,
German, Spanish, or Italian play. In this latter case it may be per-
fectly moral. In announcing it, call it a New Play, omitting all mention
of originality. (N.B. Call all your plays New Plays, whether original
or not, *always* omitting the word "original." Safest course.)

Hint to one or two people, *as a secret*, that an incident in your new
piece is taken from the French. Do this in plenty of time before its
production.

Result.—One or two people in the secret will tell one or two people
out of it. The one or two thus let into the secret will set to work to
make a guinea or so by writing a magazine article on *Originality in
Dramatic Writing*, wherein your piece will be mentioned with its inci-
dents from the French.

This is one push towards making the piece "go."

The secret will have oozed out by this time, if you have carefully
informed two of the most intelligent of your performers how you have
adapted certain scenes (don't include dialogue, or their estimate of your
talents will be considerably lowered) from the French, or German, or
Spanish, &c. This, through the circulating medium of the social
"Clubs" and houses of call where certain literary and dramatic
geniuses are wont to assemble, will soon incite ready wits with ready
pens to search for the original play itself, and attack you with transla-
tions and comparisons in any journal with which they may be con-
nected.

This is another push.

Then some great mind will write to the *Times*. Then some other
great mind will reply. One will swear it is all, every bit of it, from the
French, or German, or Spanish, the other will deny the entirety of the
theft, but will admit it in part. These gentlemen will, of course meet
you at dinner at the house of a brother author, and the point will be
argued in private, and a determination will be arrived at to keep it up
in public. Then brother author, interested in always having his name
before the public ("Praise me, or abuse me, but don't, oh don't, be
silent about me!" is his cry), writes to a journal defending—(Heaven
save the mark!)—defending you.

Then the Chief of the Critics descends from his pedestal and stays
the raging war: for the world is now in excitement and is feverish
with anxiety to know what the Chief will say. He writes in his best
style a calm and lucid report of the foreign and the English work, and
leaves the case so very much where it was that the much-desired result
must follow, viz.:—

That everybody will go and judge for himself.

This, Gentlemen, is the way to make a piece go now-a-days. And,
Gentlemen, where's the trouble and labour? Sum up:—

Piece in a foreign language. Adapt it. Thoroughly Anglicise it.—An
afternoon will do that.

Drop hints about it.—This occupies a week or so. After this you
leave it to itself. You stay at home at ease. You read the discussions.
You see whither it all tends. Good. You refuse to break your silence.
You will not appear to plead at the bar. A letter to the Chief of the
Critics, private, might take you five minutes, sending him the book,
marked by you, of course. Smoke your cigar, read more and more dis-
cussions, and inspect your nightly receipts.

Advice.—Put by something considerable for that rainy day (to you)
when such dodges will no longer serve, and the public taste (for better
or for worse) has changed. In the meantime decimate a portion of
your gains for a tour on the Continent where lie all the materials for
your trade, and get a smattering of German, Spanish, Italian, and, in
fact, of any language with which you may not be acquainted. Who
doubts but there are comedies and plays in all?

PRIGGYWIGS.

"Well done, Well done, Hyacinthus my Son!"

Thackeray.

Now is the time for Rome! Now for a manifestation of ecclesiastical
power. We all know the history of HYACINTHUS, and how he was
slain by a quoit miraculously directed at his head. FATHER HYACINTHE
has descended from his pulpit, and denounces the Oecumenical Council.
If the POPE in that Council has half the supernatural power claimed
for him, let the defiant Carmelite be physically flogged. If this can't
be done, the Council had better shut up—it is an anachronism—*Hamlet*
without the *Prince of Denmark*—in fact, a Sham.

Interesting to Naturalists.

Cows ruminate, we know, but can dumb animals exchange their
thoughts by means of conversation? This is a mute point, which has
frequently been mooted. One fact at least is certain. In Scotland at
this season, wherever you may go, you are sure from all your sporting
friends to hear accounts of deer's talking.



“THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE (SKETCHING) SEASON.”

Papa. “THERE, HENRY! IF YOU COULD DO LIKE THAT, I’D HAVE YOU TAUGHT DRAWING, MY BOY!”

“UP WITH THE BLACK FLAG!”

THE “Men of Business” have been at it again, and nicely they have done it. Down went the Albert Assurance the other day, and now the European has collapsed. What goes next? We hear, the—

And who cares, except unhappy policyholders, who have been living in the comfortable faith that they had provided for their widows and children, and now find that they have done nothing of the sort, the “Men of Business” having made mistakes. Those poor holders care, of course, and some hang themselves, as they are not now afraid of vitiating their policies by the act. Some begin with old hands to try to scrape a little. We have not heard of any of them throwing a Director or two out of window.

But the rest of the world takes no heed of the ruin. It reserves its indignation for twopenny police cases. A servant-maid sets her affections on a thief, and he sets his on the plate. All respectability is in a hot rage, and would hang both. A couple of rogues break into a church and take out the halfpence, and bits of tobacco-pipes, and buttons, in the dusty old charity box. Sacrilege and transportation are the household words on every respectable tongue.

But the “Men of Business” who take a hard-worker’s money, half-year after half-year, solemnly pledging themselves to pay a lump sum at his death—they smash up. Nobody proposes to hang any of them.

We really do not know why.

Just as an experiment made on a vile body?

Let us have no *ex post facto* laws, but let it be understood that the Directors of the next Assurance Company that collapses shall be hanged.

The process can do no harm, and may do much good.

It should be done on the premises, in the Board Room. The Black Flag Assurance Society would be a name of remembrance among “Men of Business.”

BOTHERATION!

On the Irish Land Question everybody is—of course—at sea. Then they should try to promote the Irish Fisheries.

AND WHAT THEN?

“At the last meeting of the Anthropological Society of London, Dr. BEDDOE read a paper on the stature and bulk of man in the British Islands. He found the tallest men in Upper Galloway, the heaviest in Berwickshire, and the smallest among the Spitalfields weavers.”

Most valuable and interesting statistics. Next to knowing how many pennies piled up would be as high as the Monument, and what is the united age of nine old idiots who dined together on the 1st April, we rejoice in acquiring the above information. But let us have some more? From investigations by our own Special Commissioner, we are able to inform Dr. BEDDOE that in Cornwall are the most men who squint, in Devonshire the most men who have the hiccups, in Dorsetshire, the most men who put their knives into their mouths, in Zammersetshire the most men who go to sleep in church, in Sussex the most men who snore, in Hampshire the most men who stutter, in Berkshire the most men who scratch their heads, in Derbyshire the most men who like onions, in Worcestershire, the most men who wish when they see a piebald, and in Herefordshire the most men who never blow their noses. Knowledge is power, and here is a power of knowledge. Bravo, BEDDOE! bravo, *Punch*!

“Seely,” i.e., Lucky.—*Spenser.*

THE Author of *Ecce Homo* succeeds CANON KINGSLEY in the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. LORD SHAPTESBURY is as well as can be expected, and ARCHDEACON DENISON is so much recovered that no further bulletins will be issued.

Why the Viaduct Isn’t Opened.

ALL’s done, the work of trowel, stone-saw, forge:
Admit the public. Not so fast, by George!
Wait till Great Beadledom can Strut and Gorge.

DISINFECTING FLUID.—*Mr. Punch’s Ink.*



"THE MORE HASTE, THE LESS SPEED."

Intelligent Peasant (who has been overlooking our Artists with much interest). "YAR MATE'S A STAININ' O' HIS'N A'READY, SIR!"

A GRIN FOR CHESHIRE CATS.

"CALL no man happy before his death?" as a rule. But we may venture to call one living man happy? Whom? His name indeed we know not, but his office is named in the subjoined extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

"The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES are shortly to visit Chester, and the old city is in a fever of loyalty on the subject. At a meeting yesterday £1500 was promised in subscriptions for the purpose of welcoming their Royal Highnesses in a becoming manner. The Mayor put his name down for £500."

On perusal of the foregoing paragraph a musical and poetical person in narrow circumstances might impulsively sing—perpetrating a gross parody :—

Happy, happy, happy Mayor!
None but the rich,
None but the rich,
None but the rich that sum could spare.

"To be good is to be happy," said some unthinking moralist—perhaps WALKER. How could he know that? Nobody is absolutely good, and people are actually unhappy in proportion to their relative goodness, unless they have as much money as they want to spend after having paid all the expenses of doing their duty in every way, so as not to be obliged to practise any self-denial, which is as irksome as it is virtuous, and makes anybody who really practises it miserable. To be rich is to be happy, in as far you can.

"Money's not happiness." That is no lie.
Certainly money's not what it will buy.
What will it not, but natural good health?
Cure, bought that may be, can't be but with wealth.
Money's not victuals, nor is money wine;
But, wanting money, who can drink or dine?
Happiness money is not, there's no doubt—
But money how much happiness without?
With it, if you sufficiently are stored
How much? As much as this world can afford?

Think how nearly sufficiently well off a man must be to be capable of putting his name down for, and really meaning to pay, £500 for the purpose of a temporary demonstration of loyalty not necessarily expensive. Where will all the flags, the banners, the music, the flowers, possibly the fireworks, wherein that money will be spent to signify sentiment which might as well be expressed by shouting, and would probably be taken for granted without even that, where will it all be the day after the PRINCE OF WALES's departure from Chester? Like the elements of HERR BREITMANN'S "Barty" :—

"All goned afay mit de lager beer
Afay in de ewigheit!"

Happy is the man who can afford to let £500 go away into the ewigheit. Happy he whose while it would be equally worth to play ducks and drakes with the money. Happy, thrice happy, loyal and opulent Mayor of Chester!

THE NEW L.J.C.

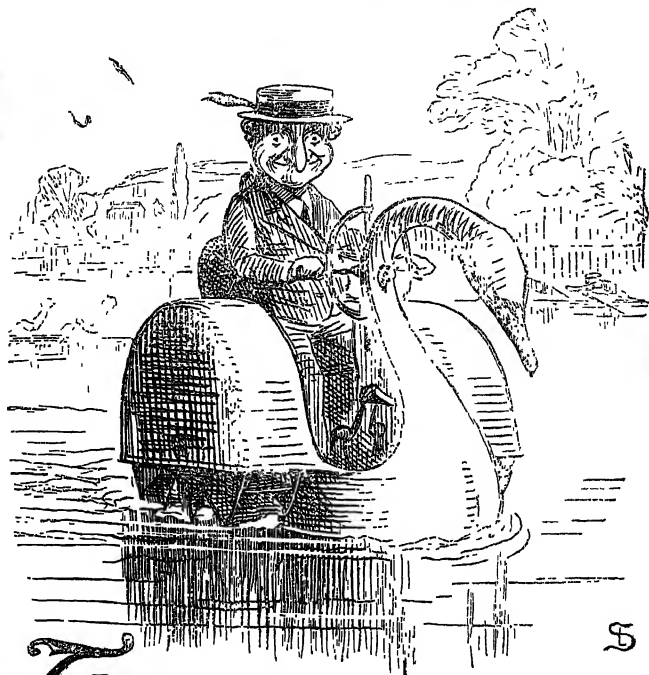
"The Lord Advocate is MR. MONCRIEFF, not MR. MONCRIEFF."
London Scotsman.

HAVING stared hereat for half an hour,
With a double eye-glass of treble power,
We cleared up the mystery dark :
His "e" must come before his "i,"
But to save mistake of such awful dye,
(A very good judge he'll be, by the bye)
We're to call him LORD JUSTICE CLERK.

Great Excitement.

IN consequence of the advertisement of a book entitled *The "Begynhof" or the City of the Single*, Mr. Punch has received countless letters from unmarried ladies, begging of him to tell them where this interesting city is, and whether the single who inhabit it are single gentlemen. His private secretaries are busy night and day answering their inquiries.

CROWING ON ONE'S OWN—DELMONICO.



THE Harvard crew obligingly reserved, until getting home, the true reasons of their defeat by Oxford. Here they admitted that everything had been fair and honourable, and that the best men had won. But at a banquet at DELMONICO's, in New York, they have had another tale to tell. They attribute their defeat,

1. To their not having been allowed to run about for exercise, at Putney, in the costume of Adam before the Fall.
2. To their not having been able to get sea-bathing at Putney.
3. To "bother" in getting food, which they say they had to obtain secretly, and at different places, for fear of its being "drugged."
4. To their having got the "wash" of the Oxford crew.

It is almost a pity that these things were not thought of sooner. The first difficulty could easily have been met by a police order like that issued in behalf of LADY GODIVA. The second, by an express train being always ready to rush off with them to Brighton. The third, we own, was serious, but the precautions taken with race-horses might have been adopted, and a Taster have been appointed by the American minister. As to the fourth, we can only say that Cambridge never raised such an objection, and, with all deference, we think it is rather a wishy-washy excuse. We half suspect that the American nature is not suited to athletic contests in which, sad to say, somebody must be beaten. However, here is an end of an affair which perhaps had better not have come off.

A LIGHT MATTER.

It is alleged that an invention has recently been made whereby sewage, by some process, is converted into gas. Setting the Thames on fire may be, therefore, viewed as possible, and, doubtless, also profitable. Perhaps, too, the invention may be turned to such good use that our sewage may be burned before polluting our fair river. We now throw it to the dogs by wasting it at Barking. By converting it to gas we should certainly establish the fact of our enlightenment. The cost of gas at present is so heavy here in London that nobody but millionaires can afford well to make light of it.

A Lively Spot.

SOME people have curious notions. A Correspondent of the *Athenaeum*, who has been at Cette, after telling us that he "mounted the famous hill which dominates the town to get a good view of the beautiful Mediterranean," goes on to speak of the scorpions to be found on this hill, and concludes by saying, "Cette, too, is famous for mosquitoes; in fact, it is altogether a most interesting place." Scorpions and mosquitoes! opinions perhaps might differ, as to Cette being "a most interesting place."

A SPIRITUAL SALE.

"What a scandal, to take up a newspaper and find whole columns devoted to the advertisements of sale of livings; and to see the tone and language of some of the advertisements themselves!" — *Archbishop of Canterbury's Address, Sept. 2, 1869.*

GOING, going, going!
I'm going to tell you a tale,
Stranger than any you ever could learn
From spirits that rap or tables that turn,
Of a very remarkable sale.

Going, going, going!
No need very far to go.
Buy the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*,
Where "Spiritual" goods and chattels are set,
The zeal of unbeneficed clerks to whet,
Like "temporals" all of a row.

Going, going, going!
The articles selling here
Are of Church Preferment some rare tit-bits,
And SIMON MAGUS himself he sits
Enthroned as auctioneer.

Going, going, going!
(Number three hundred and eight)
"The present incumbent is eighty-two;"
Let's hope that he's ailing and feeble too,
But, youthful apostles, in any case you
Can't have very long to wait.

Going, going, going!
Perchance it may help him on,
When he hears the chink of the purchaser's gold,
And knows his poor frail life is sold—
We may trust very soon this disciple old
Will be going, going, *gone*!

Going, going, going!
Number one is, of course, the best.
"Walled gardens well-stocked and pleasure grounds,"
I'm free to confess, MR. BAGSTER, it sounds
Like an "everlasting rest."

Going, going, going!
GEORGE ROBINS this smacks of you—
"Magnificent views" and "a house replete
With every convenience" the buyer may meet,
Who goes in for number two.

Going, going, going!
Reflect, before you refuse,
The "views" described with cool effrontery
Are simply views across the country,
And not "religious views."

Going, going, going!
Particulars may be seen,
Though "confidentially" names must lurk
In that interesting spiritual work,
SIMON MAGUS—his Magazine.

Going, going, going!
(Three hundred and twenty-five)
"A lawn and paddock and pond of fish."
If fishes, not "men," the rector may wish
To "cure," for a future dainty dish,
It's here he can "catch 'em alive."

Going, going, going!
Here's a buyer "declining pews."
It's plain his sermons don't draw renters.
Another rather likes Dissenters—
"Holds Evangelical views."

Going, going, going!
The sooner it's going and gone,
The sooner we call ourselves Mormon or Turk,
The better, "if this is Christian work,"
Or Christian "goings" on!

Wonderful Invention.

EVERYONE has heard of self-made men, but it may not perhaps be equally well known that there are also "Ready-made and Bespoke Tailors." Patterns can be had on application.

THE EMPEROR AND THE PRESS.

Who can wonder that the EMPEROR respects the liberty of the press? This is how French journals comment on his recent illness:—

"It is with ineffable delight we can apprise our anxious readers that the slight indisposition which the EMPEROR has suffered has definitely taken a most favourable turn. His Majesty last night enjoyed at least an hour of uninterrupted sleep, partly owing to an opiate which the skilful M. NELATON had prudently prescribed. Refreshed by this unusual period of repose, the Imperial Convalescent, as we happily may call him, has found himself robust enough to walk about his chamber for upwards of five minutes, without the least fatigue. Such unwonted exercise occasioned, as was natural, a good appetite for dinner, when His Majesty consumed the greater portion of a biscuit, and washed it down à l'Anglaise with a cup of warm weak tea."—*Le Golemouche*.

"We learn on credible authority that at an early hour last evening the EMPEROR sneezed three times before he went to bed. This momentous circumstance has naturally caused great agitation on the Bourse, and Rentes before mid-day declined as much as five centimes. However, in the afternoon things wore a brighter aspect, a report having gained ground, mainly owing, it is said, to operators for a rise, that the sneezes were occasioned by a pinch of snuff."—*L'Ours Financier*.

"Anxious though we are to allay the apprehension which publicly prevails on the all-engrossing subject of the Imperial health, truth obliges us to mention that the death of NAPOLEON THE FIRST occurred as we all know in his fifty-second year. His four brothers, it is true, lived longer than himself, and two of them attained the somewhat advanced age of more than five-and-seventy years. Longevity is therefore not uncommon in the family. Still NAPOLEON THE THIRD, we must remember, is a fatalist, and the frequent reflection on the death of near relations is naturally likely to shorten any life."—*Le Frelon Bordelais*.

"It rejoices us to learn that his Majesty the EMPEROR has so far regained the health which is so precious to us all, that he is able to resume his literary labours, and is making daily progress with his favourite romance. We allude to his so famous *Histoire de César*, whereof the second volume was scarcely a success. The mere fact that he is able to take a pen in hand, and turn his thoughts to any subject than himself (if His Majesty indeed can be regarded as a subject) will be hailed throughout the Empire as of favourable import, and will no doubt allay the feverish excitement of the Bourse. We must, however, add that the Imperial Convalescent still suffers such debility that he has barely strength to dot an "i" or cross a "t." He writes propped up by pillows, having his hand guided by his faithful private secretary, and resting from his labours after every long word."—*Le Babillard Quotidien*.

"It may be definitely stated that the EMPEROR next Wednesday will proceed to either Biarritz, or Vichy, or Dieppe, where the saline, or rural, breezes we trust will soon restore his slightly shattered constitution, and permit him to resume his useful labours for the State. That we have ample grounds for making this announcement will be apparent when we state that M. NELATON was yesterday discovered in the act of examining the 'marche des trains' of certain railways, leading to the restorative places we have named."—*Le Menteur Universel*.

"The EMPEROR this morning smoked three whiffs of a cigar. This is a convincing sign of his amendment, and it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the prophecies of the alarmists have had an end in smoke."—*Petit Journal des Niais*.

"The Imperial invalid is rapidly recovering, and, if there be no relapse (though this is common in such cases), his sanguine friends may hope to hear ere long of his removal for awhile to the sea-side. That this long-expected journey is still regarded by his household as a possible event, may be gathered from the fact that Monsieur X. has had instructions to supply a new bath-chair, adapted for the beach. We learn, too, that the EMPEROR's travelling carriage has been fitted with spring cushions, and the lock of his portmanteau has been recently well greased."—*La Guêpe Gauloise*.

More Waves.

STRANGE to say, a paragraph that has appeared in the paper, with the heading "Waves of Sickness," says not a word about the inconvenience too many suffer in crossing the Channel. This is the more extraordinary, because it tells that "the summer wave of sickness then [about the first week in June] sets in and rises rapidly, attaining its summit in August, which has shown itself the most sickly month of the year." The paragraph in question has reference to the parish of Islington, but how there can be waves of any kind at Islington, of all places in the world, is not easy to understand.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

XVII.—AT A FASHIONABLE AND FERRUGINOUS WATERING-PLACE.

We tread historic ground: this quaint parade
In song and story holds a famous place;
Along its walk, beneath its Colonnade,
Around its crystal Spring, with easy pace
The beau, the beauty, and the burly sage—
JOHNSON'S huge form and CHUDLEIGH'S dangerous face,
Great NASH, and he, the darling of our stage,
GARRICK, all wit, vivacity and grace—
Have passed, in awful wig and stiff brocade,
In patch and powder, pearly lawn and lace,
To taste these waters, lounge beneath the shade
Of these old limes and gossip round their base,
Or buy, as I shall ere I go away,
This dainty ware with delicate inlay.

XVIII.—TO A HIGHLY INTELLIGENT DOG.

Not for thy royal name, borne long ago
By him the bravest of thy country's kings;
Not for thy wakeful care to which we owe
Immunity from perils darkness brings;
Nor yet because thy faithful spirit cheers
My melancholy hours, when the world is strange,
Unflagging (as thy feud with cats) these years,
And not now likely to experience change:—
For these thy merits (prized by me), dear dog,
I would not vaunt thee to this frigid age,
Nor ask of *Punch* thy name to catalogue
With those immortals who illumine his page;
But—and bards to come thy praises will repeat—
For howling, BRUCE, at organs in the street.

QUOD MELIUS.

PERHAPS, some time hence, in hot weather, Poor Law Guardians will advertise for tenders to supply workhouses with ice. Chocolate and sardines will be allowed for breakfast, good sound claret will be the ordinary beverage at dinner, and there will be a smoking-room where those who like can have a cigar with seltzer-water and brandy afterwards. On Christmas-day, and other high festivals, mock-turtle soup will be replaced with real—in the richer unions. There is no saying how comfortable workhouses will not be made when people in general shall really come to love their neighbour as themselves—out of Church.

In the meantime a ticket-of-leave man goes before a Magistrate at Greenwich, and charges himself with having broken the conditions of his licence by not reporting himself monthly to the police. Let out of Millbank he had first gone to sea, then had travelled all over the country, seeking work and finding none. Threatened with starvation, he had before him the choice of the workhouse or the prison. He petitioned the Magistrate to send him back to Millbank. But the Magistrate decided that he had not infringed the Habitual Criminals Act. He had failed to qualify himself for Millbank. There was no place for him but the workhouse; this undeserver had not merited the gaol.

Now the dietary of a gaol does not at present consist of three meals a-day; the chief of them a dinner with three courses and a dessert. In addition to meat, when meat is given, there is no soup and fish, nor any pudding, nor is Champagne ever introduced at table; the very kitchen wines are absent, and their place is not even supplied by bitter ale. It is almost needless to say that, on the removal of the cloth, no rose-water ever goes round. Clearly, therefore, a prison is an abode far from luxurious. What, then, must a workhouse be, when a prison is preferred to it by a man who knows what a prison is? Such a place that the fear of it must needs make every but a very conscientious poor person resolve to keep out of it as long as he can, honestly if possible, if not, by crime.

A Serenade for Some People.

Off the name of the Dead,
When a writer makes bread,
Such a living is foul,
Such a writer a Ghoul.

A HINT.

At the Social Congress an enormous paper, by MR. MACFIE, M.P., proved to be so irrelevant to the subject in hand, that the meeting unanimously caused it to be shut up. What a pity the Assembly which MR. MACFIE adorns does not treat all irrelevant addresses in the above way. *Hansard* would become portable—almost readable.



A WET AFTERNOON AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Edwin. "NO GOING OUT FOR A WALK TO-DAY, DUCKY! HOORAY! WHAT A RELIEF!!"

Angelina. "THE VERY OBSERVATION I WAS ABOUT TO MAKE TO YOU, DUCKY!"

OUR POULTERERS AND BIRDS OF PREY.

WHAT is to be done with the stuffed birds and other zoological specimens in the British Museum? It seems to have been agreed that they must be removed and kept elsewhere. Had they not better be destroyed?

Natural history can surely be of no more use than its objects themselves as they exist in nature. If a live sparrow is good for nothing, a stuffed sparrow is good, if possible, for less.

In the building above named there is a distinct case exclusively comprising the birds of Great Britain. If Natural History and Zoology in general are bosh, British Ornithology in particular is utter bosh; that is if Britons have been wise in abandoning British Birds to gradual extinction.

A writer in the *Times*, a few days ago, hailing from Wimborne, lamented the destruction of the birds of prey, which used to keep the mischievous little birds under, so as to limit their mischief to a reasonable amount without exterminating them. No doubt a sufficient number of sparrowhawks would deprive stupid farmers of all excuse for sparrow clubs.

But now, in any cultivated part, if in any part, of the kingdom, who ever sees a sparrowhawk, a kite, a buzzard, a harrier, or an owl, of any description, except here and there a barn-owl? Where will you find a raven? The bittern is for us as dead as the dodo. Probably the heron will go, too. Does he not eat trout?

The birds of prey have been snared and shot down in the interests of the great poulterers who now hold the landed property of the country. If pheasants and partridges are of such paramount importance, considered as poultry, that even their sickly young ones cannot be spared for the *Falconidae*, then let the latter perish. But then, also, let their stuffed representatives in the British Museum aforesaid, and elsewhere, be burnt. No? Are they wanted for popular instruction, for the information, cultivation, improvement, of the public mind? Then don't improve their living species, or the other so-called vermin either, entirely off the face of the earth and sky.

What says he who insists that it is pleasant, enlivening, inspiring, to see hawks, and kites, and buzzards, and other birds of prey, above all, eagles, hovering, skimming, pouncing, swooping, soaring about? The thing which is not? Then the British Legislature is another. Has it not enacted a law to protect the auks and other sea-birds, in a measure, from 'ARRY? Are auks any more precious, for ornament to our coasts, than hawks, which 'ARRY would confound with them, are to our landscapes? If not, then, as Parliament made a law protecting the sea-fowl from 'ARRY, so perhaps it will pass a measure to afford the raptorial birds some protection from the landed poulterers.

MORE IRISH AFFECTION.

DID anybody expect that BARRETT, who was tried for attempting to murder the Irish landlord, would be convicted? The proofs of his guilt were so exceedingly strong that his escape was certain. However, he is to be persecuted with another trial, and may be a "martyr" after all. The judge tyrannically told the jury not to be frightened, but the insult was hurled back in the face of the minion of the law. Still, much as we admire the glorious sentiment that refused a verdict, it was going a little too far to endeavour to put a jurymen to death for thinking BARRETT ought to be convicted, and really to hurl stones at the coaches of the judges and break the windows, though a fervid protest against the tyranny of British law, was visiting on individuals the vices of a system. Nor, perhaps, should the landlord have been hunted to his hotel for having been shot at, and for not liking it. Yet who—who would impose the cold rein of reason upon the glowing hearts of an Affectionate People?

A Matter of Consequence.

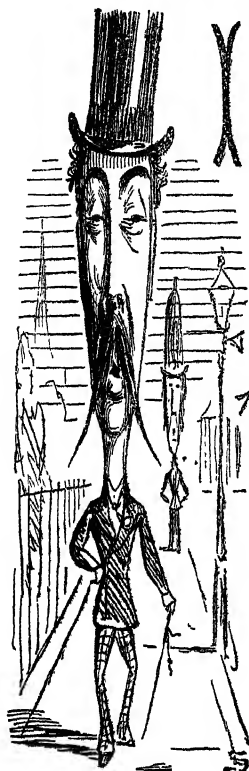
To remove all possible cause for the howl which has been raised against vaccination, by all means revert for vaccine lymph to the cow. That fluid, as obtained from the arm, may not be what it was in the time of JENNER, having, in three-quarters of a century, very possibly degenerated.



“ A STAGE-WAIT.”

LA LIBERTÉ. “ ALLONS DONC, M'SIEU ! THE STAGE IS WAITING, AND THE PEOPLE ARE GETTING IMPATIENT ! ”

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



INSPECTOR of Nuisances calls upon me while CAZELL is at Mede Lodge, in the morning.

Happy Thought.—Try and get CAZELL to take a turn round the garden while the Inspector is here.

CAZELL won't. He says that he's never met an Inspector of Nuisances, and wants to see one.

The Inspector (I thought he'd have a uniform on, but he hasn't) observes that he will come to the point at once. I say, "by all means." The point turns out to be drains. He says he'll have to report me to the Board if I don't attend to it. He is businesslike and determined. He goes on, in a loud voice, and with a great deal of emphasis with his right hand, to say that he's been obliged "to bring several people to book who had defied him." Here he compresses his lips, and looks at me sternly.

Happy Thought.—To reply at once that he's quite right.

"In the exercise of your duty," I remark (CAZELL tells me afterwards that I oughtn't to have been so patronising to a Government official), "you are quite right."

"Of course," returns the Inspector, firmly, and gives us an anecdote about a man who would keep thirty-two pigs. "He was a nuisance, Sir," says the Inspector with grim retrospective delight at his own triumph. "He was a nuisance, Sir, and defied me."

"Says he to me," continues the Inspector, "I've got witnesses to prove they're not a nuisance, says he. Well, I

answered, I haven't any except myself, and that's enough. We'll try it, says he, at law. Before the Magistrates, I says, for I was bound to prosecute him. And so I did. And," says the Inspector, warming with the recital, "the Magistrates wouldn't hear him at all, but when I put it to them, they said the case was clear, and those pigs had to be cleared out, they had, every one on 'em. It cost him, Sir, a 'undred pound it did, if it cost 'im a penny, it did. But I wasn't to be beat, I told him, and I'd fight him I would, I said, and so I did, and won. Government protects me, you see it does."

He is so excited that I am afraid he'll do something violent in my case. He's a sort of walking Inquisitor, and Government takes his word against anybody's in a matter of (for instance) pigs.

Happy Thought.—To applaud him, and say pleasantly, that I hope it won't come to that (meaning the hundred pounds) with me.

He hopes not, too; as though this was a subject not to be treated lightly.

Happy Thought.—To appear interested, and ask if the man keeps pigs now.

"Yes, he do still," says the Inspector (CAZELL says afterwards that I oughtn't to have asked this, as I evidently touched on a sore point), "and I ain't done with him yet. He wanted to 'ave me hup for perjury, he did," the Inspector goes on. As he drops an "h," and puts one in occasionally, I suppose there is no examination for Inspectors (he'd call himself *H*inspector) of nuisances. "There was a trial, at Westminster it was, about these very pigs," he continues, proudly, "it was before BARON BRAMWELL—(he calls the Judge BRAMBLE)—yes—and when the Baron 'ears it, he says to the Jury, says he, Look 'ere, says he,"—here the Inspector gives us what he takes to be an exact and correct report of BARON BRAMWELL's summing up, supposing CAZELL to be the Jury, and myself the plaintiff with the pigs. CAZELL smiles, and so do I, as if delighted with the whole thing as an entertainment—"There ain't no case against the *H*inspector in this; not a bit, says the Judge. The pigs was a right down nuisance, says he, they was, and the hoffer, that was me the Baron meant, the hoffer was right in having the law on him. And so you see, that's how it was."

We reply, at least I do, speaking for self and CAZELL, that I do see clearly. The Inspector adds the moral, that I must see about my pigs at once.

Happy Thought.—Ask him to have a glass of sherry.

As he doesn't know but what he will just have a glass, I order in the bottle, and he helps himself, and pledges us. We then resume business on, as it were, a more friendly footing, though (by frequent reference to the celebrated pig case) he gives me to understand that he is personally a favourite with the Government, and generally speaking, not a

man to be trifled with. In the matter of pigs and drains he is adamant.

Happy Thought.—To say (CAZELL tells me afterwards that this is servile, and I ought to be bullied) that I'll do whatever he likes.

"Well then," says he, "make a job of it." CAZELL goes with us round the garden and into the piggeries, when he pretends to be disgusted, and makes the case out worse than the Inspector does himself. It's unkind of CAZELL to do this, and I tell him so, subsequently. CAZELL now (before the Inspector) tells me "what I ought to do."

"You ought," says he, "to take up all the old pipes, lay down new ones, turn on the water in a fresh place, open a new ditch, move the piggeries, and put a wall right down the side, and have bell-traps."

I pooh-pooch this. The Inspector is serious and agrees with CAZELL.

In fact, he says that's the only way to (what he calls) "make a job of it."

It appears (on my pleading ignorance of anybody who can do all this in the neighbourhood) that a friend of *his* can make a job of it.

Happy Thought.—To say, By all means, let your friend come.

If the job isn't made, the Inspector says, with regret (on account I think of the friendly feeling evoked by the sherry) that he *must* proceed against me.

Alternative, Inspector's friend to make a job of it, say twenty pounds, or Law proceedings, Counsel, Judge, Jury, Magistrates, writ, summons, police, Westminster Hall, and Government backing up the Inspector, and dead against me, say, two hundred pounds. Affair settled. Inspector departs. Friend (he undertakes to say, for curiously enough he's going to meet him quite accidentally to-night, when he'll tell him) will come and make a job of it in the morning.

When he's gone, CAZELL tells my wife what I *ought* to have done. He says I've been imposed upon; that I'm weak, and have allowed the Inspector to bully me. FREDOLINE says, "Yes, that she heard us, and *knew* that I'd be *talked* into anything by that *horrid man*." Mrs. SYMPERSON (who doesn't understand the case at all, no more does my wife) gives it as her opinion that I oughtn't to have listened to him for a moment. Both agree with CAZELL. Row. All through CAZELL, too.

Happy Thought.—To say jocularly, but ironically, "What I ought to do is to have ten thousand a year, pull the house down, and make a mansion."

The presence of a stranger (CAZELL) prevents recriminations. On the whole it's not bad to have a stranger present when there's a chance of a family quarrel. He can agree with the wife-party when they're all together, and with the husband-party in the smoking-room afterwards. Have done it myself: and therefore can understand CAZELL's being a humbug. What I object to is his telling my wife that while all these alterations are being made she ought to go to Brighton, or the Isle of Wight, or some other expensive place.

Next morning.—Inspector's friend at work early: with bricklayers' hods, pickaxes, spades, bricks, mortar, and things enough to build a house instead of a pigsty.

Inspector's friend hopes I'll 'scuse him mentioning it, but that there tool-house isn't safe quite, not as *he* should like to see it on a gentleman's place. CAZELL says, No, ought to have that down. Dangerous. I say, Well, have it down. Inspector's friend wants to know if I'd mind stepping this way. I step this way. He stops before the coach-house. "'Scuse me," says he, "for mentioning it, but this coach-house ain't in a proper state; you see this here pipe, &c.": he shows me a pipe which does something or other, I don't understand what, but something poisonous or dangerous, or both. CAZELL says I ought to have it up, and adds (literally playing into the Inspector's friend's hands), "You might have the hen-house done now—it'll be a nuisance in time, you'll see." We inspect the hen-house. Inspector's friend shakes his head gravely. We have evidently been living in the midst of danger without knowing it. "Why, Sir," says Inspector's friend, who suddenly discovers that soapuds are poured out on to the ground near the kitchen-window, "there ain't no poison like soapuds: it's worse than drainage and pigs."

Happy Thought.—Then leave the drainage and pigs, and merely give up throwing soapuds.

Inspector's friend and CAZELL smile. CAZELL says, "No, go in for making a thoroughly good job of it." Inspector's friend says he means to: judging from the bricks and mortar and men (three more have just come in with wheelbarrows and ladders) it looks like it.

At breakfast I happen to complain of rheumatics. CAZELL almost jumps from his chair, and shouts (before the ladies, too!), "Rheumatics! I'll tell you what you ought to do for rheumatics. Go abroad. Take baths. Drink waters." Wife says, "Yes, by all means." Mrs. SYMPERSON says she did it years ago, and it cured *her*. I answer, "Did it, indeed?" but don't express joy.

Happy Thought.—Go abroad. Vienna: and call, as I promised, on the COUNT DE BOOTJACK.

Thomas of Genoa.

THE Crown of Spain has been kicked about like a football. So one is not surprised that it should be secured by a Harrow-Boy.



A NERVOUS SYSTEM.

Ellen. "MY GOODNESS, AUNTY! WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE, AND DINNER IS WAITING!"

Aunt Jemima. "I CAN'T HELP IT, MY DEAR. I ALWAYS SIT IN THE COAL-CELLAR DURING A THUNDER-STORM. TELL YOUR PAPA TO KEEP A PARTRIDGE-WING HOT FOR ME."

ANOTHER GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

MR. PUNCH,

IN one of your recent numbers I read a letter from a Correspondent, who, in consequence of a paragraph he had seen in the newspaper, was in great perplexity as to the present position of the town of Guildford on the map of England. I am in a similar state of mental confusion as to the city of Oxford, brought on by the following public announcement under the head of "University Intelligence":—

"PRINCE ASSAN, the eldest son of the VICEROY OF EGYPT, will commence a course of studies as a member of Christ Church, the marine residence of MR. ALDERMAN RANDALL having been taken for his Royal Highness and suite."

"The marine residence"! Where is the Sea of Oxford? Perhaps the Bishop can tell us. I have no recollection of any ocean there, when I was at Cornwall College. I conclude it has been added to the other attractions of the place since my undergraduate days, and that a stroll on the beach is now as much an everyday occurrence as a walk down the "High" or a constitutional to Bagley or Cumnor. I am glad that the men of this generation have such an advantage over their predecessors, who would have been delighted to gaze on the sea from the top of Headington Hill, and to combine the observation of shells and seaweeds and other objects on the shore with the study of *Aristotle* and *Aldrich*.

It must be a great satisfaction to the VICEROY OF EGYPT to feel that his son can have the benefit of sea-bathing during his academical career, without the necessity of a journey to Brighton or the Isle of Wight; and the young Prince himself, as a freshman, will feel fresher than ever after a dip, and enjoy his pipe all the more from being able to take it on the pier which, I presume, has long since been erected for the accommodation both of Town and Gown.

Will some University correspondent tell us whether the proximity of the sea has had an influence on Oxford slangology, leading men to speak of being swamped or stranded, instead of ploughed and plucked?

Perhaps, too, they are no longer "coached," but "shipped." The row on the sea, in addition to the pull on the river, must be a most welcome novelty in University athletics, and I can well imagine the zest with which the men enter into the pleasures of a Regatta.

Yours very bewilderedly, A MIDDLE-AGED OXONIAN.

MARE MAGNUM.

THE Besleyans (not Wesleyans) have triumphed, and LORD MAYOR BESLEY will reign in 1869-70. When the victory was proclaimed, the victor said,

"I do not mean to sing any song of triumph now."

Quite right. Guildhall is not a pleasant place to sing in. We may hope, later, for the pleasure of a song from his Lordship. It would be a delightful variation from the usual musical programme at the Mansion House banquets, "Gentlemen, pray silence for a song from the LORD MAYOR."

Posy for the Pope.

THE POPE his blessed golden rose
Whom to send, this time, no one knew.
With his PÈRE HYACINTHE he knows,
Perhaps, as little what to do.

A Bit of Botany.

THE *Colchicum autumnale*, of repute for Gout, is now in bloom, to be seen in meadows, also in a florist's window in Cheapside, by most of the population whereof it is probably taken for a crocus, come up out of season. It is, however, as its name implies, flowering quite seasonably, and is therefore not any wonder, like another flower, as well as the crocus, associated with Spring, and whose unlooked-for blowing in Paris has so astonished the Ultramontanes—the wild Hyacinth.

BALLADS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

CASH AND AMALGAMATION.

O! HAVE you heard a tale of late
How Companies amalgamate?
The way it's done I'll shortly state—
Cash and Amalgamation!

When on the ice some little Co.,
Is sliding, and must downward go,
He clutches with convulsive woe
At any body near, you know.

Then some soft-hearted Manager
Holds out a glove all lined with fur,
And cries—such people never err—
“Cash and Amalgamation!”

Roll in! the magic work 's begun,
Roll in more Companies for fun,
From eight or ten to fifty-one—
Cash and Amalgamation!

And now Commissions quickly move,
Which highly beneficial prove,
To those who glide in a certain groove—
Cash and Amalgamation!

These marriages, you understand,
By Plutus are discreetly plann'd,
Who joins the couple hand to hand,
Like a Beadle with a golden band,
The ceremony is so sly,
No friends with nose-gays standing nigh,
The Bride alone doth softly sigh—
Cash and Amalgamation!
Roll in, &c.

Wind up! wind up the Curtain green,
Act third and last—an old set scene,
A Board-room with a folding screen—
Cash and Amalgamation!

The flimsy plot begins to flag,
The actors now indulge in gag,
And speak the pert familiar tag,
At which their heads old Critics wag.
“Kind friends, for us let candour plead,
We've done our best in time of need,
So let the will stand for the deed—
Cash and Amalgamation!”

And now the winding-up 's begun,
Let henceforth all those unions shun,
Which profit only bring to one—
In Cash and Amalgamation.

A NEAPOLITAN FIASCO.

AN Eye-witness of the alleged liquefaction of something called the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, describing that performance in the *Times*, says:—

“There was no frothing or agitation in the liquid, no *bouillonnement*, as the French writers on the miracle term it, and on which they insist so much.”

Before that, he had said:—

“There was no colour of blood, not only on the glass but in the fluid itself. It was quite opaque, and even at the edges I could not, though I tried hard, and looked closely into it over and over again, discern any red colour.”

And before that, had remarked that, when shaken:—

“The fluid in its motion left no trace of its presence upon the glass. The fluid seemed to move altogether when it moved at all—almost as if it were in a skin or bladder.”

In short, there was no *bouillonnement* in the liquid, but it was altogether a bubble.

Very Sensible.

At one of the Meetings of the Social Science Congress we read,—

“The department proceeded to deal with the subject of ventilation, but not above twenty members remained to take part in the discussion.”

What could be more practical. This proceeding from theory to the best method of ventilating a chamber shows how wrongly the Congress is accused of being a mere talking machine.

THE FLOWER OF THE (ROMISH) FLOCK.—HYACINTHE.

LOW LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

MADAM,—“He has no children!” An indignant mother once applied this quotation to me because I complained of being disturbed by the howling of a child next door. Children! I am happy to say that I have none. I hate their howling. What were the first sounds that pious *ÆNEAS* heard when he descended to a place which I need not name. You can hardly want to be reminded, now that the equality of the sexes has been recognised in education, as well as every other particular. You probably recollect:—

“Continuū auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ fientes in limine primo.”

In the inferior regions he heard an inferior noise. It is an inferior noise, Ma'am. “But consider what the poor little creatures suffer.” So I do; and would put an end to their sufferings in order to stop their crying. Was once a baby myself—though you'd hardly fancy it. Now, Ma'am, what is the chief source of the howling in your nursery, and other nurseries of the richer classes? The sufferings inflicted on your children by hireling nursemaids. Those hirelings neglect and maltreat them, not only because they are hirelings who care not for their charge, but because they are hired at wages which will not procure proper servants. Your children are abandoned to the care of creatures who slap and beat them, and terrify them with tales of Bogey. When they take them out for a walk, “broadies,” I think, is nurse-maidish for that, in Kensington Gardens for instance, they leave them about, screaming for cold, in perambulators, whilst themselves engaged in amorous dalliance with six-foot soldiers, and other casual or established followers. Meanwhile, not only are your precious babes crying their eyes out, but usually their somewhat elder sisters have the advantage of listening to the morally instructive and refining conversation of those females and their admirers. Now, Ma'am, I'll tell you how you may cause all that howling to cease, and may terminate all that incidental and supererogatory education. Determine to pay a young lady, and treat her well enough to make it worth her while to serve you as nursery governess. I say, treat her, as well as pay her; treat her as one of the family, kindly as you would expect her to treat it in ministering to its younger members. Offer generous terms to get a decent girl to preside over your nursery—better terms, for you can stand them, than even such as these, advertised, I may say, Ma'am, in the *Manchester Guardian*:—

WANTED, as useful COMPANION, and to take charge of a few dogs, birds, and other pets, a Young Lady, of amiable disposition, to whom the comforts of home and a liberally-provided table would compensate for a small salary; early rising unnecessary; Bass's beer always on draught. Address, &c.

Doubtless, these terms are much better than those which a governess has generally to put up with; namely, a small salary, and still smaller beer, much more of bitter mortification than bitter ale. But you could stand a handsome salary into the bargain for a companion wanted to take charge of such pets as those you now intrust to a “servant-gal.” You can afford it if you choose. I know your expenses are vast. House-rent, rates and taxes; yes I know all that. I allow for confiscation under the name of Income-Tax. I am aware that it is difficult to retrench in any particular except one. But in one you may. I mean dress. You could save enough yearly in superfluous attire to remunerate a governess. I am not preaching what I don't practise, Ma'am, I assure you. There is nothing I can economise in but ostentation; and that I do. You may have remarked that I am no dandy.

“MATER,” in the *Times*—I repeat, you all know Latin—says that she lately discovered her head-nurse to have been drugging her child with narcotics; turned her off, and took her place for a time with most satisfactory results: for one thing, what the under-nursemaid told her, saying, “Why, M'm, you don't want half so much waiting on as nurse did.” The best of all plans, if possible, as to the nursery, is for MATER to perform maternal duties; but if you can't find time, the next best is to engage a competent and willing substitute for a fond parent in rendering all the requisite offices and attentions to them and their little noses.

You did me the honour, Ma'am, the other day, to ask me what my opinions were on the question of Nursery Reform. I have thought the subject over, and the foregoing observations thereupon are an answer to the inquiry addressed by you on that occasion to

Your humble servant,

Land's End, Goose-day, 1869.

CORMORAN OGRE.

The Other Side of the Question.

EARL FORTESCUE and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who have been speaking lately at a harvest festival dinner in Devonshire, seem to be of opinion that the agricultural labourer is better off than is supposed, and that much ignorance is shown about his real condition; in fact that those who think his state very deplorable are themselves Labourers under a mistake. We hope it is so.

PUNCH'S ALPHABET.



S IS A SIGN THAT YOU'VE HAD QUANTUM SUFF.,
WHICH IS EARLY ITALIAN FOR "MORE THAN ENOUGH."



T WAS A TENOR. HE SANG **X**'S LAYS
SET TO **W**'S MUSIC AND GOT ALL THE PRAISE.



U IS THE 'USBAND OF SUBSEQUENT V.
NOW THAT "YOU ARE THE 'USBAND" SOUNDS BEST, I AGREE:



BUT **V**'S A VIRAGO; SO LEAVE HER TO U,
AND THINK YOURSELF LUCKY THAT U ISN'T YOU.



Y IS A YOUTH WITH A CHIN LIKE A CACT-
US (THIS SOUNDS LIKE A RIDDLE, THO' SIMPLY A FACT)!



Z IS A ZOOPHYTE. HIS HEART'S IN HIS HEAD,
AND HIS HEAD'S IN HIS "TUM!" RUDIMENTARY Z!!!

LONDON ASSURANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
I AM an old Woman of eighty-two, that has lived in the country all my life. I know very little of your City manners and customs, and can't say whether it's true or not that your principal streets are paved with guineas. But I read my *Punch* and my old *Bell's Weekly*, and what surprises me more than any thing is, where London gets all its assurance from. I know they boast of the depth of their Wells, but however deep the well of Truth may be in their great offices, those who wind up the bucket must be deeper still. I hear of balance sheets being stuck all over like a nursery-pin-cushion with little sharp-pointed fibs. I often wonder that the desk where they are studded and the wainscots behind them don't groan and cry Oh! as people do at a grand letting off of fireworks. A balance-sheet like a table-cloth should be as white as snow, and without a crease, while some that are held up by London Assurance are, I am told, covered with blacks and full of wrinkles. It seems to me that a good deal of money in your Metropolis is made out of pure brass; and it is remarkable with what confidence your base coin is uttered without any question.

Now don't laugh and call me an old Woman; for, though I have not yet taken to spectacles, I can see things as clearly as most people. I should like to look into your system of keeping accounts. I have kept my Dairy books for forty years, and balance them every week to a penny. I'll tell you a secret. If you want to balance books you must be perfectly upright; and those that have very slippery fingers should not attempt it.

WINIFRED WALKINGAME,

Dairy House Farm, Broadacres.

P.S. Can you get *real* butter in London now? My grandson assures me he has not tasted any since he left home, and, by way of substitute, has taken to honey, which he suspects is made from golden syrup. Dear! dear! what will London assurance do next? I suppose we shall hear of people making wooden nutmegs.

WHAT GLADSTONE MAKES WELL.

TAKE a Seville orange, stick cloves in the peel of it, all over, and roast it at a fire until scorched. In the meantime mull a bottleful of port wine in the saucepan. Plunge the roasted orange into the mulled wine, together with four or five lumps of sugar. Cover up the saucepan close, and let us

all to meditation whilst it stands on the hob or in the oven, for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Then pour the liquor out of the saucepan and put it firstly into a jug, and secondly into your interiors, wherein it will be good. The good thing made, and to be disposed of, as above directed, by far excels every other creature of its name that any mortal can make, be he who he may, Cæsar, Pope, or Prime Minister. But the present First Lord of the Treasury must be admitted even by his enemies, if he has any, as many of them as are reasonable and candid, to have, in several cases lately, which have occurred as it were in a "boiling," made about as near an approach to it in excellence as circumstances, and the nature of the material which he had to deal with would allow.

What makes this the more remarkable, and gratifying, is that some years ago no one would have given him credit for the discretion and judgment which he has shown in so doing. On the contrary all men but a sect of high-flying fanatics, were afraid that if ever he got a chance of making what he has, in every instance made so satisfactorily, he would so make it as to give dissatisfaction as great and general as the satisfaction that he has, in fact, given. No sober Churchman will deny that MR. GLADSTONE has proved himself a capital hand at making a Bishop.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

MIGHT NOT WASP-WAISTED YOUNG LADIES ADOPT THIS COSTUME WITH ADVANTAGE?

Payment Hardly Optional.

IN Kent, when a stranger enters the hop-gardens, we are told that the female pickers rush at him and begin to rub his boots with the hops, showing, by their gestures, that they expect a present of money. Will the Editor of *Notes and Queries* inform us whether this custom originated the common expression, "paying your footing"?

CLERICAL COMMON SENSE!



VERY great contrast indeed to Convocation has been presented by the Church Congress, which met last week at Liverpool. On Wednesday, the subject of debate being "The Recreation of the People," several of the reverend speakers actually talked common sense. To prove this requires that a little space should be covered, but an excuse for that will be recognised in the necessity of substantiating a statement which will otherwise appear to most people incredible. The Rev. J. C. CHAMBERS is reported to have remarked that:—

"As for the clergy, it could not be pretended that to play croquet was more pious than hunting, shooting, or fishing. With respect to dancing they might as well attempt to extort (expel?) nature with a fork, as to keep them from dancing. The working classes had no other day for enjoyment but Sundays, and no other day on which they could go to picture-galleries and museums and the parks, and if this class was to be gained over, it would not be by ignoring or intimidating it."

Hear this, ye Sabbatarians and Pharisees. And Parsons, as many as who heard not, hear also this:—

"A clergyman in a parish would have more influence with the young men if he were to countenance their sports and amusements, and in each parish he would have grounds set apart for athletic amusements, while in winter time they should have penny readings, acting charades, and amusements of the kind to rival the attractions of the free-and-easy of the public houses. They could also have music and singing without going to

excess, and a smoking-room, where a cup of coffee could be obtained."

Yes, to be sure; and why not also a glass of beer, or any other such refreshment in moderation, as at a Club of the richer classes?

The following observations, no less sensible than the foregoing, were made by the ARCHDEACON OF ELY, who told his hearers that:—

"The reason why many of the working classes did not go to the religious services was because they did not sufficiently consider the recreations of the people. They went about with long faces, making religion look miserable, and so the working classes, who were confined all the week long, said 'We cannot go and be made miserable on the Sunday;' whereas if the clergy did their best to show that they took as much pleasure as they (the working classes) could wish to do, and that they desired to consult their best interests on the week-day by recreation, they would say 'What fine fellows these parsons are; what a fine thing religion is; we will give some portion (of our time?) to God, who has put over us a set of teachers 'who think of our bodies as well as our souls.'"

A little more space must needs be covered; but you will not mind that. "Accept a miracle instead of wit"—thorough good sense from the mouth of ARCHDEACON DENISON:—

"Some years ago he set cricket on foot for his parishioners between the Sunday services. He would have no cricket before service or during the services, and he looked after it himself; and he must say he never saw anything which had a better effect in binding them together and keeping them out of the public-house."

Here then is testimony to the truth of what has been from time to time, on every opportunity, since the beginning of his ministry, preached by the Reverend Mr. Punch. He has all that while waged an incessant war with Sabbatarianism and Compulsory Teetotalism, which he would call twin giants, and say that ARCHDEACON DENISON is a DAVID that has slain GOLIATH and his brother with one stone, if those monstrous Philistines were not, though prostrate, the Archdeacon having knocked them down, yet too sure to get up again. Mr. Punch presents his compliments to the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON on having, for once in the way, spoken very wisely, as everybody of course always does whenever he speaks in agreement with Mr. Punch.

CHOLMONDELEY TO THE RESCUE!

FROM Scarborough "JOHN SHORTGUTS, Gentleman," writes to the *Times*, with reference to the *Heralds' College*, complaining of an obstacle which hindered that useful institution from licensing him formally to change his name to BROWN. He makes a statement that is not surprising, but adjoins to that an unaccountable question:—

"My sons get much persecution at school on account of their name, over which they have no control; and my girls, I feel for them, for who in the world would lead to the hymeneal altar a Miss SHORRGUTS?"

Who would not, if hymeneally disposed, and deeming her eligible? What's in a name that will be replaced by a husband's? There can be no natural reason for objecting to a lady of the foregoing name unless that name imports a family organic deficiency. Then, indeed, a short waist might constitute such an objection. Do the females of the S. family hold their property by any peculiarity of tenure?

MR. SHORTGUTS adds:—

"As far as I can learn, no female of our name has ever married."

Is it, then, necessary that any man who marries a lady so named should take her name or else forfeit her estate? Otherwise, one would think that a girl, *née* S., would therefore be likely to get married, if she could by trying, all the sooner than any other in order to change it. It is conceivable, indeed, that a woman might dislike the name of S., and therefore that no male of that name had ever married. Of course, then it could not have been transmitted, would have died with the first S. But we know that a woman would marry a man of any name whatever rather than nobody—unless she wished to be an old maid. And what wise man would not rejoice to adopt the name of SHORTGUTS provided its assumption would bring him a long purse? No one, at any rate, who knows the value (and the want) of money could hesitate for a moment to accept it in exchange for PLANTAGENET.

What sort of a name was BACON until the Friar, before the Philosopher, first ennobled it? SHORTGUTS, try and do the like. In the meantime, if your name is cacophonous in the utterance, clip it. Cut SHORTGUTS short. How do you pronounce CHOLMONDELEY and MARJORIBANKS? Call yourself SHORTS, or SHOGUS, man, can't you? Go to!

ADDRESS TO THE FENIANS' FRIEND.

EH, G. H. MOORE?
What, G. H. MOORE?
Pardon the Fenians?
Those Anti-Queenians?
Red-under-greenians?
Humph, G. H. MOORE!

Don't, G. H. MOORE,
Pray, G. H. MOORE,
Hiss like a goose on us;
Don't heap abuse on us.
Whom you'd let loose on us
Think, G. H. MOORE.

Might, G. H. MOORE,
We, G. H. MOORE,
Bloodshed have not again?
Constables shot again?
Gunpowder Plot again?
Say, G. H. MOORE?

Now, G. H. MOORE,
Come, G. H. MOORE,
If we ope gaol for them,
Down on the nail for them
Will you be bail for them?
There, G. H. MOORE!

UTILISE YOUR CONVICTS.

Why cannot our prisons all be rendered self-supporting? Readers who are ratepayers will wish to see gaols managed on the model here described:—

"In 1867 the value of the labour of the convicts at Chatham convict prison exceeded the expense of the establishment by more than £5,000."

Hard labour is in one respect additionally hard, that in very many cases it is also unproductive. Then it is hard upon, not only the prisoner, but the ratepayer, upon whom the duty falls to provide the money needful for the feeding of the convict. Last year the cost of prisoners confined in Cold Bath Fields averaged above one-and-twenty pounds apiece; and at Dover, we are told,—

"Where each prisoner cost the borough over £104 a year, there was not the value of a single farthing received, in return, though the prisoners were at work nine hours a day in summer, and eight in winter. . . . The explanation is, of course, that the prisoners were kept at unproductive labour—treadmill, carrying shot, and hard labour machines."

Instead, then, of the treadmill, and the crank, and the like unfruitful labour, let every gaol-bird be employed in earning his own keep. If he can also earn a little towards feathering his own nest when he is set at liberty, the better chance there will be that he may find it worth his while to lead an honest life.

THE PROFESSIONS IN PETTICOATS.



enter the professions and trades if they desired to do so. Firstly, with regard to the law, he was certain that women were often exceedingly eloquent, and would often gain over a British jury when a male barrister would fail to do so, and as to being solicitors, there seemed to be no reason why a woman should not enter that branch of the legal profession."

There are some men who, though they may, as men simply considered, have sisters as well as wives, yet considered professionally, have no sisters. Thus a barrister, and of course a judge, is sisterless. Brother BYLES has no sister, for instance. DR. DRYSDALE sees no reason why Brother BYLES should not have a sister. Suppose he had. Would she be willing to appear before Brother BYLES in a wig? In a mere chignon she could not appear before Brother BYLES. Brother BYLES would say, "I do not see you, Sister WIGLESS." If the Bar were thrown open to women would the necessity of the wig still debar them? Perhaps not all. A lady capable of haranguing a British Jury could hardly be troubled with any sense of the grotesque. Besides, wigs ere long may supersede chignons. We may see them announced in the *Follet*, perhaps as soon as the First of next April, among the Fashions for the Month, and described as indispensable at balls and dinner-parties for the ladies of the long robe.

DR. DRYSDALE added that:—

"He was surprised, too, that so few churches had utilised the deep emotional character of the female sex, and had enrolled so few of them among the priesthood. It seemed to him that women were eminently fitted to sway the minds of men by appeals to their emotions as seen in such characters as a SIDDONS or a RACHEL."

"PAULUS, ah! PAULUS, oh, yes, I have read him—and I do not agree with him," as the German Professor of Theology said in reply to a text quoted by his Oxford guest. Or perhaps DR. DRYSDALE has not read PAULUS. Neither may he have read BOSWELL, so as to know what DR. JOHNSON said about a woman's preaching:—"Sir, it is like a dog standing upon his hind legs, you are not surprised to see it not done well, you are surprised to see it done at all." Perhaps the pulpit is quite usually enough filled by a divine whose eloquence is perfectly female, consisting entirely of appeals to the emotions of his hearers. Most thinking men will agree that the answer to the question, why or wherefore? of "Because it is," commonly called a woman's reason, might nearly if not quite as well be called a clergyman's. And, considering the Ritualists' passion for ecclesiastical millinery, we may venture to say that already we have petticoats in the pulpit.

Literary Intelligence.

THANKS to the hideous Pantin murders, the "little" Paris newspapers have been doing a large trade. Some of them selling nearly half a million copies in a day. As a whet to morbid appetites, the loathsome details have been daily dished up highly spiced; and "*Le Septième Cadavre!*" paraded in big type at the top of the first page, has attracted public notice to the *carte du jour*. Considering the kind of literary food which it has been recently purveying for its readers, we think the *Petit Journal* should be henceforth called *Le Vampire*, while the *Gaulois* ought to change its title for the *Ghoul*.

BALLADS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

IF I HAD TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

IF I had ten thousand a year, MRS. MAY,
If I had ten thousand a year!
I'd stand for some Borough, and cheerfully pay
The Poll-tax—for really there's no other way—
If I had ten thousand a year!

The country demands, MRS. MAY, men of nerve,
And if I'd ten thousand a year,
All parties should see there are some that don't swerve
From a straight line to take a political curve.
Ah! if I'd ten thousand a year.

Spinning yarn may not pay, but Trimming's a trade
That brings in ten thousand a year.
With men of that stamp a spade's not a spade,
But an implement, or p'rhaps a shaft with a blade.
Ah! had I ten thousand a year!

I'd turn from a Minister's vote-winning smile,
That promised ten thousand a year,
And the "Whip" with blue ribbons held up to beguile,
By which lame dogs are sometimes help'd over a stile,
And bark with ten thousand a year.

For place or for pension would I ever sue?
Not for three times ten thousand a year.
Nor sail with that quick tacking tide-waiting crew,
Who strike their old colours and sell them for new,
To pocket ten thousand a year!

Mrs. May.

I fear, Sir, you'd find it too hot in the House,
When that pleasant month August drew near;
And while sitting as watchful and mute as a mouse,
Would marvel how men on the first day for grouse
Could sit there with ten thousand a year.

HISTORICAL FACTS.

(For the Use of the Colwell-Hatchney Schools.)

Pour encourager les enfants. At the age of thirty-two SOCRATES commenced learning the fiddle.

ALEXANDER was called "the Great" long after he was six feet high. The title was not hereditary.

The Ancients always took biscuits with their tea; *but no jam*. The moral of this is evident.

PLATO invented the Laws of Gravity. It is said that he was never seen to smile afterwards.

HARPAGON was an excellent musician, as his name implies.

ARISTOTLE put pebbles in his mouth when he wanted to make a speech. An excellent device.

The Letters on the Roman Banners were R.S.V.P. They were a polite nation.

The present style of hat was unknown to the Greeks; but they covered their Temples with friezes.

It is probable that an American discovered COLUMBUS before COLUMBUS discovered America.

VICTOR HUGO was the founder of the sect called the Hugo-nots. If you think he warn't, *Hu-go* and hask him.

It was late in life that CATO was taught dancing, but he never forgot it.

SIMONIDES was the first practiser of Simony. It was never discovered until after his death that his Living was of any particular value.

Parma was an obscure town in Italy until the invention of the celebrated candles and lamps. It used to be called the Parent town of all the others, because it united in itself *Par* and *Ma*.

THE TIDAL WAVE.

AIR—Something *Handelian*.

O SAXBY, thy prediction,
Concerning that High Tide,
To every man's conviction,
Last week was verified.

A Prophet thou so clever
Hast proved thyself to be,
Thy name shall live for ever
With ZADKIEL TAO SZE.



STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

THE COMMON TOAD (*Bufo disjunctans*).

BRASS ON BRONZE.

DEAR PUNCH,

Boscobel Gardens.

MY wife, ANGELINA, rides in an omnibus, because she is a Lady, and superior to the vanity of taking a cab when we have many demands on our income.

My wife, ANGELINA, does not visit tobacconists' shops, because she is a Lady, and in an age of fast young females has not even yielded to the temptations of a cigarette.

Therefore I was moved to compassion by my wife ANGELINA's sad tale that the other day, being in the omnibus, she stretched forth her hand—it was neatly gloved, because she is a Lady—and under the eyes of the six persons right and left between her and the door, delivered to the smiling conductor three-pence, upon the top half-penny of which sum was pasted a label, which I annex:—

The Best
2d. Cigar
IN LONDON,
AT
B. Squabbs's,
11,
FLESHANBONE
LANE, E.

Lest the other persons who rode that day should suppose that I am in the habit of sending my wife ANGELINA to the above or any tobacconist's, I hereby announce that such is not the fact, and that the melancholy event was due to the carelessness of some tradesman whose bill she had been paying.

Moral.—Pay no bills.

Yours indignantly,
EDWIN.

Badly Educated.

MRS. MALAPROP is unable to understand how there can possibly be Spring tides in October, a month she was brought up to believe was in Autumn.

AN UNPROSPEROUS PROSPERO.

An advertisement on the wrapper of the *Spiritual Magazine* rather reminds one of what *Prospero* in *The Tempest*, tells *Miranda*, with reference to the "noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo," to wit:—

"Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom."

It announces that:—

"A Spiritualist, who is in difficulties, is selling off his valuable library cheap. The books are on view at the Progressive Library. Lists on application."

Whether, however, this library, valuable as its owner may consider it, is of quite as much value as the books which the wizard *Duke of Milan* had reason for prizing at a high valuation, may be questioned. However, here is an opportunity for anyone who wishes to acquire information on the subject of ghosts and necromancy. Gramarye in general, perhaps we might add, with the qualification that the "sperrits" are very commonly ungrammatical, and that many of the writers of whose works the Spiritualist's valuable library consists are probably no conjurors.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE just read in *Notes and Queries* that in some parts of England "it is held unlucky to put a pair of bellows, or a pair of boots on a table, as there is sure to be a quarrel in the house."

I should think there was. I should rather think there was. And pretty soon; and if the person doing such a slovenly thing were a servant of mine, she would precious quick have to suit herself, for she wouldn't suit.

Yours respectfully,

Martinet Lodge.

THERESA TIDY.

P.S. A person must be a Pig to think of doing such a thing.



BOB AND THE BOBBY, OR ONLY HIS FUN.

BULL A.L. "HULLO, YOUNG FELLER! IF YOU'RE A GOIN' IN FOR 'SWEATIN' THE GOLD, YOU'LL BE GETTIN' YERSELF INTO DIFFICULTIES."

EXCHEQUER BOB. "LOR' BLESS YER, MISTER BULL, WHY I'M ONLY A MAKIN' THE HINCOME-TAX LIGHTER!"

PUNCH TO WALES.

Taffy is a Welshman
Taffy's not a thief,
Taffy's mutton's very good,
Not so good his beef:
I went to Taffy's house,
Several things I saw,
Cleanliness and godliness,
Obedience to the law.
If Taffy rides to my house,
Or unto Pat's doth swim,
I think my Taffy will remark
That we might learn of him.
He doesn't drink, my Taffy,
(Not, leastways, as a rule.)
He goes to Chapel regular,
And sends his boys to school.
He dresses well on Sunday,
His family the like,
He's not too fond of over-work,
But seldom cares to Strike.
He never lurks behind a hedge
To pay his rent with slugs.
Up craggy hills of steep incline
His garden-mould he lugs,
And there he grows his garden,
His cabbages and leeks,
His Kids get green meat in their mouths,
And roses in their cheeks.

Taffy is a Welshman
And glories in the name,
To laugh at which enjoyment
Appears to me a shame.
You compliment the Scotchman,
Who talks of BRUCE and BURNS,
You tolerate the Irishman
Who vaunts ancestral KERNs.
You're nuts on your own pedigree,
Won't call it English, fair,
But prate of "Anglo-Saxons,"
Till Reviewers nearly swear.
Why shouldn't gallant Taffy,
Have his relics and his bones,
Llewellyns and Cadwallos,
And Griffyevan Jones?
To say nothing of the question
Whether Taffy's mother-tongue
Wasn't quite a fine old language
When all of ours were young.
He says he has good Poets,
Leave him his own opinion,
You like obscure old ballads,
And Taffy likes Englynion.
Pray, are not "moel," "afon,"
And "Morwyns" (pretty rogues)
At least as good as "birks" and "braes"
"Mavourneens," "Arrah pogues?"

By all Nantfranco's Beavers,
Of the pre-historic age;
By Aberglaslyn's hoary bridge,
And the Swallow's Roaring Rage,
By the Trout's of Capel Curig,
By Carnarvon's Eagled tower,
The smile of placid Tan-y-Bwlch,
And the frown of Penmanmaur.
By yon lonely Puffin Island,
And the monster Head of Orme,
The Castle of the Beauteous Marsh
Llanberis' Pass of Storm.
By the magic Bridge of Bangor,
Hung, awful, in the sky,
By the grave at sweet Beddgelert,
Where the Martyr-Hound doth lie,
By the lightnings that on Snowdon
Glint, the jewels of his crown,
Stand up, brave Taffy, for thy right,
And never be put down.
If all VICTORIA's subjects
Were half as good as thou,
VICTORIA's subjects would kick up
Uncommon little row.
And *Punch*, Incarnate Justice,
Intends henceforth to lick
All who shall scorn or sneer at you:
You JOLLY LITTLE BRICK!

LE FOLLET'S AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THE contents of *Le Follet* for this month are even more than usually interesting and instructive. It may concern Paterfamilias in the first place to know that:—

"Some important changes in regard to costumes are taking place in anticipation of the coming season. The style of the seventeenth century is to be reproduced if our rich and well-known leaders of fashion should prove successful. The expense is somewhat excessive already, but the ornaments to be adopted for the future will greatly surpass those of the summer, both in price and richness."

Reflect on that, Paterfamilias. You will have to draw cheques of increasing figures. Were they not severe enough already? If you are an independent millionaire, well and good. But if only a business man, what will you do? The wind must be raised. How will you manage that, unless by financing, and how finance without hazarding a crash more or less proximate, thereupon a criminal prosecution perhaps, and ultimately imprisonment and hard labour. If your wife and daughters are to keep pace with the grandees, you must grasp, *recte si possis*, &c., you know the rest, don't you, old GUINEA-PIG? The fashions of society go far to generate the fashion in the City, and you will have to follow that if you allow your women to follow them. Or you can, to be sure, let expenditure take its course, to end in simple bankruptcy; an alternative to be weighed.

What follows is matter for the consideration of young ladies and their Mamma. It has a special interest, however, for her:—

"We must add that this new mode will be far more suitable and elegant for ladies who have past their youth, and who for several years have been quite ignored—fashions having been studied and arranged for young ladies only. For instance, the striking fashion for the present year has had no appropriate style for faces and figures beyond the age of 25."

Hence it would appear that, in the estimation of the minds represented and addressed by *Le Follet*, the age of 25 is the limit of female youth. After that ladies are "ignored," unless they contrive, by some remarkable expedient of dress, to attract attention. Many men have sighed to think what an object a pretty, graceful girl is destined to turn into in a few years; but probably not many fix the period of that deplorable change so early as 25. That limitation makes the season of youth and beauty brief indeed; a melancholy state of things which must force even the most unthinking of girls to think, when brought home to her. There is a moral tendency in a statement whereby *Le Follet* impresses, albeit incidentally, its young and lovely readers with the transitoriness of youth and beauty. But this will not bear much thinking on. Away with melancholy! Gaily, but instructively, *Le Follet* continues:—

"Coiffures of flowers or feathers in place of the bonnet, flowing hair, short skirts, puffed tuniques, dog-collars, &c., formed in such cases a juvenile style of dress not in accordance with the face."

Dog-collars. Well, to be sure! That puppies should wear dog-collars one would not wonder, but the idea of ladies decorating their

necks with such ornaments is, to use a not very definite but sufficiently suggestive word, funny. Dog-collars "not in accordance with the face." No, indeed. What a dreadful face it would be if they were!

Le Follet has doubtless astonished some of its male readers by the information that:—

"The style of body most in vogue is the basquette—a kind of postillon, open with revers over a waistcoat, which is also open in front—quite Amazonian."

We should think so; Amazonian indeed. A kind of postillon, open, is a sort of body that no one but a very thorough Amazon could be imagined capable of wearing. The KING OF DAHOMY has a regiment of Amazons, and one would think that such a body could in any way be worn by nobody but one of those female warriors, who had slain the postillon in battle, and donned his skin.

The following begins with an apparent puzzle, which, however, its conclusion sufficiently explains:—

"The enormous puffs from the waist behind, which will be abandoned with but little regret, being more eccentric than graceful, will be replaced by tuniques cut on the bias, and falling gracefully from the waist, with dents or fancy scallops at the bottom."

At first sight one wonders what can be meant by the enormous puffs from the waist behind; whether they are made of silk and satin with gaseous contents, like balloons, or of gauze impervious to the flame of gas, thus being in a measure analogous to Davy-lamps. But speculation as to their nature is set at rest by the explanation that those puffs at the waist are replaced by tuniques cut on the bias, which fall gracefully from the waist, and are embellished with dents or fancy scallops at the bottom, or lower hem.

Learn one more important fact from *Le Follet*:—

"Autumn dresses are being made just long enough to touch the ground."

They will therefore brush the pavement and the roads, but not sweep them so clean as materially to lighten the labour of the crossing sweeper.

THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.

THERE are two forms of this distemper. One attacks cattle; the other affects human beings. The former is now epizootic among milch-cows in England; the latter has long been endemic in Rome amongst Romanists; manifesting itself in the fetishism of kissing the Pope's foot, and the toe of the statue in St. Peter's church, which they imagine to have been meant for St. Peter. This, as well as the veterinary Foot and Mouth Disease, is highly contagious. A predisposition to it is diffused in the English Church by Parson BENNETT of Frome, Parson MACKONCHIE, and other Ritualist parsons, who pretend to be Mass Priests, and, if they ever really become such, will have had to confess that, in pretending to be, they were heretical pretenders. There can be no doubt that these gentlemen, and their followers, would be prostrated with the Foot and Mouth Disease if they were to go over to Rome, as they would do if they were capable of consecutive reasoning, which it is to be wished they were.



STATE O' TRADE.

Small Girl. "PLEASE, MRS. GREENSTOUGH, MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE HER A LETTUCE?"

Mrs. G. "GIVE?! TELL THEE MOTHER GIV'UM'S DEAD, AND LENDUM'S VERY BAD. NOTHINK FOR NOTHINK 'ERE, AND PRECIOUS LITTLE FOR SIXPENCE!!"

POPPING ABOUT WITH GUNS.

SOME people are trying to get up an agitation for the enactment of a Gun-Tax, in order to protect small birds from hobble-de-hoys. Whilst farmers combine to form Sparrow Clubs, small birds can hardly be in danger of extermination. Moreover, Cockney Sportsmen, in these days of game-preserving, enjoy a very restricted field; are shut out of the fields almost entirely; may be said to have scarcely any field at all to shoot in, and are reduced to sneak about the lanes.

A Gun-Tax would be an admirable tax if it could be a source of revenue. Hooray for any tax that tends to abate the Confiscation inflicted on a class under the name of Income-Tax! But a Gun-Tax would hardly pay the expenses of its collection; there would be a difficulty in levying it on boys. As a preventive tax, if enforced, it would prevent poor boys and not rich from shooting cock-robins, and it would not prevent the Gun Club from shooting tame pigeons.

MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY comes forward as an ardent advocate of a Gun-Tax, because he is disgusted with the lads who go popping about the country on the day after Christmas Day, and who endanger themselves and others with accidents from fire-arms. Do they so more than gentlemen in cover-shooting? And have they not as much right to go popping about after greenfinches, chaffinches, and yellow-hammers, as MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY has to go popping about after game?

When schoolboys are home for the Christmas holidays, fieldfare-shooting and lark-shooting afford them as much enjoyment as partridge-shooting and pheasant-shooting ever do MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY. Lark-shooting and fieldfare-shooting in the snow is an invigorating and manly pastime, quite as much as snipe-shooting, and very much more than battue-shooting, which, of course MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY is too true a sportsman ever to be guilty of.

If the small birds require protection by law, let them be protected, like the sea-fowl. If shooting is a cruel amusement, make it Cruelty to Animals. Prohibit cruelty if you like—but don't license it. And don't,

A LAMENT BY A LOVER OF PIG.

"The Agricultural returns show a decrease of pigs since last year of 376,702, which is equivalent to more than sixteen per cent."

Has then the taste for pork declined?
Is there less love for sucking-pig?
The dish on which with joy we dined,
Our hearts with expectation big.

Do men, degenerate grown, no more
Love the streaked rasher with their egg?
Nor feel a relish as of yore
For roasted loin or boiled leg?

Peasepudding! are thy charms forgot,
So smooth, so succulent, so sweet?
Pig's fry! art thou a memory, not
A thing which 'tis a joy to eat?

Are juicy hams not relished now,
At breakfast, dinner, tea, or lunch?
Do men no more their bliss avow
When the crisp crackling hot they crunch?

Fair sausage; is thy well-known meat,
Or baked, or fried, not welcome deemed?
Are rolls containing thee less sweet
Than when a boy of them I dreamed?

Alas! how ignorant is the man
Of bliss enjoyed with knife and fork,
Who, without lamentation, can
Behold a coming dearth of pork!

The Imperial Programme.

FRENCH journalists keep talking of the "Imperial Programme," as if his Majesty the EMPEROR were the manager of a playhouse. Viewing matters in this light, we may observe that his programme seems to us to be compounded from those which are now put forth by the Globe and the Strand theatres. Beginning with *Among the Breakers*, it is next proposed to give an act or two of *Progress*, and it is more than likely the performance will conclude with the "extravagant comic drama of *A Breach of Promise*."

under the pretence of a tender solicitude for little birds, endeavour to impose prohibitions and restrictions, which, partial as they must be, will not gratify that feeling, but only solace your petty dictatorial self-esteem which itches to abridge the freedom of others.

MILITARY NAVVIES.

In a *Times* leader on "European Armaments," advocating the industrial employment of soldiers, Europe is told that:—

"No man can calculate the benefit which the army might confer on such countries as Italy, Spain, and even France, by taking upon themselves that task as roadmakers, of which the Roman legions so gloriously acquitted themselves."

"*Aut viam inveniam aut faciam*" was a saying constantly reduced to practice, for example, by JULIUS CÆSAR; in the same spirit as that which actuated him when he said to the boatman, "*Cæsarem vehis, et fortunas ejus.*" Where he did not find a road he made one, and, as he found few roads in Gaul, and fewer in Britain, he made as many as he could; though his road-making in this country amounted to little more than an inroad. If NAPOLEON CÆSAR, and other Continental sovereigns, set their legions to work at making roads, we shall witness what some people will look upon as a remarkable alteration: French, Spanish, and Italian soldiers rendering their respective countries the service which has hitherto generally had to be performed by the British Navigator.

Known Far and Wide.

To the author of the successful drama, now being played at the Queen's Theatre, it must be very gratifying to hear of the great reputation his piece has obtained, for everywhere along the coast, during the past week, people's thoughts were occupied with *The Turn of the Tide*.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

CAZELL says I ought to go by Antwerp to Aix. He knows a fellow going: CHILVERN—TOM CHILVERN. Odd: old schoolfellow of mine. CAZELL is going to see a friend in Hertfordshire for a day or so, but will give me CHILVERN's address in town. CAZELL says, "You ought to go and consult a doctor about your rheumatism." He oughtn't to say this. It makes one nervous when you're not really nervous. Wife begs me to consult a doctor. She is nervous about me: thinks I must have caught something from the pigs or the chickens. CAZELL has told her (he is an ass in some things, and ought not to frighten women) that babies can catch measles from fowls, and chicken-pox, too. She is frightened: sends for the doctor, and examines the baby three times an hour. New rash discovered. Doctor says, "Best thing to go to Brighton, and Mrs. SYMPERSON can take care of both." Wife in delicate state, Doctor says to me: better go away for change. I smile. He smiles. We both smile. We nod. We understand one another, only what do we mean exactly? He says good-bye, and hopes to hear we're all soon better, taking it for granted that I am going abroad.

Happy Thought.—Go on the Continent while Inspector's friend builds pigstyes. If I'm away he can't have any authority for doing anything more than precisely what he has got to do.

Happy Thought (No. 2 on the same subject).—Quiet place to write *Typical Developments*, and correct proofs of first volume for PORGOOD AND GROOLLY.

CAZELL leaves. I promise him, as I really am bad with rheumatics, to go and see Dr. PILLZEN in London. Wife says she wants a considerable cheque before she goes away. Argument on economy. Mrs. SYMPERSON points out what I *should* have spent if it hadn't been for her and FRIDOLINE's admirable management.

I see some sort of a repartee (might come under heading, *M. Mother-in-Law. Repartee to a Mother-in-Law*), but can't quite put it into form. The sense is, "what I would have spent without them." Feel this would be cruel. Draw cheque. Affecting parting. Arrangement as to correspondence: I am to write from abroad to FRIDDY: FRIDDY to me abroad from Brighton.

London again. At WILLIS's rooms. Letter from PORGOOD AND GROOLLY, with MS. Know the MS. by sight at once: it is *Typical Developments* returned. Civil note:—

"MESSRS. PORGOOD AND GROOLLY present their compliments, and thank the author of the enclosed work for favouring them with a perusal of it; but as they understand from him that it is to reach twenty volumes *at least* before it is finished, they are unable to pronounce an opinion on its merits in its present condition. If the author will kindly allow them to look over it when it has attained a more perfected form, and is near its completion, they will esteem it a favour, and will give the work their immediate and most careful attention. Sincerely wishing the work in hand a successful issue,

"We beg to remain, Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

PORGOOD AND GROOLLY."

"P.S. We inclose the list of our latest publications, and also of those works which can now be obtained from our stock at something less than half price.—P. & G."

Happy Thought.—They've read it. Evidently they've read it, because they want to see it again when it's in a more advanced state. Can't find fault with their answer. Sensible, when you come to think of it. Will write, saying that I agree with them: will get on with the work as quickly as possible, and let them see it. Will take it abroad, and work at it.

Next thing is to go about the rheumatics to PILLZEN. Meet MILBURD in the Club. He exclaims, "Well, old PORGOOD AND POOLLY, how are you?" I check him by replying that, seriously, PORGOOD AND GROOLLY entertain the idea of publishing *Typical Developments*. He replies, that the idea of publishing *Typical Developments* will probably entertain PORGOOD AND GROOLLY. "Old joke," I say. "Who said it wasn't?" he retorts, and roars with laughter.

I wish I hadn't told him about my rheumatics (as I did immediately after the Popgood conversation), as he directly begins to imitate the *Pantaloon*—tottering about on his stick (and *this* in the Club hall), and then he says, as *Clown*, "Poor old man!" in a quavering voice. Then he changes to a boisterous manner, and says, "*You* got the rheumatics! Walker!" and slaps me on the back. I tell him (being annoyed, I can't help speaking to him with asperity) that if *he'd* had the rheumatics as I have, *he* wouldn't laugh. Upon which he winks, and replies, "Yes, but I haven't, you see—that's where it is;" and pokes me in the ribs, and says, "Tchik!" and, in fact, so plays the Tom-fool that the Hall-porter disappears behind his desk, and I hear him suppressing a burst of laughter. "Well," says MILBURD, "you're looking awfully well: never saw you better."

He is most irritating. I return, that it's very good of him to say that I'm looking well, but I know I'm *not*.

Happy Thought.—Try and make him sympathise with me.

I shake my head, and say, sadly—at the moment I am so impressive that I can almost fancy myself at my last gasp—(picture of the sad event in the Club hall—porters kneeling—butler coming, terrified, down-stairs—members explaining to one another—commissionaire just come in from a message, weeping, and rubbing his eyes with his only arm—MILBURD, suddenly struck with remorse, vows never again to be unsympathetic with a sick man, &c., &c.—really good subject for picture: lights and shades of our hall, marble columns, &c., might be as perfect as the late Mr. ROBERTS's Cathedral interiors)—I shake my head, and say, sadly, "Yes, I am going to see PILLZEN to-morrow, and he will," more sadly and with intensity, "order me off abroad, somewhere."

MILBURD says, "Hooray! Then I will go with you, my pretty maid: I mean, I daresay I'll join you. Bravo!" And he slaps me again on the back. N.B. Give up talking rheumatics with MILBURD.

Doctor's to-morrow, and next day with CHILVERN to Antwerp.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

XIX.—TRAIN FOR LONDON AT 2 P.M.

We go to-day—no respite from our doom—
The monthly ticket's up, the bills are paid,
The boxes packed, the bucket and the spade
Put by. Farewell! thou bright bow-windowed room,
Where, both before and after lunch, the boom
The fishful sea for some time past has made,
We heard, and scrutinised the Esplanade—
The long, the lounging line in hat and plume,
In suits of London and provincial make,
In muslin, piqué, and the tartan plaid,
In Tyrolese *chapeaux* and wideawake,
Some gay, some grand, some happy and some—sad!
As we now going back to Primrose Hill,
To grind another year in London's mill.

XX.—TO A YOUTHFUL FELLOW RAILWAY TRAVELLER.

O Baby that with grave unwinking eyes
At this dim lamp continuously dost stare,
I stroke, with awe, thy somewhat fluffy hair,
And let my fancy wander in surmise
About the life which in the future lies
For thee, fore-doomed with all thy kind to share
Those ills to which (O SHAKESPEARE) flesh is heir—
E'en now thy portion, judging by these cries
Which show dentition has commenced, and claim
Thy mother's undivided care, thy nurse's zeal,
Thy grandam's pity roused from peaceful sleep,
And cause me, as I watch thy little frame,
Contented with my present state to feel,
And all resolved a celibate to keep.

LABOURERS AND LUNG-ROOM.

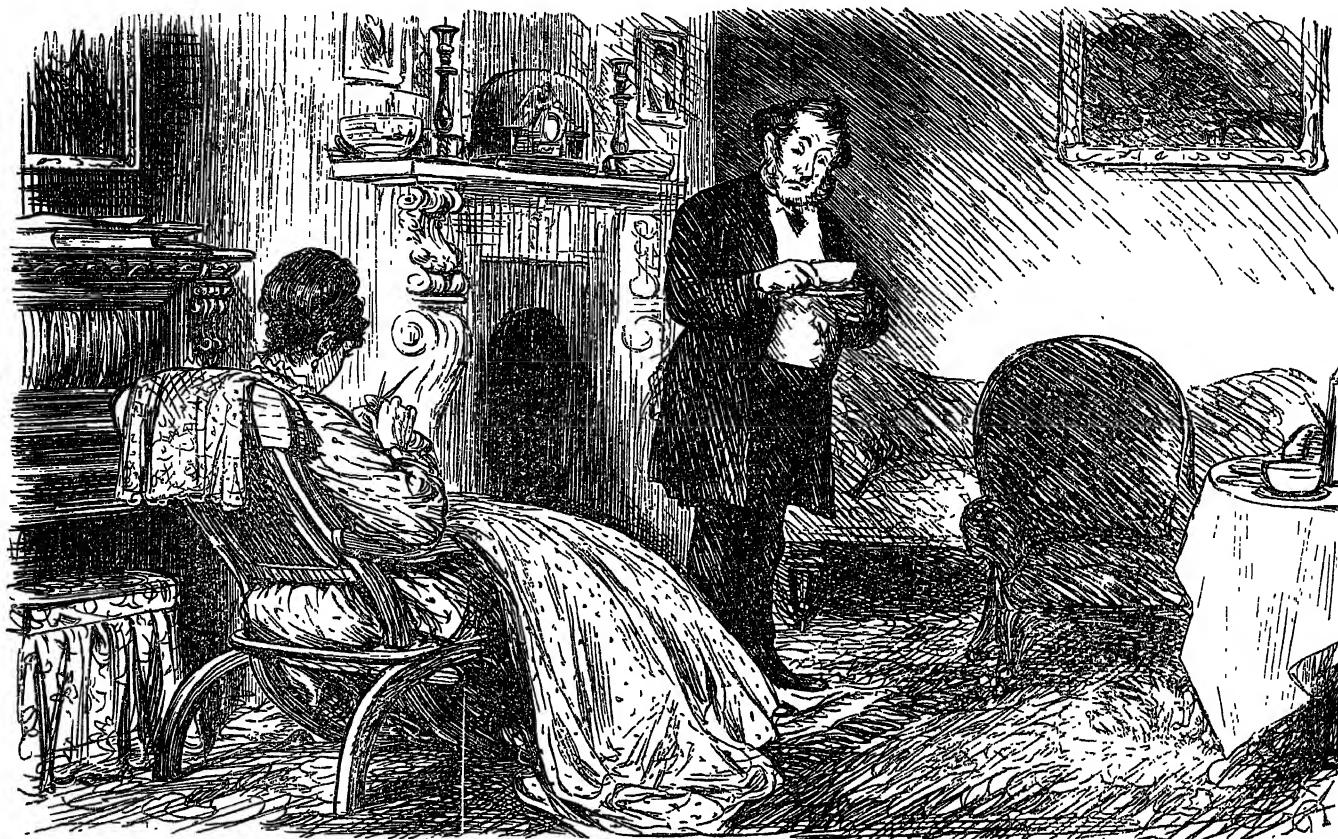
THE fact that houses have an influence upon those who chance to live in them is becoming every year more generally acknowledged. As an instance, see this statement in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"In the North, the demand for labour is such that landlords see that, in order to render their estates productive, they must not confine their attention to the accommodation for farmers and cattle, but must also provide houses of a kind which will attract good labourers and keep them in health and heart."

Landlords who think much of the welfare of their peasants are apt to think but little of the welfare of their peasants; and it very often happens that cottages are pulled down to make a sporting wilderness, where game may prosper undisturbed, and labourers, with their families, are huddled up like pigs. That crops will suffer in such cases is the natural result, for men who sleep in rooms with insufficient air to breathe are sure to lose their profitable vigour for farm work. Overcrowding is a common cause of ill-health in our cities; but sanitary inspectors are by law appointed to take measures to prevent it. Sometime in the next century, perhaps, some such inspection may be carefully provided throughout our rural districts; and when our labourers have larger breathing space afforded in their homes, larger harvests may attest the public good that has been reaped.

The Seers at Sea.

ASK one of the weather (beaten) prophets what he thinks now of his prediction for the sixth of this month, and you will probably find him anxious to waive the question.



A QUESTIONABLE COMPLIMENT.

Husband. "CARRIAGE, MY DEAR GIRL!! CONSIDER THE EXPENSE! I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN AFFORD IT."

Wife. "BUT, GEORGE DEAR, MR. SMITH KEEPS A BROUGHAM FOR HIS WIFE!"

Husband ("with his logic"). "BUT SHE'S HIS SECOND WIFE, RECOLLECT, MY DEAR!!"

[For the life of her, at the moment, she could not see the bearings of this argument, so she dropped the subject.

THE WITCHERY OF FASHION.

AIR—"Gee-ho-Dobbin."

BEHOLD! Mother Shipton! Who knows of me not?
By telling of fortunes my living I got.
I passed for a witch of prodigious renown,
And flew up aloft; but again I've come down.

Lawks-a-daisy!

The girls are crazy;

Highty-tighty, the fashions, hey ho!

What turrets and towers of topknots instead,
Of hats or of bonnets on top of the head,
Piled tier above tier in a comical shape,
With a fly-away feather and morsel of crape!

Lawks-a-daisy! &c.

What dowager-trains at fine dinners and balls,
Which, going down-stairs, a man treads on and falls,
Or dancing, the skirt of his partner off rends
To the cost and the grief of her parents and friends!

Lawks-a-daisy! &c.

Ah, there, I've no patience with them that I meet,
With draggletails trapesing along in the street;
They sweep off the pavement how many a mess
My broom shouldn't touch, with the tails of the dress!

Lawks-a-daisy! &c.

To the other extreme, though, best part of them goes;
And I candidly own I approve the short clothes.
With a neat foot and ankle they know what to do;
Of course they have taken to my style of shoe.

Lawks-a-daisy! &c.

Good half of her stocking Miss Pussy reveals;
There goes Fuss in boots, or in shoes with high heels,
And buckles, as belles drawn by HOGARTH you see,
And TENNIEL may draw them that imitate me.

Lawks-a-daisy! &c.

Those heels give that "Grecian bend"—just like my own,
The stoop, if you like, of a crooked old crone,
When I hobble about, with the help of a stick,
As saucy boys say, upon hoofs like old Nick.

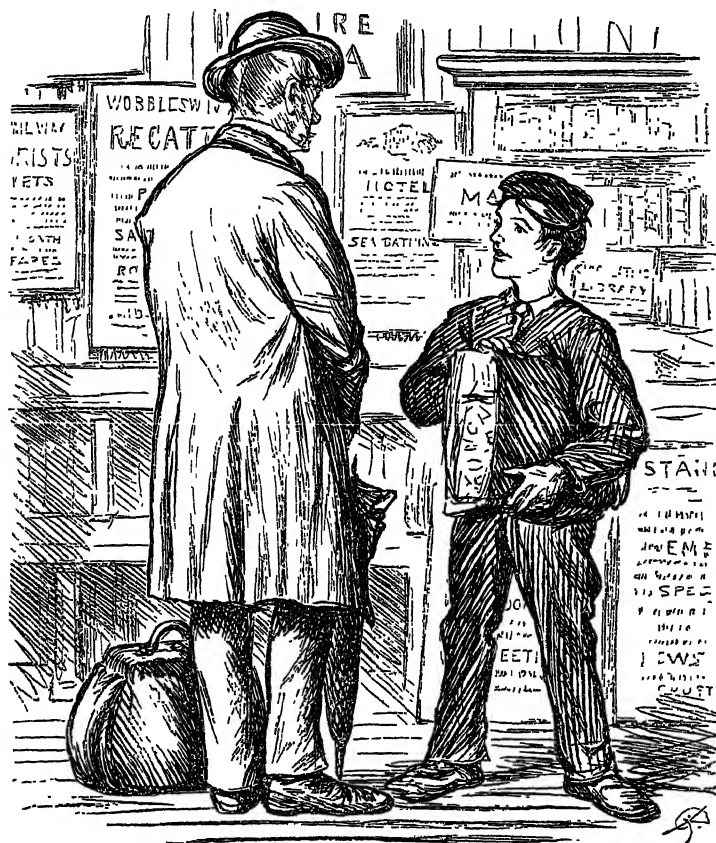
Lawks-a-daisy! &c.

A Benefactor to Birmingham.

THE Town Council of Birmingham have decreed a statue to MR. JOSIAH MASON for "munificent and enlightened benevolence," exerted in the foundation, erection, and endowment of almshouses, at a cost of above a quarter of a million, at Edgington. An announcement of this fact by a contemporary is headed, "THE BIRMINGHAM PEABODY." This is complimentary to MR. PEABODY, but not so either to MR. MASON, or to Birmingham. MR. MASON ought, when spoken of as a benefactor to Birmingham, to be styled MR. MASON of Birmingham, and not described as the Birmingham, which the vulgar will be sure to call the Brummagem, PEABODY.

New Officials.

MRS. MALAPROP is still mightily taken up with the POPE's "Economi-cal" Council, and reads all that the papers say about it. Her present difficulty is a statement that "the Bishops will be received in collective audiences, to which they will be introduced by categories." Who, she wants to know, are these "categories"? Ushers, she supposes, or Popish beadles, or something of that sort.



A POINT OF VIEW.

Chatty Traveller (at our watering-place). "MUCH COMPANY DOWN HERE, MY BOY?"

Paper Boy. "OH YES, SIR, PLENTY; AND FUST-RATE CO'PANY, TOO."

Chatty Traveller. "HOW DO YOU TELL THAT? EH?"

Boy. "ALLUS KNOW 'EM, SIR. WON'T LOOK AT NOTHIN' BUT THE THREE-PENNIES AND PUNCH."

TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

(Private and Confidential.)

MY DEAR BOB,

You know how I have always stood your friend—painting your measures in the most rosy of lights, and yourself in the most flattering colours that my limitation to black and white admitted of.

On the principle of like to like, I have always relished your point, admired your pluck, gone along with your straight-hitting from the shoulder, sympathised with your good-natured contempt for a fool, and your genuine hatred of a knave, especially of the more sanctimonious and pompous order of wind-bag, and enjoyed, as a kindred spirit only could, your calling of spades spades in the House and out of it. I will not go along with you in velocipede practice, for I am not so short-sighted as you are, and no doubt, as being less used to tumblers, I dare say I do care more for bruises. But most of your other little games, so far as I know them, I am ready to back you up in.

I was quite in favour of your plan for collecting the year's assessed taxes within the year. But I did not expect to have any more of those nasty, and only too familiar, blue-ruled papers, beginning with "the charge within referred to," and ending with the address of the collector, and "attendance on Fridays from ten to four o'clock, P.M.," after what you told our worthy friend SIR GEORGE JENKINSON on the seventeenth of June, that assessed taxes were abolished from and after April 1869. I felt all the more satisfied of this, after your emphatic declaration on the fourth of August last, when SIR GEORGE produced one of these disagreeable papers, and asked you the meaning of it. You told him that the printed demand he had read was an error—that assessed taxes were, as you had assured him in June, abolished; and that you would issue instructions at once for the recall of all such erroneous printed demands, so as to prevent the needless annoyance to the public of

having to appeal against a demand for assessed taxes, which have been abolished and therefore could not be due.

I need scarcely say how disgusted I was when, within a fortnight of this assurance of yours, I had handed to me one of the old offensive blue papers in question, headed "Assessed Taxes for the Year 1869-70," mulcting me in the usual amounts for all my little luxuries—my pony-chaise, my *Toby*, my hair-powder, my armorial bearings, my gardener, *Mrs. P.'s* Alderney, &c., &c., informing me, with the usual parade of precision, that the first moiety will become due on the 20th of September, 1869, and the other moiety on the 20th of March, 1870, and adding that "the day of appeal is fixed," &c., &c., &c.

How is this?

You say assessed taxes are abolished from and after April, 1869, and here is a demand headed "Assessed Taxes for the Year 1869-70." I can't understand it for the life of me. Can you? Has somebody blundered? And if so, who is it?

If I am to expect, in January, 1870, a demand for the taxes payable in respect of all taxable articles then in my possession, and after that, in March, 1870, a demand for the other moiety of the demand in the paper I am now complaining of, it seems to me that I shall be paying five quarters of assessed taxes in one year; and that not all your cleverness, my dear BOB, can extricate me from this predicament. I remember, when you converted a deficit into a surplus of three millions by that wonderful *coup* of your first budget, you strenuously denied that this would be the consequence of your *coup de bourse*. I should like to hear what explanation you have to offer me and our poor dear friend SIR GEORGE on this point; and, pending that explanation, I remain (in spite of all demands),

Your attached friend and admirer,

The Right Hon. R. Lowe, M.P., &c., &c.

PHOTOGRAPH.

THE CAWING SOCIAL CONGRESS.

In Autumn time, when, sere and brown,
The leaves begin to tumble down,
To roam, at evening, in a wood
Of reverend old oaks, is good
For pilgrims, fog-proof who can rove
Through rising mist, the dusky grove.

Abroad when shard-born beetles fly,
Hum in the ear, hit nose and eye,
The wanderer at that hour will mark,
In forests—can in Richmond Park—
Great flocks of rooks, which, dense as bees,
Swarm in the air and in the trees.
They cloud the sky with rustling wings,
The forest with their clamour rings,
As cawing, cawing, still they keep
Till night falls, and, at roost, they sleep.

With clack of garrulous jackdaws,
Of those rooks cawing what's the cause?
The faculty of imitation.
A National Association
They're holding, or a Social Science
Congress, with usage in compliance;
And do our spouters' annual jawing
Match with a correspondent cawing.

But then there's music in the raucous
Cries uttered by the corvine caucus.
Pleasant to hear for one out walking
Unlike all that confounded talking:
Those platitudes, like snores sonorous,
Which papers, by reporting, bore us
With several columns of a speech—
Hardly a single thought in each,
And that you seek for as you may
A needle in a rick of hay.
The cawing to a purport reaches
Full as momentous as the speeches.
Let those who like to hear them sit;
I'll walk, more edified with it.

Certainly.

In the list of contents of a new monthly periodical, under "Reviews of Books," occur these two entries—

Under Lock and Key.

Six Years in the Prisons of England.

Should not these titles have been transposed?

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—On my way to the Doctor's call on my Uncle and Aunt, whom I was going to see just before I left town last time, but didn't.

Don't know *why* I didn't. Very odd, but it's always been the same as regards my Uncle and Aunt ever since I can recollect. I used to be taken to their house by my nurse. Perhaps the fact of being *taken* there has remained in my inner consciousness ever since. *Mem. for Typ. Dev. Vol. IV., Early Compulsion, damaging effects of.* By the way, must hurry on with *Typ. Devel.*, Vol. I., for **POPGOOD AND GROOLLY.**

I remember the street, but forget the number. I don't know why I hit upon thirty-seven, but I do and am right. (Stop to make this note in the hall. *Mem. for Typ. Dev. Tendrils of Memory, seize on—leave blank here for word to be selected in calmer*

moments—in early youth, and so on, &c. I shall understand this when I wish to develop the note into—

I find that the Butler has held the drawing-room door open for more than a minute, while I am making this note, coming up-stairs, (not easy) in my pocket-book. My Aunt says, "Shut the door, **MUSSELS**," sharply. **MUSSELS**, the butler, retires.

Happy Thought.—**MUSSELS** rhymes to **Brussels**, and I am going to **Aix**.

If my Aunt or Uncle had any sense of humour, I'd say this as a pleasant commencement. (*Note. Typ. Devel., On Commencements.*)

My Aunt having stood up to receive me, in the draught, which **MUSSELS** had made by keeping the door open—(funny name, **MUSSELS**)—is cross, and coughs behind her hand.

Happy Thought.—To say cheerfully and smiling lightly, "How d'ye do, Aunt?" ignoring the draught. It appears she doesn't do particularly well, nor my Uncle either.

Happy Thought.—Suit your manners to your company: drop smiling and look serious. My Uncle is sitting in an arm-chair, very feeble, and occasionally groaning. My Aunt describes her own symptoms with painful and touching accuracy, but has no pity for *him*. She says impatiently, "Oh dear, your Uncle groans and coddles himself up if his little finger aches. I tell him to go out for a good walk, and take healthy exercise." On examining him reproachfully, as much as to say, "Why don't you take my Aunt's advice?" he appears as if he might possibly venture as far as the centre pattern of the carpet and back again. Think my Aunt a little hard on my Uncle. Better not say so. Merely observe gravely, "I'm sorry to see you so unwell" (to my Aunt, as if I didn't care how my Uncle was, dismissing him in fact as a shammer).

[*Query.* Isn't this "time-serving," and oughtn't I to be above it?]

My Aunt gives me a list of her complaints; I appear to be listening with great interest, like a doctor. If **CAZELL** was here, he'd tell her "what she ought to do." While she is talking I can't help remembering that I have always heard what expectations I have from my Aunt. Friends have joked me about it. Many have said they envy me. Everyone seems to know what a lucky dog I am going to be except myself. She continues her list of maladies, she shakes her head mournfully, says she's getting an old woman now.

Happy Thought.—Say politely, "Oh no."

Feel that she must see through this. If she sets me down as a humbug, it will ruin my chance. Yet I can't sit, as it were, gloating over my victim like a Vampire. Feel inclined to say solemnly, "Well, Aunt, we must all come to an end" (substituting this expression for "die" which had first occurred to me) "sooner or later." Should have

been obliged to say this, if she hadn't turned the conversation to my wife and baby.

Happy Thought.—To answer, "they're longing to come and call on you, but have been so unwell."

Partly truth—partly fiction. They have been unwell, but I *never* can get **FRIDOLINE** to call on my Aunt. She says, "It's such a horrible idea to go and see, not how people are getting on, but *getting off*, when they're going to leave you money." The discussion has never ended pleasantly. I can't help feeling that my wife is honest, but impolitic; so I put it to her reasonably, and she retorts that I want her to be a hypocrite. It is so difficult to explain to a woman the difference between policy and hypocrisy. She won't go, so I have to call. I own to feeling (as I have said) like a Vampire myself. Perhaps it's as well as it is.

Happy Thought.—One Vampire's enough in a family.

Interview over; glad of it. My Uncle, who has not joined in the conversation, except by groaning at intervals, mutters, "Good-bye, won't see me again." I really could cry, if it wasn't for my Aunt, who, having rung for **MUSSELS** to open the door, is now saying good-bye to me, and remarking, quite cheerfully, "Your Uncle is very well, only if he *will* make stupid mistakes," (with such a look at the poor old gentleman, who groans,) "he can't expect to be well. Goodbye."

On inquiry, I ascertain from **MUSSELS** that the "stupid mistake" my Uncle had made was in drinking his lotion and rubbing in his mixture. As my Aunt said, of course he couldn't expect to be well.

Happy Thought.—Good-bye, **MR. MUSSELS**.

Always be polite to the Butler. Recollect **MUSSELS** years ago, when I used to look at picture-books in the pantry; at least, I think I do, or another butler, just like him. **MR. MUSSELS** asks civilly after my wife and family. I return thanks (to **MUSSELS**) for them, and add playfully that "the family" has the rash.

Happy Thought.—Return compliment, "Mrs. **MUSSELS** quite well?"

Wish I hadn't. **MUSSELS** has been a widower for five years. Don't know what to say to this. Not the place for a repartee: opportunity for consolation. The only consolation I can think of at the moment is, "Well, never mind," with the addition of what I wanted to have said up-stairs about "We must all be buried sooner or later." Pause on the top step, fumble with umbrella, feel that on the whole nothing can be said except "Dear me!" and walk into the street abstractedly. Door shut. I (as it were) breathe again. Re-action. Walk cheerfully to the Doctor's.

Wonder what his opinion will be. Shall tell him that friends (really **CAZELL**) have advised me to go abroad for the benefit of my health.

Happy Thought.—Nothing the matter with me, except perhaps a little rheumatism. However, just as well to see a Doctor.

"Prevention better than cure," sensible saying that, and I shall be able to finish off several volumes of *Typ. Devel.* at **Aix** (a very quiet place, I am told) and astonish **POPGOOD AND GROOLLY**.

Happy Thought.—Before I go to Doctor's, wrap up the fee carefully in a piece of paper, and put it in a pocket by itself. Watch in one pocket; fee in the other. Then you can get at it at once, and give it with a sort of grace.

THE TASTE FOR THISTLES.

ASSES, what can be absurder
Than much talk about a murder?
"Many more," consider you,
"Murders must this one ensue."
Murders keep a certain rate;
BUCKLE would account for eight
All at once, not every day,
But once only in the way.
Murder 'tis no good to mention
But with view to its prevention,
If prevented it may be.
Murder's no grand mystery;
Crime, in England or in France,
Save to fools, is no romance,
And the books wherein 'tis learnt
As such, ought to be all burnt,
All the plays hissed off the stage
Of this low "sensation" age;
Then we should be cursed no more
With a mischief, and a bore.

A Wizard no Conjuror.

DEAR old **ZADKIEL** is hard put to it for a puff, but he has found one. "He prophesied No Tidal Waves, and none came." Quite right, dear clever boy. And you did not prophesy the death of one of the Elephants in the Zoo. And none has died. Why not advertise that? The Society won't mind.

MR. PUNCH'S SYLLABUS.

COMPRISING (OR EMBRACING, IF YOU LIKE) THIRTY PRINCIPAL ERRORS UNDER WHICH THE CHURCH OF ROME IS LABOURING, WITH REFERENCES TO THE AUTHORITIES CONFUTING SUCH ERRORS. RESPECTFULLY PREPARED IN RETURN FOR THE LIST OF EIGHTY ERRORS IMPUTED BY H. H. PIUS THE NINTH TO THE EDUCATED WORLD.

1. That *Mr. Punch* has any personal dislike to Popes, or that he is lacking in respect for the religion of millions, although of the less instructed sort. [*Punch—passim.*]
2. That he is likely to be deluded into confounding Catholicism with Romish Priestcraft. [*Ibid.*]
3. That he has the least respect for the Ecumenical Council, or would tolerate it except as a means of giving pleasure to a good old Priest. [*Ibid. nuper et nunc.*]
4. That the decisions of the Council will have more weight than the hooting of any number of dignified old Owls. [*Garden of the Soul—no, Zool. Society.*]
5. That more than two in one hundred of male Catholics believe more than one in a hundred of the things the Church tells us to believe. [*Conversations with Young Catholics.*]
6. That the sun goes round the earth. [*Prof. Airy.*]
7. That salmon and lobster sauce are more religious than chops and tomato sauce. [*Francaletti, Catholic Cook.*]
8. That what is right on Thursday is wrong on Friday. [*Ovid. Fasti.*]
9. That a priest has any supernatural power denied to a layman, except supernatural cheekiness. [*Else he would show it. M. Luther.*]
10. That holy water has a chance against printer's ink. [*M. Luther.*]
11. That ARCHBISHOP MANNING believes that the liquifying pomatum is the blood of S. Januarius. [*H. Walkervius.*]
12. That the Catholic bishops in Ireland do not hate CARDINAL CULLEN, who was forced on them to the exclusion of the men of their own suggestion, and that they do not speak of him privately as "that blessed Italian," or thereabouts. [*Echoes of Dublin.*]
13. That Rome will extinguish FATHER HYACINTHE, and that there will not be a whole flower-show of hyacinths ere long. [*Flora Romana.*]
14. That the Society of Jesuits will vanquish the Bible Society. [*Vide Reports.*]
15. That CÆSAR BORGIA was not the son of a Pope. [*A. Dumas.*]
16. That English folks approve of GUY FAWKES because they annoy Catholics. [*Scotland Yard.*]
17. That GUY FAWKES was originally a Catholic, and not a Protestant who was converted. [*Hepworth Dixon, Tower, II.*]
18. That if the Pope honoured us with a visit he would not be welcomed by all except a few fanatics. [*H. M. the Sultan.*]
19. That Protestants want anything more than equal liberty for everybody. [*Russell, Earl.*]
20. That they cannot see the difference between a gentle and good-natured ecclesiastic, and the dirty, scowling, low-browed priests, creatures to be beheld at Boulogne-on-the-Sea, and in certain parts of Ireland; and that the Protestant mind confounds an ANTONELLI with a DUPANLOUP. [*Punch, passim.*]
21. That Protestants cannot perceive that Catholic newspapers are addressed to readers of a low order of intellect. [*Ibid.*]
22. That though the hierarchy of Rome does not believe in Winking Pictures, it is fit that the lower orders should be taught to believe in them. [*Butler. Poley.*]
23. That putting a book into an Index is not the means of procuring for it a quadrupled circulation. [*Publisher's Circular.*]
24. That the female Catholic world is not gradually extricating itself from the grip of the priests, while retaining the true piety instinctive in women. [*Recent Sojourners in Paris.*]
25. That Pantheism has received a blow in England by the Pantheon being turned into a wine-merchant's warehouse. [*Gilby & Co.*]
26. That young Catholics can be prevented from learning anti-Romish truth by preventing their attendance at Secular Schools, and that the maid-servant who put a piece of paper over the first pint of beer, and then had a second poured into the same jug, remarking that they were for different lodgers, did not resemble the excellent CULLEN. [*Josephus Miller.*]
27. That separating the wretched wedded is not better than driving them to the bottle, or to throwing bottles. [*Lord Penzance.*]
28. That if a youngster has "leaped in the dark" into Orders, before he knew his own mind or nature, he ought not to be released, and thus saved from being as much out of place as a brass-knocker on a pigstye-door. [*Horne Tooke.*]
29. That St. Peter will open no letter dismissory unless it is fastened with a consecrated wafer. [*Postmaster General.*]
30. That the wisest thing for Catholics and Protestants to do is not to shake hands, agree to differ, live like good friends, hope for the best, and regularly read their *Punch*. [*Common Sense.*]

N.B. If anybody wants the above in Latin, he may have it on application at 85, Fleet Street, between the hours of 1 and 3 A.M. *Cave canem*, however.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

XXI.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

THEY come, they come, the pilgrim army come!
From all the points the mariner's compass shows,
Not with the pennon and the rolling drum,
But with portmanteaux packed with suits of clothes.
The engine snorts, the fuming funnel roars:
They start—the old, the middle-aged, the young,
For Albion's limestone cliffs and rocky shores;
Again to time the pulse and view the tongue,
Again to throng the forum and the mart,
In learning's home to mould the coming age,
To ply the painter's and the poet's art,
And give the world the broad diurnal page—
So shutters open, open long-closed doors,
And ready get your first and second floors.

XXII.—LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"London, with all thy faults, I love thee still"—
So sang (with one slight alteration) he
Who holds high place in English poetry;
And back in Lombard Street and Notting Hill,
With sweet remembrances of stream and rill,
Of Alp, and tarn, and moonlight on the sea,
Of Switzerland and storied Italy,
'Twere wise, pent up again, against our will,
In London where three million people live,
To seek its sunniest side, its brightest phase,
And all the charms Metropolis boasts,
Till in the solace which the Town can give
In clubs and cooks, in libraries and plays,
We half forget those sunsets on the coast.

CIRCULAR TO POOR LAW GUARDIANS.

GENTLEMEN,

You are, doubtless, aware that the high price of meat, caused by the cattle disease, rendered necessary, last Session, the enactment of a precautionary measure against that pestilence.

It must be equally well-known to you that another malady has broken out, and is now raging, amongst both milch cows and feeding stock, a distemper named the foot and mouth disease. The mouth disease of the coarser classes, which vents itself in expressions signified by blanks and asterisks; the foot disease of young ladies, apparently produced by high-heeled highlows, are bad enough. But the foot and mouth disease of cattle is worse: for it raises the price of milk, cheese, and butter.

The papers may be presumed to have informed you that great cruelty (that is, the careless or wilful infliction of suffering, whether on animals or mankind) has been discovered to be habitually practised on cattle during their conveyance both by sea and land carriage, and that there is every reason to believe that this very greatly aggravates, if it does not engender, the cattle diseases; especially the foot and mouth disease.

You, Gentlemen, can well appreciate the seriousness of these diseases of cattle; because we eat cattle. You know what it is to pay for, and consume, bad beef at a shilling a pound. If the bad beef went begging at a vile price; if it were both cheap and nasty, and that were all, you would know what to do with it: and you would bear it as well as you might. As it is, the quantity of beef which you can afford to allow the inmates of your workhouses on meat days, or even on a Christmas Day, amounts to a very few oz.

If we were heathens, Gentlemen, unblest with the privilege of Christian light, and if we were cannibals besides, should we not, however, be more careful how we treat our kind? Should we not practically love our neighbour more if we could eat him? If man were so high as a shilling a pound, should we not, for the sake of dead paupers, feed and house living paupers better? Should we not be almost as anxious about the medical treatment of our sick poor as we are about that of our diseased cattle?

These questions will perhaps come before you at your next general meeting, and should any difficulty occur to you as to the conclusions which their consideration may suggest, you are invited to apply to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which is competent to afford you all the information that you can require.

(Signed) S. PANCRAS.

Excelsiores.

THE Spaniards are not commonly supposed to be a progressive people, and yet it is certain that Spain at this moment is the most rising country in Europe, not even except Ireland.



STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

THE MOUSE (*Ridiculus mus*).NEW WORK AND NEW WARE FOR
BIRMINGHAM.*(Dedicated to the Birmingham National Educational League.)*

For knick-knacks, and trifles, and toys,
 Showy lacquer-work, brazen and iron,
 For bluster, and bunkum, and noise,
 And getting more smoke up than fire on,
 The town of all towns in our isle,
 If from Thurso to Truro you rummage 'em,
 Seemed the one P. R. chroniclers style
 "The Hardware Ken"—Cockneyce, "Brummagem."

So clever her forgers and hammermen
 In putting new faces on metals,
 Thanks to deft metallurgical glamour, men
 Would at their hands for gold take brass kettles;
 Till all things that appear what they're not,
 While with Truth's aquafortis untested,
 From mock gems to bad sovereigns, have got
 With the "Brummagem" title invested.

But henceforth, since the movement begun
 By DIXON, MUNDELLA & Co.
 For getting a mighty work done,
 That seemed talked to death long ago,
 Let us hope with new meaning annexed
 The "Brummagem" title to see
 Worn by those who solve questions long vexed,
 And make things that have but seemed, to be.

Of all the hard wares that e'er came
 From brain-pan 'neath Brummagem brow,
 The greatest, for profit and fame,
 If the hardest, is this they're at now:

To new-mould the England to come!
 Heaven's mint-mark to bring out anew!
 The brain-blind, brain-deaf, and brain-dumb
 With new eyes, ears, and tongues to endure!

Here's a Birmingham Union arrayed
 For work before which shrinks to naught
 All her ancient Trades'-Union essayed,
 Or her currency doctors have taught:—
 To bring words into fruition of act,
 Aspirations to turn into deeds,
 To make Education a fact
 Spite of clashing of churches and creeds!

God speed unto her and to all
 Who for this work put hand to her hand!
 Roar, forges, and, sledge-hammers, fall—
 When was forging, or casting, so grand?
 Showy face for mean matter, till now,
 'Twas Birmingham's business to plan,
 Her new work's to make substance of show,
 In our schools, and her metal is Man!

The Very Place for Him.

THE office of MASTER OF THE MINT is vacant. There can be but one opinion as to who should have the appointment—MR. LOWE. He will then be able to do what he pleases with the sovereign, and having both the Exchequer and the Mint under his control, his happiness will be complete, unmixed—without alloy.

"This Must End Them."—Addison.

We don't often touch unpleasant matters. But it is a strange coincidence that the man who detected the Cato Street conspiracy should, half a century later, die as Caro died.



HOW NOT TO DO IT.

PAT. "ARRAH, THIN, YE MURTHERIN' HARRIDAN! REL'ASE THIM NOBLE PATHRIOTS, OR, BE JABERS, I'LL—"

HISTORICAL FACTS.

(For the Use of the Colwell-Hatchney Schools.)



ISTORY, in many cases, will have to be re-written. For example, there *never was* a Pope called Violincello.

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON always took a box of sugar-plums with him to battle to encourage the troops. His celebrated expression was, "Up Guards, and eat 'em!"

The well known magnificent CZAR OF RUSSIA was always fond in winter time of sitting with his feet in the fender. Hence his laughter-loving people called him Peter the Grate. If he caught anybody saying this, he at once sent him to Siberia.

The above will raise the question where is Siberia? The best Maps will well repay the trouble of a search.

The scheme of tunnelling under the Atlantic is not

new. The idea (if we are correctly informed) occurred to a gentleman some time ago, but he never mentioned it, and the secret died with him.

DIOGENES was a persevering man. He was present at the siege of Syracuse in his tub. "If I were not myself," observed ALEXANDER, with more wit than truth, "I would be somebody else."

WILLIAM, the first of England, was called the Conqueror. The fact has never been disputed. He invented pepper. This fact *has*.

Historically and correctly speaking, the Christian Era, A.D. 56, was not published weekly, nor did it contain any theatrical or sporting intelligence. It has much improved since then.

Dyeing was discovered by the Syrians, and they dye'd in great numbers. The use of the word "*Dye*" for joking purposes was not unknown to the ancients.

OVID wrote the *Metamorphoses*, and changed his shirt three times a day. VIRGIL tried to follow his example, but perished in the attempt.

The Romans were so fond of tea, that when they died their friends erected Urns to their memory. This was the Origin of Tea Gardens.

"The Antonines" was a game like skittles.

OUR BÊTISE AND GAUCHERIE.

WE stupid Britons too hastily entertained the idea that Spain, this time, was going to accomplish a bloodless revolution. Not Spain. The Spaniards are gloriously crying, "Long live the Republic!" and shooting one another again as fast as ever. And this is the time that certain persons in this country have chosen as a seasonable one to get up an outcry against shooting little birds. They may be well-meaning, but now, when we know what sort of shooting is practised by the Spanish people, and at what a rate, to affect, at this especial juncture, to denounce shooting tom-tits and thrushes as barbarous, is to do just one of those things, which, taken by foreigners as offensive and insulting, because felt to reflect ridicule on their manners and customs, occasion us to be so much and so generally disliked as we are on the Continent of Europe.

Important Discovery about Oliver Goldsmith.

In the list of Almanacks for 1870, to be published by the Stationers' Company, appears "*Goldsmith's Almanack*." We have referred to all the biographies of the poet, but can find no mention of any such work having ever been compiled by him. Perhaps some reader in the British Museum library will try to ascertain when GOLDSMITH prepared the first of a series of almanacks still issued under his name. The discovery would be a very interesting one to those curious in our literature.

A STANDING MATCH ON THE TURF.—SLOWMAN against Fast man.

THE POPE'S SYLLABUS.

"ADESTE FIDELES." POPE PIUS at Rome,
Is issuing cards for a little "at home."
And lots of old ladies will meet to talk scandal,
And make of their neighbours' wrong-doings a handle.
So come at his summons, be sure it can't hurt you,
These virgins are all of immaculate virtue;
And errors to swamp a big boat, or to fill a 'bus,
You'll find on his Programme—the Vatican Syllabus.

And first for a theme matrimonial, of course,
These elderly spinsters will talk of Divorce:
Since the Gordian Knot marriage, once tied, it is said
Can be only dissolved by the Lady in Red.
But we Protestant brands, and a convert or two
About whom the world has cried hulla-balloo,
Have been making herein common cause with "*gentilibus*"—
At least so it's said in POPE PIUS his Syllabus.

Then the Progress of Knowledge, with all of its fallacies,
From poor GALILEO to Spectrum analysis—
It's all at an end, the Philosopher's trade is,
The cry being "Room for the elderly ladies!"
Once more, the advancing Atlantic to stop,
MRS. PARTINGTON stands with her hair and her mop;
Free Thought is iniquity—*unus e milibus*
Of those specified on the Vatican Syllabus.

So come, all ye Faithful, and tramp it for Rome!
The "Doctor of Scotland" can just stop at home.
PÈRE HYACINTHE, you have been going the pace,
Drop your Carmelite cowl, to conceal your disgrace.
It's enough an old lady sedate to enrage
The rollicking ways of this go-ahead age.
Thank goodness, there's some one to lecture and fillip us,
If only POPE P. and his Vatican Syllabus!

INDIAN JARGON.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

THIS is what I am in the habit of receiving from my nephew in India. Am I always to be subjected to this, whenever I open a letter from that country, and are Indian correspondents to be permitted to ram their native jargon down the throats of their relatives in this country?

Rain-pore, August 12.

"My Dear Uncle,—I am afraid this will be barely legible, as I am writing in a *hackery-adabut*; which you know very well is a sort of *Suggar*, resembling a *Sircar*. The harvest is looking first-rate, especially the *juggery* crops: the *ryots* and the *chetties* have a busy time of it just now. My *Zemindar*, informed apparently by the *dhobie's* brother the *kitmutgar*, however tells me that the *Sudras* in some parts are likely to suffer from a scarcity of *Chatties*. The *Baboos* and *Bamians* are having a good year in Midland-Uplands. I enclose a photograph of a Nautch-girl.

Your affectionate Nephew,

"W. SMUGGINS."

What I wish to know, *Mr. Punch*, is why my Correspondents in America, China, Australia, Russia, and Austria, do not indulge in the same charming habits.

Yours obediently,

PERDRIX O'CHOON.

A SLIGHT VARIATION.

IN reports of Public Meetings, particularly if they bear on Education, care should be taken that the words given are the exact words employed by the authors cited. In an account of a local meeting, held for the purpose of distributing prizes to youths who had been successful in the Oxford and Cambridge examinations, a noble lord is reported as saying, "One of the speakers had repeated what had been said in other words by one of our greatest English poets—

Full many a time in this rough island story,
The cause of duty paves the way to glory."

It is impossible to say whether we are indebted for this happy jumble to the speaker or the reporter, but to lessen the chance of a repetition of its mistakes, it may be as well to quote what TENNYSON really does say. His lines run thus—

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."

Thus it will be seen that the Poet Laureate is silent as to the paving part of the transaction.



MEMBERS OF A LEARNED SOCIETY ON AN EXCURSION.

Learned Gentleman. "WE ARE NOW NEAR THE REMAINS OF A ROMAN WALL, AND ON EXAMINING THE GROUND LAST YEAR, IT WAS FOUND TO BE——"

Appreciative Native cuts in— "BARLEY, SIR; AND BEANS THE YEAR AFORE."

THE TORMENTS OF TIGHT-LACING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

BEING a young lady, of course, you know, I *must* dress in the fashion, and now that small waists have come in I am obliged to lace myself as tightly as I can, so as not to look *ridiculous*. My stays hurt terribly at first, they *are* so stiff and bony. Even now it is as much as I can do to sit through dinner without fainting. But I mean to persevere, and hope in a few days to measure an inch less, though I sadly fear I *never shall* be able to wear a waist of sixteen inches and a half, which my *modiste* says is now considered *fashionable*. And I am terribly afraid that what the doctors say is true, for since my dresses were made tight I have felt wretchedly unwell and sadly out of spirits. My head aches so, you can't think, and my cheeks are, O so pale, and getting actually *yellow*. Indeed, my sister tells me that I look a *perfect fright*, but then, you know, she's envious of my having a *fine figure*.

But the worst is that I feel so cramped and stiffened that I can hardly stir, and am really quite fatigued with the least possible exertion. I used to love a dance and was immensely fond of croquet. But I find with a pinched waist it's quite *impossible* to waltz, you get so out of breath and feel so sick and giddy. And as for playing croquet, why, you can't hit a hard knock, or stoop to pick a ball up, and your dress is made so tight you feel afraid of something cracking.

Another of my *miseries* is that my maid has the impertinence to follow the new fashion, and is getting quite unfit for work through her tight-lacing. When I tell her to run up-stairs to fetch a pocket-handkerchief, she moves as slow and stiffly as I do myself, and comes down panting so that she can hardly gasp an answer to my questions. Then she constantly is getting nasty stitches in her side, and while she stands to do my hair she often feels so faint I have to give her *sal volatile*. The chance is too that when I come home from a party, I find that she has gone to bed with a sick headache, leaving poor me to retire to rest without the least assistance. Of course, you know, I'm bound to give her my old dresses, and she says they'd be of no use if

she hadn't got a waist as small as mine, and so this is her excuse for her *imitative impudence*.

Of course it's very nice to be admired for one's good figure, and of course I'd rather *die* than dress out of the fashion. But stays are a great torture, and deprive one of a number of small comforts and enjoyments, not to mention one so vulgar as enjoying a nice dinner, which one has no room to swallow when one's squeezed to sixteen inches. I know our great great grandmothers were tortured like ourselves, but croquet wasn't known then, any more than waltzing. And as I dearly love all feminine *athletic sports* like these, I certainly *do* hope the fashion will soon change, and that one may wear one's waist as wide as nature made it.

Until then, believe me, yours, in *misery*,

A VICTIM.

To Mr. Layard.

"And the womanly soul, turning sick with disgust,
Tried to force her way out from her Serpentine crust."

Thomas Hood.

MAKE the Serpentine wholesome for roach, dace, carp, barbel,
And merit a statue of Serpentine marble;
But if you can't do it, pour back the old flood,
Nor poison my children with Serpentine mud.

"A Panic Struck Mother." (*Versified.*)

An Ultrahumane Idea.

As the wise suggestion season has yet some time to run, a question of which the discussion will perhaps be pursued is, whether it is not cruel to open living oysters, and whether they could not be previously steeped in some anæsthetic, which would not render them unpalatable or injurious, and so make them disagree with those partaking of them, as they would if they were eaten with chloroform.

A MODEL TOURIST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

EVERYBODY who goes abroad keeps some sort of diary or notes in which he chronicles whatever he has seen, done, or felt. I put down in mine what I did *not* see, did *not* do, did *not* feel. I venture to send you the result:—

I did not say on crossing the Channel, that "It was not the motion of the vessel so much as seeing other people ill," that upset me.

I did not find (as picture galleries had led me to expect) that "An Interior with Dutch Boors Smoking," was the most common object to be met with in Holland.

I did not see the Rhine with a Murray or Bædeker held persistently before my eyes.

I did not notice one Englishman who was more taciturn and exclusive than a decent regard to the levelling circumstances of travel rendered desirable.

I could not discover one Swiss girl with whom, as far as appearance went, her grandmother would not have borne comparison in comeliness and youth.

I did not once suffer from indigestion after eating veal. (*Query.* Can it be that there are highly-refined countries where veal is not the flesh of tortured calf.)

I could not discover any similarity between "bœuf" and "beef." *Gravy erat discrimen.*

I did not meet one party of Americans numbering less than thirteen, and in which three families at least were not represented.

I did not see a single German student travelling without a shawl; and not many with anything else.

I did not transact business with one Italian who did not ask as much again as he intended to take, nor did I ever give him more than a quarter of *that*—which he took.

I did not meet one English clergyman who did not think it incumbent on him to show his calling by some peculiarity in costume, nor one member of any other profession—legal, military, or medical—who did.

I have not since my return to England once said, "They manage these things better abroad."

I have not published, either in a magazine or separately, under a highly alliterative title, a most ordinary account of most ordinary adventures in a most ordinary holiday excursion. I remain, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours truly,

NIL ADMIRARI.

A BLOW FOR THE BEGGARS.

SOME months since Mr. Punch cried Bravo! to Blackheath for its systematic efforts to stop begging in its streets. How far these endeavours have actually succeeded, may be surmised by glancing at the following report:—

"During the last six months 750 cases of imposture have been detected: 1248 passing wayfarers have been helped along; and 117 cases of actual local distress have been effectually relieved."

This result has been achieved by a general agreement to abstain from personal almsgiving, and to employ a public almoner to sift the case of any one applying for relief. Charity may cover a multitude of skins, and put needful bread and cheese into a multitude of stomachs. But charity, to do a real service to the State, should not be impulsive or selfish in its action, else impostors will be benefited and the generous be duped. Let Anti-Beggar Companies be started all through London, on the model of the one so well established at Blackheath, and there soon will be an end to the pestilence of begging, which has far too long infested London streets.

Floreat!

LAST Saturday week might have been May instead of October, for everybody was asking, "Have you seen 'The Academy?'" The inquiry referred to MR. MURRAY'S new venture, to which Mr. Punch cordially wishes success.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

PARISIAN JOURNALISM.—Wanted to join immediately, on the staff of one of the leading Parisian journals, a Young Gentleman in first-rate practice with swords and rapiers, and a dead shot with the pistol. His work will be to superintend the Duelling Department of the Paper, to attend at the office from 12 to 4 daily, to accept or send challenges.

* * * There have been so many applications for this important post that silence on the part of the Editor-in-chief must be considered a gracious negative. But the gentleman ultimately selected will of course be happy to meet, and give every possible satisfaction to the unsuccessful candidates.

All communications, whether in acceptance of challenges already sent, or provocative, must be addressed to the Duelling Department.

Vive la Liberté—de la Presse!

LAYARD IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

ROME, we learn from the newspaper correspondents, is looking as lively as

"Black friars and white,
Red friars and grey"

can make it. *Orbis defuit in urbe.* Priests are converging from all quarters. Every convent that can take in lodgers is brimming over. Even lodgings, we are told, are going up. But we do not see how any rush of saintly men, vowed to pennilessness, can affect prices. Whether these clerical visitors are all accommodated at the cost of their brethren, regular or secular, or have to find themselves, we know not. The run of the superior clergy has not yet set in with as much severity as that of the lower orders. But next month, we are told, will see Rome "flooded with bishops"—about as disagreeable a form of deluge as can be imagined. The bishops, at least, are to be supported partly, if not entirely, "by voluntary contributions." The faithful of Martinique (we are told) have already sent a quantity of coffee; and a large gift of wine is on its way from France. There is the Jesuit astronomer, FATHER SECCHI, with a mission, no doubt, to set the faithful right on such heresies as that the sun goes round the earth; and the parish priest of the Madeleine, bearer (says report) of EUGÈNE'S promise to drop in on his Infallibility on her way from Constantinople. Happy EUGÈNE! object of equally enthusiastic welcome from the chief servant of MAHOUND, and the only legitimate successor of St. Peter! who comest not to the ground between the two stools of the Mosque of Omar and the Basilica! in whose *parure* cross and crescent seem to shine side by side with equal brilliancy and becomingness; and on whom, doing her pretty pilgrimage to the Holy Places of infidel and true believer, princes wait, and nations pour their homage!

But, most startling news of all, LAYARD is in Rome! He has been staying at the Hotel d'Angleterre! And where is the Hotel d'Angleterre? In the Via Bocca di Leone—the Lion's mouth. The head of the Office of Works in the Lion's mouth! Doth he wag his tail? And if so, is it with exultation or wrath? Is there no connection between LAYARD in the Roman Lion's mouth and the so-called cleansing of the Serpentine—which is really the letting loose of typhus, malaria, cholera, and poison upon the Metropolis? We merely note the coincidence, and ask where is WHALLEY, to improve it?

BROOKS FOR EVER!

HURRAH for Brooks! Hurrah with pleasure,
The noble Brooks has won East Cheshire.
Take down your muskets from their hooks,
And fire them off to glory Brooks.
Ring all the bells, explode maroons,
And bid your bands play joyous tunes,
For Brooks the brave has beaten WATKIN,
And smashed him up like any potkin.
"But Brooks is Tory." Never mind.
"There's something else remains behind.
Why this rejoicing? Pray who cares?"
PUNCH! WATKIN raised our railway fares!
Therefore rejoice that Brooks and Nemesis
Have sent SIR EDWARD off the premises.

A CASE OF KIDNAPPING.

A NURSE is now, unless ere now she has been taken up, lurking or wandering about with a child of seventeen months old, a little girl, the daughter of LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HICKIE, stolen by her out of revenge for having had notice to leave her place, from that gentleman's house at Maidenhead. In a letter to the *Times*, inviting the public to look out after this abominable woman, COLONEL HICKIE says:—

"This woman cannot have travelled far. She took with her but a small sum of money. The distinctive mark on her face, the mole on the right side of her upper lip, the peculiar blue vein (a birth-mark) under the left eye of our child, and the deep dimple on her chin, all lead us to hope for a speedy discovery of our lost one, if we could only secure the eyes and the hearts that would watch for her everywhere."

Look sharp then, Bobby; look sharp out everybody, for a woman with a mole on the right side of her upper lip, and for a child with a blue mark under the eye and a dimple on the chin. There is reason to believe that she has not murdered the baby, but if she cannot be caught, or it recovered, she may put it into a way of life worse than death. Therefore if any crime can be checked by capital punishment more effectually than by milder correction, that of which this nurse, ELIZABETH BARRY, is accused, child-stealing, is one that ought to receive its recompense from CALCRAFT, and then what parent would not envy him his office?

CHOICE SPECIMENS OF EARLY ENGLISH.

(Compiled from the Remarks of a young Briton cycled "Master George.")

"MAMMA DEAR, GIVE ME A APPLE!"
 "DON'T SAY 'A APPLE:' SAY 'AN APPLE,'"
 "O! WELLY WELL! THEN GIVE ME TWO NAPPERS, MAMMA DEAR."



"O MASTER GEORGE! NOW, DIDN'T I TELL YOU BE CAREFUL, AND NOT DROP MISS WILHELMINA?"
 "WELL, AND SO I DIDN'T! SHE FALLED OFF ON HER OWN ACCORD!"



"It's MY DONKEY! Isn't it, GEORGE?"
 "No, it's MY! HISSN'T IT, DORGE?"
 "DON'T BE SELFISH! IT'S BOTH OF YOUR DONKEY! IN FACT, IT'S ALL OF OUR DONKEY!!"



Master George (at an awkward moment). "Hi! LOOK AT PUG!! YOU'D BETTER STOP WHERE YOU ARE, PUG!!! BETTERN'T HE, MA?"

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



T the Doctor's.—Door is opened, immediately, by a most respectable gentleman (it isn't the Doctor, of course) who shows me at once into a room, and somehow manages to show somebody else out at the front door at the same time. And yet he doesn't seem to move. Odd and spectral.

In the Waiting-room. Several people waiting, like wax-works, at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, only they're sitting instead of standing. Some look up, with one movement of the head, at me on my entrance, and then, with what they call in machinery "a reverse action," look down again. (*Query.* Do they call it "Reverse action"?)

Note. There are three doors to the room. One by which I entered; from one of the other two the Doctor will appear, or we shall go to him. Which?

Happy Thought.—Sit as near the middle as possible, by table.

Door on my right opens. Doctor looks in, says nothing, takes away an elderly lady. Wonder what's the matter with her? Open a volume of *Punch*, commence looking at the pictures vaguely. Door opens again. Can't be my turn? No. Doctor takes off a middle-aged man with his arm in a sling. Wonder what's the matter with him? Rather expect to hear cries and screams in the distance: everything mysteriously quiet. We are fetched, one after another, like victims for the guillotine. (I make notes while I am sitting here. *Note.* Was it for the guillotine where the victims sat all in a room and were called out one after the other? or was it something in Japan? Look it up when I get home.) Open another volume of *Punch*. Doctor wants somebody else.

Happy Thought.—My turn.

No. Old lady and her companion (evidently a companion) have been waiting there nearly an hour.

Happy Thought.—To try and catch the Doctor's eye next time he looks in.

Throw into my eye an expression which will say to him, "Never mind these people, let me come; I'm worth your trouble. Can't waste time like they can, being engaged on a great work, *Typical Developments.*"

Doctor looks in again. Arranged my eye: not quickly enough, as I didn't catch his. A gentleman and a little boy disappear into the sanctum. I open another volume of *Punch*. During the morning I read five volumes of *Punch*, and for an hour and a half I am perpetually attempting to catch the Doctor's eye.

Doctor looks in for the twentieth time (I count them, and also keep on looking at my watch, with a sort of idea that if the people see me doing this they'll say to themselves; "He's a man of business, got appointments, wants to be off; let him go first.")

Happy Thought.—Feel if my fee is all right in waistcoat pocket.

It is. Arrange a little drama with myself as to how I'll give the fee. Let the Doctor see it, then, when he's not looking, place it on the mantel-piece; sort of conjuring trick. When I'm gone he'll say, "Where's he put the fee?" Joy on discovering it. End of drama, and enter another patient.

Happy Thought.—Twenty-first appearance of Doctor's head at door. Jump up—at him.

I hear a rustle behind me of several people, and a murmur. Tall lady in black is by my side, in a second, protesting. I give in. Tall lady retires with Doctor. Feel I've done something rude. Never mind, show I'm not to be trifled with. I take a seat, defiantly now, near the door.

Happy Thought.—Next time must be mine.

Twenty-second appearance of Doctor's head. My turn? Doctor speaks this time most politely, "my turn next," he says; "this gentle-

man" (indicating a short stout man with a florid face and a carpet-bag in his hand) "has, I think, the *pas.*" I bow, *not* to the carpet-bag invalid, but to the Doctor.

Twenty-third appearance of Doctor, and disappearance of Myself. Interview. Yes, decidedly go abroad. Take baths and waters, and get the incipient gout out of me. I am quite right (Doctor says) prevention is better than cure. He won't give me a prescription, but an introduction to a Doctor at the watering-place, which he dashes off there and then.

Happy Thought.—Pick up some medical notes for physiological portion of *Typ. Devel.*

Commence a discussion with him on Homœopathic theories as applied in Allopathic practice. Would it not, I say, in some cases be allowable? He replies, "Undoubtedly," and seals up the letter. (He evidently feels he has no ordinary patient to deal with. I can presently introduce *Typical Developments* to him: he'll be interested.)

Happy Thought.—To draw him out.

The science of medicine, I observe, is in a state of change. The old practices I suppose (I add) require readaptation to the increasing knowledge of the present day.

Doctor replies, courteously, "Just so," and opens the door. Most annoying, the fee has got out of the paper—or, where the deuce has it gone? Awkward to be fumbling for fees, while the Doctor holds the door open. Can't say anything funny or scientific. I have got the sum in half a sovereign and silver in my trousers pocket, but that's mixed up with coppers and keys; and I have got studs in my other pocket to be mended. (*Happy Thought.*—Everything in separate pockets: have always intended to tell the tailor this.)—I must have lost the fee.

Happy Thought.—No! feel it just over my hip bone.

Hole in pocket; slipped through and got round into lining. Tear, recklessly, the pocket lining, and catch the fee. Might make some jocund remark about "Catching a fee."

Doctor smiles courteously, but appears pre-occupied. I can't do the trick I had arranged about placing the fee on the mantelpiece, as he is looking. On the table or in his hand?

Happy Thought.—On the table.

Am just about to do it, when it strikes me, being in white paper, it looks too staring.

Happy Thought.—Pass it into my other hand (by a sort of legerdemain) and when saying good bye, press it on him, secretly, as much as to say, "don't tell anybody."

Do it. Good bye, and leave.

As I walk along the street.—Wish I *hadn't* done it in this manner: bad taste. I should like to have done it in a less underhand way. For instance, to have said, jovially, "Here! what's this!" holding up fee, "There, take that, you rascal," playfully, and adding, "I'm very much obliged for your advice. Bless you, good bye, my boy," and so go out whistling.

Happy Thought.—To my Handbook of Repartees will add Conversations and Interviews.

Odd, just as I've thought of this, I find myself in front of a Book-seller's shop. In the window is a red-book, *Manual of Conversations in French, English, German, and Italian.*

Happy Thought.—Buy it. Most useful. And can work up my own from it when travelling.

Full of the idea. When I am full of an idea, I should like to dash it off in the street. If we lived in a literary age, and in a literary town, there might be writing-desks, with pens and ink chained to them (as they did the Bibles in the Parish Churches) at the corner of the streets. Enter. Pay a halfpenny. Write down idea, stop and develop it if you like; then go on again. If another idea strikes you on the same walk, another halfpenny will, as it were, register it there and then.

Go to WILLIS'S. Pack up. Say good bye to RAWLINSON. CAZELL has just been there. A card. "If you'll dine with me and CHILVERN chez club, MILBURN and another fellow coming, we'll all go together to Antwerp by boat to-morrow."

Happy Thought.—Will dine with CAZELL.

"Bishop Temple is for Suppressing the Trade in Liquors."

How keenly these Exeter Bishops endeavour

To prove they belong to such different lots;

As the creed of the old one was "PHILIPPS for ever!"

The cry of the new one is "Never fill pots!"

Old Ways not always the Best.

THERE are people, people too of judgment and experience—Government Inspectors, for example—who are confident that fatal railway accidents would be much less frequent if what is known as the block system were generally adopted. But, for all that, Companies persist in sticking to the present, or blockhead system.



EXTRACT FROM "THE FASHIONS."

"OUR AUTUMN COSTUMES SUITABLE FOR THE COUNTRY AND SEA-SIDE ARE NOW READY."

CONDOLE WITH ROYALTY.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has again been suffering from an attack of Provincial Loyalty. Before, when it was our painful duty to make the public acquainted with a similar seizure, it was on the occasion of His Royal Highness's visit to Hull in company with the Princess, when between them they gallantly underwent the fatigue of receiving, we think, five Addresses in hot weather. But Hull is outdone by Chester—a city is before a mere borough; a new Town Hall is a greater thing than a new Dock;—so, though the Prince went alone to Chester, he was not let off under six Addresses levelled at him. 1. By the Lord Lieutenant and a number of the Magistrates of the county. 2. By the Freemasons of the City. 3. By the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses. 4. By the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter. 5. By the Roman Catholic Clergy, and, 6. By the Nonconformist Ministers. (What were the "Friendly Societies wearing their sashes" about, not to add another to the pile? But above all, how is the absence to be explained of the manufacturers of the staple of the county, the well known and highly respected Cheshire Cheese?)

The wording of the narrative of the "Earl of Chester's" visit, leads us to hope that all these outbursts of loyalty were not read as well as presented, and in two instances at least, it is consolatory to find that the Prince merely "bowed his acknowledgments."

Had the PRINCESS OF WALES been with her husband at Chester, it is impossible to say what number the Addresses might not have reached; for of course the Danish residents, the married ladies, the milliners and dressmakers, and other influential bodies, would have expressed their attachment, devotion and respect, through the medium of illuminated vellum.

Like the allowance of bridesmaids at a wedding, the supply of Addresses on the occasion of a Royal visit, seems gradually to increase, and it may be that a few years hence the PRINCE OF WALES will look back with a sigh of regret to that happy time when he escaped with only six!

A Quotation in Season.

At this time of the year when PIGSBIE, who is fond both of pork and poetry, sees the strings of fresh sausages hanging up in the shops, he annually tells his friends that they remind him of what MILTON says "of linked sweetness long drawn out."

"ANATHEMA MARANATHA."

"Donec Templam refecceris."

Pusey loquitur.

TEMPLE for a Bishop take,
Till the Temples you remake!
"Temple," quotha! Den, say I,—
Heresy and schism-shop, sty
For breeding Neologian pigs!
Stage for rationalism's rigs!
Beacon, to mis-pilot men so
That they wreck upon COLENSO!
Candlestick upon a hill,
Light for moths, that shines to kill—
Wretch, who holds discourse of reason
With theology no treason!
Sparing of the Church's terrors,
Treating heresies as errors
To be weighed, discussed, and handled,
Not at once bell'd book'd and canded!
Shall this heretic, plague-smitten,
Claim to stand on what he's written,
And not smart for all we choose
To find in *Essays and Reviews*?
The beliefs on him we father
Be Anathema Maranatha!
Whether *he* own, or disclaim 'em,
Whether *we* can, or can't, name 'em!
All 'twixt those vile boards that's printed,
All that's spoke out, all that's hinted,
All we say the book avers,
All our logic thence infers,
All LEIGH *should* have found but wouldn't,
All we tried to prove but couldn't,
Let us on this Heathen vile,
On this pagan Temple, pile!
Strong as SAMSON and as blind,
Let us all our might of mind
Set to shaking, till it drops,
Each and all this Temple's props,
Though with its State pillars' crash
Church of England go to smash!
I am High, and you are Low,
But he is our common foe:
He's not High, nor Low, but Broad;
Sings not matin, none, nor laud,
Pins no trust, and founds no hope
On alb, dalmatic and cope,
Faith and works holds kin collateral,
Owns no priesthood supernatural;
Little in his works you'll find
On Church-power to loose and bind;
Apostolical succession,
He refines to an expression;
Rash lay tendencies he feeds,
Dogmas to postpone to deeds,
While his general tone invites
To put ceremonial rites
Far below Faith, Hope, and Charity—
Deadliest note of secularity!
In a word, you may take oath of us,
He's at daggers drawn with both of us,
—As we both are with each other—
But to crush him I'm your brother,
And for the same righteous end,
You are mine, so howls let's blend:—
"Monstrum informe, detestandum,
Templum vile et nefandum,
Templum hereticum et infaustum,
Templum, non sumend' per haustum,
Templum dirae, Templum dejice,
Templum in tenebras foras ejice,
Templum evertite, ab apice ad imum—
Ecce lapidem jaculor primum,
Charitis, adjumento, et Musae;
Frater in fide, et Presbyter, PUSEY!"

Dramatic Intelligence.

DURING the dull season, a certain Manager has issued such a number of his autographs, in order to ensure the proper filling of his house, that he has in playfulness conferred on it the nickname of the Ordertorium.



INSULAR RESERVE.

Young Tourist (Time, Sunset: Place, Switzerland). "DON'T LOOK ROUND, 'ARRY. HERE'S THAT YOUNG BROWN WE MET AT THE SMITHS, BUT WAS NOT INTRODUCED TO HIM!!"

PLEASING SCENE AT BEVERLEY.

Present—THREE COMMISSIONERS, EMINENT BARRISTER, PENSIVE PUBLIC.

Chief Commissioner (to Eminent Barrister). What do you want here?

Eminent Barrister. I wish to point—

Chief Commissioner. Don't point. It's vulgar. Hook it!

Eminent Barrister. I want to call—

Second Commissioner. That's the crier's business. Go away!

Eminent Barrister. I desire to invite—

Third Commissioner. We're engaged, and can't come. Be off!

Eminent Barrister. Really, your Honours, or whatever you call yourselves, this is not the way to treat a professional man, who stands before you—

Chief Commissioner. He can't stand before us. He has no *locus standi*. Let him sit down.

Eminent Barrister. But I will not sit down.

Chief Commissioner. Then we'll set you down. (*Roars from the Pensive.*)

Eminent Barrister. I'm much obliged, but I've got my own carriage. (*More roars.*) Now, your Honours, you are sitting in defiance—

Chief Commissioner. Of you, and we mean to. Will you go to London?

Eminent Barrister. When I please. You must be aware—

Third Commissioner. If we are, there's no need for your speech.

Eminent Barrister. You are committing—

Chief Commissioner. You'll be committed in the twinkling of a bed-post.

Eminent Barrister. You haven't power to sit—

Chief Commissioner. We have, and chairs too.

Second Commissioner. Three, in fact. (*Shouts from the Pensive.*)

Eminent Barrister. I shall take a course—

Third Commissioner. We don't want your coarseness.

Eminent Barrister. If you would grant me a favour—

Chief Commissioner. There are no favours now. Election's over.

Eminent Barrister. There is not a Court in London—

Second Commissioner. There are a great many—there are twenty in Fleet Street.

Eminent Barrister. I do not know a single Judge—

Third Commissioner. Four or five of 'em are single. The rest are married.

Eminent Barrister. Gentlemen, the brief which I hold—

Chief Commissioner. We've nothing to say to that. Our objection is to the tongue you don't hold.

Eminent Barrister. I will not be treated—

Second Commissioner. Why should you? You are not a Voter. (*Applause.*)

Eminent Barrister. My unfortunate client—

Chief Commissioner. Yes, we're quite with you so far.

Eminent Barrister. I do not deny that there has been corruption, or that Beverley has been poisoned—

Second Commissioner. MR. BARRY SULLIVAN poisons him every night at the Holborn Theatre.

Eminent Barrister. But you are out-running—

Chief Commissioner. The constable? Chief constable, do your duty.

Eminent Barrister. He shall not do his duty. I mean—

Second Commissioner. That's hindering the police. And you a Serjeant!

Eminent Barrister. Now I warn you—

Third Commissioner. Are you MR. WARNER SLEIGH?

Eminent Barrister. I protest—

Chief Commissioner. We are glad that you are a Protestant, but this is no place for religious discussions.

Eminent Barrister (in a voice of thunder). Now, Gentlemen, you SHALL hear me.

The Three. Will we, though? (*They rush out of Court.*)

Eminent Barrister. Well, I am blowed! (*Returns to London.*)

THOUGHT BY A GIFTED MARKER.

THE game of Billiards must be conducive to self-control, for a good player cannot fail to Pocket an Affront.

HYACINTHUS REDIVIVUS. A BALLAD.

GENTLE HYACINTHUS,
In the days of old,
Was to Dan Apollo
Dearer than his gold;

Dearer than the cattle,
All and every one,
Grazing in the golden
Pastures of the sun;

Dearer than the daybeams,
Which that lord of light
Opened in the morning,
Bottled up at night.

Gentle HYACINTHUS
Perished, it is said,
Zephyrus the jealous
Knocked him on the head:

Hit him with the discus
Whilst he was at play;
Weltering in his life blood
HYACINTHUS lay.

From that crimson fountain
Beautifully grew
Hyacinths unnumber'd,
With their bells of blue.

FATHER HYACINTHUS,
In these modern days,
Got from PRO NONO
Kudos great and praise;

Till he took to preaching
Doctrines heterodox;
Then upon his cranium
Got he cruel knocks.

Pro sits, like Phœbus,
Throned above the hills,
And the world with daylight
At his pleasure fills.

All the reins of knowledge
Loosens he, or pulls,
O'er the verdant pastures
Fulminating Bulls.

And for HYACINTHUS
Felt he great regard,
Whilst PERE HYACINTHUS
Was a winning card.

'Till those wanton Zephyrs
Treacherously came,
Making HYACINTHUS
Play a losing game.

"*Popularis aura*,"
(So POPE PIUS said)
Came and turned the Father
HYACINTHUS' head.

So upon his cranium
Knocked they cruel knocks,
As on those who utter
Doctrines heterodox.

But alas! the traitor,
Though they gave him rope,
Would not hang himself, no,
Not to please the POPE.

Still, to hear his preaching
Eagerly there flew
Fashionable Paris,
Savans, and "*bas bleus*."

So they just pronounced him
Heterodox and hated,
From the verdant pastures
Excommunicated!

Father HYACINTHUS
He has run away,
T'other side the Atlantic
Little games to play.

Zephyrs gently waft him
To that land of hope;
Brother SAM he owns not
Any "airthly" Pope.

There he'll live a new life,
Lecturing Broadway swells,
Whilst there hang upon him
Bluest Yankee belles.

So shall HYACINTHUS
Prove the legend true—
Still the crushed flower liveth
With its bells of blue!

TOBACCO AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

HURRAH, *Punch*, old boy! Here's a bit of rare 'good news for us habitual criminals—I mean habitual smokers:—

"M. ARMAND, a French savant, has stated to the Academy of Sciences that he has discovered a sure antidote to nicotine, in the common watercress. It destroys the poisonous effects of nicotine, and yet does not alter the aroma of tobacco. A solution of watercress may therefore be employed for steeping the leaves of tobacco, and would thus divest them of their noxious properties, and moreover a draught of the same will act as a sure antidote to nicotine."

My life has been made miserable for many a month past by a general conspiracy among my friends to put my pipe out. My wife, backed by my doctor, first sounded the alarm that it was gradually killing me; and, to please her, I suppose, my friends have made my life a burden by solemnly exhorting me, whenever we have met, to abstain from certain suicide through this pernicious habit. The nicotine, they told me, was playing the Old Nick with my health and constitution; and they would not believe my protests that when I gave up smoking—say for half-a-dozen hours or so—I felt no whit the better for my virtuous self-denial. But now, thanks to this sweet ARMAND, I have them on the hip. Every time I buy a pound or so of bird's-eye, I shall invest also in a pennyworth of watercress. Ha! ha! cured in an instant! No more talk of nicotine, nor any other counterblast. *To Bacco!* Let us sing a song of triumph! *Sine Bacco friget Venus*, as I often tell my wife, which means (as I explain) that my love for her gets soon cooled down when she cuts off my 'bacto.

Yours, old boy, delightedly,

ONE IN THE CLOUDS.

P.S. Won't you, as a smoker, give the French fellow a regular good puff for his discovery?

P.P.S. Another classical excuse. Jupiter was fond of smoking. Else why did HOMER call him "the cloud compeller"?

FALLACY-WORSHIP.

THE "Revivers of British Industry" have been holding meetings in the East of London, at which resolutions are passed attributing the present distress among the working-classes to the importation of foreign manufactures duty-free. If this is not a revival of industry, it is at least a revival of Protection. Considering how soundly that theory has been beaten by facts, we should say that these "Revivers" must be the "black and blue Revivers" one used to see advertised by the dyers. We thought they had died out long ago; and that Protection was not dying, but dead, along with them.

MUMMERY AND MUMMIES.

EVERYBODY knows that a dried head, called that of St. Januarius, is preserved at Naples; but few people, probably, are aware of the fact apparently implied in the following extract from a letter in the *Post* dated at Rome, and stating that after having done so and so:—

"The POPE then proceeded up to the Lateran Church, where he only stayed to adore the Holy Sacrament, and venerate the heads of the Apostles Peter and Paul."

Is the head of St. Peter, then, or at least is there a head said to be St. Peter's, included amongst the sacrosanct organic remains in the Lateran Hagiological Museum? And does that collection also contain the head, or the reputed head of St. Paul? The answer to this question may perhaps be that it is a Protestant fool's; that the heads of the Apostles Peter and Paul mean Peter and Paul, the heads of the Apostles. Very good, if you mean to say there were two Head-Apostles; but we need not go into controversy. Read on, and you will see that His Holiness next went to the Church of San Lorenzo-extra-Muros; where:—

"After venerating the bodies of Saints Stephen and Laurence—the principal relics preserved in the church—his Holiness inspected the paintings by the late FRACASSINI, by MEL, BAZZANI, MARIANI, and GRANDI, and SIGNOR COCHOTTI's vast composition over the principal door, representing the triumph of the martyrs."

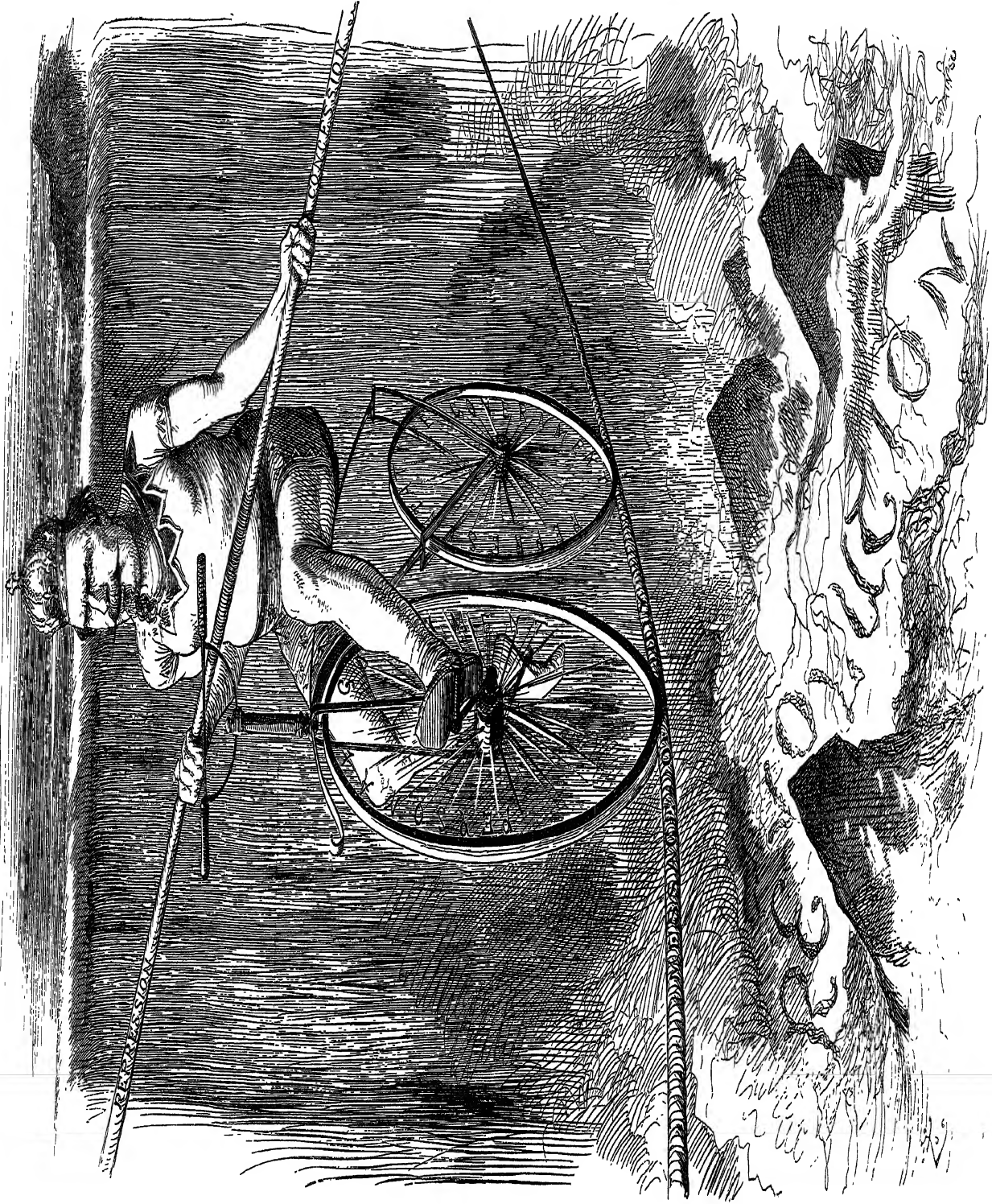
Hence it is quite clear that whether or no the POPE venerated the heads, genuine or supposititious of St. Peter and St. Paul, he at any rate did venerate the bodies of SS. Stephen and Laurence, or the remains of their bodies, or the remains of bodies alleged to be theirs, remains which, as for one of them, should consist of cinders. Perhaps one of the new dogmas proposed to the Oecumenical Council by His Holiness for ratification will be a sentence of anathema against any one who shall have affirmed that the mummy of a Saint, made an object of veneration, is a fetiche. If this passes, every rational human being will be excommunicated.

Don't Pick me Up before I Fall Down.

A COUNTRY journal, which, having mislaid it, we fear to miscall, makes merry over the following *lapsus penne* by a London journal which we shall not name:—

"The EMPRESS was very near receiving damage at the hands of a soldier's runaway horse."

But where is the mistake? We don't see it. Perhaps it was a horse of sixteen hands. We have seen such creatures. Critics should not be hasty.



A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

Lord Derby.

BORN, 1799. DIED, 1869.

WITHDRAWING slow from those he loved so well,
Autumn's pale morning saw him pass away :
Leave them beside their sacred dead to pray,
Unmarked of strangers. Calmer memories tell
How nobly STANLEY lived. No braver name
Glows in the golden roll of all his sires,
Or all their peers. His was the heart that fires
The eloquent tongue, and his the eye whose aim
Alone half quelled his foe. He struck for Power,
(And power in England is a hero's prize)
Yet he could throw it from him. Those whose eyes
See not for tears, remember in this hour
That he was oft from HOMER's page beguiled
To frame some "wonder for a happy child."

LOCAL LIQUOR LAWS.

WHAT nation of Europe contains a proportion of sots so vast as to necessitate the exclusion of the people at large from access to liquor? France? Spain? Italy? Russia? Sweden? Norway?—Does your Dane, your Dutchman, your swag-bellied Hollander even, need to be, every one, debarred from his swipes and his schnapps? No Spanish, Italian, Muscovite, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Dutch, High or Low, National Alliance, exists to say anything so disgraceful of its country. There is only the United Kingdom Alliance, that cries "Drinking Fish," and proclaims to all mankind the exceptional drunkenness of your English.

But the United Kingdom Alliance does not pretend that insobriety prevails among the nobility and gentry of England. Those people of whom it demands protection from themselves, to the molestation of others, are the industrious people. It compliments the working-classes by clamouring for the entire abolition of the liquor traffic on their account, because so many of them are drunkards and dipsomaniacs.

This Association of busybodies has just had a meeting, and issued its annual manifesto, wherein it states that, though rejoicing to hear that the Government intends to deal next year with the whole licensing system, it yet desires to express the conviction "that no Bill will meet the claims of the community, or grapple with the great evils of drunkenness and the drinking system, unless it includes provisions on the principle of local option, enabling the inhabitants of each district to prevent the establishment or continuance of the liquor traffic in their midst when they so determine."

Very well; and when Parliament consents to pass a measure recognising the Permissive Prohibitory Principle as regards public-houses, of course, in all consistency, it will extend the same principle to gambling-houses, betting-houses, and all other houses of which one neighbourhood may disapprove and another may not. This legislation would close many respectable public-houses, and not interfere with the arrangements of any one of those in the Haymarket.

CHURCHGOING MADE EASY.

WITH a view to the relief of little children from their sufferings at Church, the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that a short and simple service might be given for their benefit, say every other Sunday, and the writer naively adds:—

"If the service were simplified, children would go to Church with gladness."

Very possibly they would; and even so would many children of a larger growth. Simplicity and brevity should be the soul of public worship; and if short and simple services were generally adopted, good wives would have less trouble in persuading naughty husbands to go with them to Church.

Standing v. Sitting.

THE row between the Beveridge Commissioners and SERJEANT SLEIGH may have been unseemly, but it was only natural. As they insisted that the learned Serjeant had no *locus standi*, he attempted to prove he had by refusing to sit down!

G. H. MOORE'S FUDGE FAMILY IN IRELAND.

MR. G. H. MOORE, in his great amnesty speech at Navan, refers to THE O'DONOGHUE under the old figure of the ass who clothed himself in the lion's skin, but was found out when he began to bray. We welcome the image. That ass *was*, no doubt, an Irish lion; but it will probably occur to most people that it had more right to the name of MOORE than O'DONOGHUE. Why, MR. G. H. MOORE himself earmarks with his own initials the lion-skin clothed, long-eared, loud-mouthed donkey, when he goes on, "If the Minister yields to the sterile bray of this anomalous hybrid, his Government must be chicken-hearted indeed."

Who can the "anomalous hybrid," who flatters himself that his "sterile bray" will frighten the Government, be, if it isn't G. H. MOORE? Of that orator it is an exact, if rather figurative, description. It does not apply to the O'DONOGHUE, for he is not attempting to bully the Government, but, on this matter at least, talking excellent sense when he protests against the "heartless spouters" who are making it impossible for the Government, were it ever so disposed to mercy, to listen in the case of the Fenians to any voice but that of justice.

No wonder that MR. G. H. MOORE, irritated by such plain speaking, expresses the lordliest scorn of THE O'DONOGHUE, hints that he is an empty-headed coxcomb, and a venal renegade, and winds up,— "I hardly know what's his name. He calls himself 'THE O'DONOGHUE,' just as he might call himself the RAJAH of SERINGAPATAM; and I do not care to call him any other."

Punch will give MR. MOORE "another" to call him by — "THE I DUNOW WHO."

BRAVO, BESLEY!

WE have some notion that we shall be rather loyal to the next King of the City, KING BESLEY. For the other day, in his capacity of Alderman, he said something which we approved; and if he goes on in that way he may reckon on our never conspiring or even rising in revolution against him, or sending him interpellations. He sentenced a rogue to hard labour, and added

"And, Mr. Gaoler, you will see that it *is* hard labour."

This is well, for there is an idea, which may be unfounded, that some rogues get very soft labour, and on slight pretences escape labour altogether. There must be great luck occasionally. A Chancery Judge has intimated that no journal ought to mention a case after it has once come before any court, and before sentence. *Mr. Punch* has the leave of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his own to say what he likes, and when he likes. But on the present occasion he will merely mention that he observes that a baronet, who was deservedly sentenced for cruel bigamy, and was released because his health was so bad that he could live only in France, was this last week brought before an English Magistrate, and charged with forging cheques. One of his names is GIDEON, which may have put it into his head to fleece. This person's case seems to *Mr. Punch* one which should originally have been settled by a Magistrate of the Besley stamp.

HEAD AND TAIL OF INTOLERANCE.

So, my LORD SHAFTESBURY, so, DR. PUSEY, you two opposite partisans agree in striving to prevent, if possible, DR. TEMPLE from being made Bishop of Exeter!

O EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, what has DR. TEMPLE done? Written an essay which, but for its literary quality, might have been written by yourself—or by DR. PUSEY. What has he not done? DR. TEMPLE has never spouted fanaticism, like one of whom it may have been said:—

"*Illā se jactet in aula.*"

Exeter, to wit. He never applied strong language to a mild, good book, which somebody else said was ejected from the jaws of a place not mentionable to ears polite.

O DR. PUSEY, what has not been done by DR. TEMPLE? No heresy, so pronounced by his University, has ever been preached by him. No distinctly Roman doctrine has been avowed. DR. TEMPLE is the leader and denominator of no sect which is constantly endeavouring to Romanise the English Church, and occasionally supplying recruits to Rome.

Toleration, LORD SHAFTESBURY; toleration, DR. PUSEY, DR. E. B. PUSEY, or as some would write you, "M. B." PUSEY. Are you not as those who live in glass houses? Behave as such.

HEIGHT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

GETTING yourself run over by a Railway Van, just after you have bought your Diary for 1870.



"PREVENTION'S BETTER THAN CURE."

James (excitedly). "HERE—HERE—HERE'S THE SHILLIN'! QUICK—QUICK—OFF WITH YOU!"

German Impostor (affecting concern). "DERE IS SOME VUN ILL?"

James. "WELL, NOT JUST YET! BUT THERE PRECIOUS SOON WILL BE, IF YOU DON'T KNOCK OFF!"

STAMBOUL SERENADERS.

OF course the following statement of a letter-writer from Constantinople in the *Gironde* is too bad to be true:—

"The 20,000,000 fr., borrowed by the SULTAN to receive the EMPRESS EUGENIE, appear likely to be quite insufficient, and the Turkish Government has just decided that a deduction of sixteen per cent. shall be made from the salaries of all functionaries. These men will no doubt be filled with joy at the public festivals."

As if the SULTAN could have been so mean as to mulct public servants of their wages in order to make a display of Oriental magnificence at their cost! The fireworks which he burnt in honour of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, and all the rest of the flare-up wherewith he glorified HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, were honestly paid for out of his own treasury; otherwise by a shabby ostentation of boundless wealth, he would certainly have subjected that generous and gracious lady to a disgusting bore. As sure as kismet, bands of the amerced functionaries would have assembled nightly under the windows of the palace that was her abode, and annoyed under the pretence of entertaining her with the undignified solicitation forming the burden of some such a scandalous appeal as the following specimen of a disgraceful

SERENADE.

Sleep, Lady, lulled with tuneful cheers,
Whence our unbounded joy appears.
Ah, mayst thou live a thousand years!

And may we live to see,
Our wages, for thy glory spent,
We do not in the least lament,
For we're aware 'tis thine intent

No losers we shall be.

Hush! Hish! Heesh!

Bucksheesh, bucksheesh, bucksheesh!

Remember us whose salaries paid sacrifice to thee.

Sleep, Lady! be thy slumbers blest;
Our Padishah's imperial guest,
O sweetest, brightest, loveliest!

O Beauty's fairest flower!

But, to repose ere thou dost go,
Thy large munificence bestow,
Thy bounty rain on us below,

At this auspicious hour.

Hush! Hish! Heesh!

Bucksheesh, bucksheesh, bucksheesh!

Piastres from thy casement upon fleeced officials shower.

The Turks are a sober people, but confiscation, like the income-tax, drives the wise man mad, and would be enough to urge even the gravest of Moslems to demean themselves with grotesque and base importunity.

Strange Revelations.

WHAT horrible traffic goes on every day in the very heart of London, unsuspected, probably, by thousands of those who live in the midst of it! What are we to think of this announcement in an apparently respectable shop window, not a hundred miles from Regent Street, passed constantly by the police—"Hawkers, Emigrants, Schools, &c., at Wholesale Prices"?

Who can say what that significant "&c." may not hide?

Wonders Never Cease.

THE ingenuity of modern invention appears to be boundless. Lovers of walnuts and filberts will be glad to hear that in seasons of scarcity they are not likely to be deprived of these favourite additions to the dessert-table, there now being a "nut-making machine!" A friend of ours wishes some one would bring out a machine for peeling walnuts. Perhaps the Americans will see to this for him.



"ANY OBJECTION TO A CIGAR, SIR?"

"PERSONALLY, SIR, NONE WHATEVER; BUT AS I HAPPEN TO BE A DIRECTOR, WHY——"

"HAW! BY JOVE! THEN WHY THE DOOCE DON'T YOU MAKE THEM KEEP BETTER TIME?"

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S UNDER PROBE AND SCALPEL.

THE Hospital of St. Bartholomew is just now being treated, as the Saint himself was—flayed alive.

It deserves it—if we may trust the *Lancet's* account of the way the "casuals" and "out-patients" are knocked off, in that oldest, largest, and wealthiest of medical charities and schools, at the rate, not unfrequently, of one thousand a-day on Monday and Tuesday mornings, by a scanty staff of young and too often raw house and assistant physicians and surgeons, and at a pace, sometimes, which gives under forty seconds per *corpus vile*. Patients, of course, must be patient, particularly when they get their advice and their physic—such as they are—for nothing. But one cannot wonder that one of the medical officers of the Establishment should lately have become impatient and kicked under such a system, that the hospital staff should be tending to sixes and sevens, the hospital school getting into disrepute, and the hospital physicians and surgeons *en masse* growing sulky.

Till this flagrant abuse of insufficient staff, time, and space, for proper attention to the casual and out-patients is corrected, we trust that the flaying process now at work on St. Bartholomew's will continue, till the hospital has been thoroughly laid bare, and forced to enter on a course of cure which shall be more than skin-deep—which shall go down to the roots of its constitution.

Fenianism and Frenzy.

THE clamour for an amnesty to the Fenian convicts reminds us of a suggestion, proposed not long ago, for the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. That office might be modified; indeed, with some hope of advantage. For a Lord-Lieutenant substitute a Lord-Keeper, and offer the appointment to DR. FORBES WINSLOW. Then PADDY would perhaps be quiet.

HURRA! SO IT OUGHT.—It is believed that the proposition which has been made for a "Temple Bar" in the Cathedral City of Exeter, will end in utter failure.

FAIR FUN.

THE object of an advertisement like the following is notoriety, and *Punch* does not think that it has been illegitimately achieved. It is from a Liverpool paper:—

THE Archbishop, Bishop, Dean, Prebendary, Vicar, Rector, Incumbent, Curate, or Layman, who (in mistake) took a SILK UMBRELLA from the front of the platform in the CONCERT-HALL, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, last evening, is requested to return it to the owner, * * * *, whose name and address are very legibly engraved on the handle.

We hope that the ingenious advertiser, who, we daresay, is a good fellow, will get his umbrella back. Of course if a clergyman has taken it, he will, but all the laity are not as conscientious as could be desired, or indeed expected, considering the excellent advice administered by their spiritual friends.

Livingstone All Alive.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON is as right as ZADKIEL ever was wrong. DR. LIVINGSTONE has turned up alive and well, reporting a new discovery. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, so that we are all like the POPE more or less, not excepting MR. NEWDEGATE himself, and there is one thing out of anyone's power to do; but our great African traveller has perhaps done what comes very near it. To no man can it be given to set the Thames on fire. DR. LIVINGSTONE, however, thinks that he has discovered the source of the White Nile. More honour to LIVINGSTONE.

Mohammed no Bottle-Stopper.

THE delusion as to MOHAMMED's temperance is dispelled by the writer of a most remarkable article in the new number of the *Quarterly*—an article to be read, marked, and learned for other reasons. The author states that the Prophet was supposed to have wrought miracles by the aid of Jin (*sic*), and that his revelations were made in presence of the Negus of Abyssinia.

DEVELOPMENT AND DEMONSTRATION.



Look you, MR. PUNCH,—According to the *Academy*, MR. DARWIN is preparing a new work, wherein the conclusions, at which he has arrived in his *Origin of Species*, will be applied to Man; that is, of course, to Woman as well. This treatise, by the following account which our learned contemporary gives of part of its promised contents, although scientific, appears likely to be popular:—

“With respect to the races or so called species of Man, MR. DARWIN has been led to the conclusion that sexual selection has played an important part. This principle depends, on the one hand, on the rivalry between males of the same species for the possession of the female; and, on the other, on the choice by the females of the more attractive males—combined in each case with the transmission to the offspring of the characters

of the more successful individuals of either sex.”

In all this there seems much of what commends ordinary novels to most young ladies, and some men. Philosophers, however, regarding it in another light, will be curious to see how MR. DARWIN traces his series of zoological love-tales from Man through his immediate progenitors, the anthropoid apes, up a line of beings lessening in organisation as it gradually ascends to a Monad. This, at present, problematical pedigree of the human species, must comprise a number of grades or links which, subject to what PROFESSOR DE MORGAN may say about it, one would compute at some millions of millions. Can MR. DARWIN show us one of them? Can he produce the beast, if not the insect?

MR. DARWIN's theory of Development and DR. NEWMAN's, incompatible as they are with each other, and diverse in all respects but one, yet agree remarkably in that one. They both require confirmation. There is, too, a curious kind of coincidence between MR. DARWIN and the POPE. They are just now both trying to establish Assumptions, and they both appear to assume facts that have no foundation. There are many who consider that the POPE might appropriately decree, and invite MR. DARWIN to join him in celebrating, a Festival of the Gratuitous Assumption. But perhaps, if they are right as to the POPE, they are wrong as touching MR. DARWIN. “I said to him, ‘Prove it.’ And he did prove it.” Such, let us hope, is the modification of *Old Weller's* speech, which MR. DARWIN's book will show to be applicable to him. He will, of course, send it to you, Sir, and you will read it, and then you may be pleased to send it to me, and I shall read it too; so that if he has made out our genealogy to extend so much above (and so much below) ADAM, as he thinks, that truth will cease to be questioned by your ancient

CADWALLADER.

Capricorn Cottage, Snowdon Hill.

QUI, QUÆ, QUOD, ETC.

“THEM Fenians” and their friends will not take a hint. Yet Mr. Punch gave them one which was broad enough. He explained to them, in a most beautiful picture, in which he hardly knows which figure to admire most, that Raging Vilification of England, by ruffianly Irishry, was not the means by which the Fenian convicts could be got out of their gaols. Now, MR. GLADSTONE, who has plenty of other things to mind, has had the trouble of sending a letter to Limerick (Prodigious) apprising the Fenians' advocates that the Government considers that it should not do its duty, did it let loose the convicts. Some folks have no sense of dignity, and cannot take “No,” for an answer; but Mr. Punch begs to assure all whom it may concern, that MR. GLADSTONE's No means what it says, and that all law-loving folks in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland mean “No” likewise. When a bad child keeps on demanding that which a parent has firmly refused, the consequences to that pertinacious brat are unusually afflicting—not joyous, but grievous. We do hope that this Educational suggestion will be applied in the right quarters.

MOTTO FOR THE L. G. O. C.—*Bus in Urbe.*

YANKEE BIG-DRUM TAPS.

“RECKON we are a great people. Yes, Sir. Greatness runs through us, it du—gin'rally. We've the greatest do-minion, and the greatest cataract, and the greatest lake-chain, and the greatest railway system, and the greatest railway-swindles, and the greatest public debt, and the greatest hotel organisation, and the greatest showman, and the greatest bunkum, and the greatest bounce, and the greatest greenback circulation, and the greatest gold-ring, and the greatest big guns, and the greatest market-riggers, and the greatest monitors, and the greatest shoddy-fortunes, and the greatest landscape-pictures, and the greatest dry goods store, and the greatest expectation, and the greatest sleeping-cars, and the greatest income-tax payers, and the greatest newspaper headings, and the greatest mare's-nests, and the greatest sensations, and the greatest ocean-yachts, and the greatest trotters, and the greatest spider waggons, and the greatest mediums, and the greatest flats, and the greatest revivals, and the greatest pony-expresses, and the greatest wagon-teams, and the greatest rifles, and the greatest varmin-traps, and the greatest pumpkins, and the greatest new religions, and the greatest pew-rents, and the greatest popular preachers, and the greatest wooden nutmegs, and the greatest labour-saving machines, and the greatest wire-pullers, lobbyists, and log-rollers, and the greatest pies, and the greatest candy, and the greatest penitentiaries, and the greatest drinks, and the greatest school-system, and the greatest bitters, and the greatest caucuses, and the greatest clam-chowders, and the greatest canvas-back ducks, and the greatest gold-diggings, and the greatest oil-wells, and the greatest soft sawder, and the greatest swearin' and the greatest prayin', and the greatest rowdies, and the greatest benefactor of the species, and the greatest steamboat explosions and the greatest railway smashes in the universal airth!”

BALLADS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

WOULDEST THOU GAIN THE TENDER VOTER?

WOULDEST thou gain a doubtful vote?—a
Little purse put on a sofa;
Suffrages are won by art
When active Agents play their part.

WOULDEST thou gain a valued vote? (a
Candidate must pay his quota)
Lift to the Lady-Moon thy gaze,
Trusting in her silver rays.

WOULDEST thou gain a timid vote?—a
Flock of Lambs lead forth, for *Nola Bene*,
Painters own 'tis meet,
Lambs should grace a country seat.

WOULDEST thou gain a tender Voter?
Seek his spouse—no source remoter,
Of her sex's sad subjection,
Speak, and safe is thy election.

TWO SIDES TO A BOBBY.

THE *Daily News* announces a “Metropolitan Police Vigilance Association,” to exercise a general supervision of the conduct of the Police in the streets.

Punch offers them a motto, “*Custodire Custodes*,” and a suggestion—that not only shall “the members of the Association be watchful at all times in the streets, especially at night, ready to acquaint themselves with the facts of any outrage by the police, and to come forward in proof of them,” but that they shall be equally vigilant to mark any outrage on the police, and to come forward in their support. It should not be forgotten that, as there are a head and tail to a bob, there are two sides to a bobby, and that the situation involves at least as many kicks as halfpence, if not a good many more.

HOW TO CHECK BRIBERY.

In concluding some remarks upon the recent election disclosures, a contemporary very sensibly observes:—

“In a society which regards respectability as the highest standard of human nature, the real problem is to make bribery disreputable.”

If this be the problem, the solution is not difficult. Let bribery be made an indictable offence, and let election inquiries be pursued in a police-court. Few men like to see their names paraded in police-sheets, and published in the newspapers with the heading of “Police.” Only make bribery a criminal proceeding, and empower our paid Magistrates to award a fitting punishment both for briber and bribee, and there soon would be a marked decrease in such offences, and less need of the ballot which is now their sole preventive.



“LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.”

A SKETCH IN THE PARK.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE CONGE D'ELIRE.

DR. PUSEY has not left his bed since he saw in the papers the announcement of the *congé d'élire* to the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. He has resigned his Canonry and Professorship, and his passage is taken for New Zealand. The officers and crew of the vessel by which he will sail have had to undergo a searching examination in sound churchmanship; and it is understood that the second mate who failed in his Catechism, the ship's cook who broke down in the Articles, and two common seamen proved by their own confession to be engaged to young persons holding Dissenting views, will be discharged. The vessel sails from Liverpool, but in going to that port from Oxford, Dr. Pusey will make a considerable *détour*, to avoid Rugby Junction.

LORD SHAPTESBURY does nothing but wander up and down Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, reading the inscriptions on the tombs of eminent Nonconformists. He has expressed his determination never to enter *Exeter* Hall again, unless the Directors change its name. One of his upper servants, whose sister's husband took a prominent part in the typographical preparation of *Essays and Reviews*, having declined to pledge himself to withdraw from further commu-

nication with his brother-in-law, has received notice of dismissal.

The Dean of Ripon (DR. M'NEILL) never goes beyond the precincts of the Deanery, except on Sundays, lest he should see photographs of DR. TEMPLE and DR. PUSEY in the shop windows. He has felt it to be his painful duty to decline social intercourse with those families whose sons are being educated at Rugby.

The Dean of Carlisle (DR. CLOSE) is utterly reckless, and has taken to smoking.

The Dean of Exeter (DR. BOYD) was for some time buoyed up with the expectation that MR. GLADSTONE would write him a handsome letter of apology, and beg him and the Chapter to name anybody they liked as Bishop instead of DR. TEMPLE; but the arrival of the *congé d'élire* (by Parcels, Delivery) has put an end to all these hopes. The Deanery blinds are drawn closely down, and will remain so until the sad ceremony is over. The Cathedral bells are muffled, and the vergers spend their leisure time in reading MOSHEIM, MILNER, SIMON'S *Sermons*, and the publications of the Religious Tract Society. The Dean is surrounded by Archdeacons, and is able to take nourishment. The younger clergy of the diocese are going through a course of controversial theology in night classes under the superintendence of the Rural Deans. Cornwall is tranquil, the miners caring more about a chapel than a Temple.

ARCHDEACON DENISON has lost all interest in harvest homes, cricket clubs, church unions, the *Daily Telegraph*, &c. It is rumoured that if he is passed over in the nomination to the vacant Deanery of Ely, he will either head a party of seceders, and build a cathedral in the Falkland Islands, or remain at home and join a neighbouring sect—the Plymouth Brethren. His unceasing regret is that he is not a Member of the Chapter of Exeter, and so loses the chance of enjoying all the consequences of a *pramunire*.

We have the greatest pleasure in announcing that MR. GLADSTONE is well and hearty, does not neglect his business or his family, can eat his dinner, has not turned grey in a single night, and, so far, has not started up from sleep, exclaiming, with a countenance in which terror and remorse struggle for the mastery, “Oh, my Church! Oh, my Church!”

It will grieve but not surprise our readers to hear that DR. TEMPLE has been completely prostrate, from the moment he read that at a meeting of the clergy of the diocese of Carlisle, CHANCELLOR BURTON declared that “he himself would not appoint DR. TEMPLE his curate if he applied for the appointment.” Later accounts from Rugby lead us to hope that the Bishop Designate is slowly recovering.

SOVEREIGNS AT STAMBOUL.

THERE'S the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE just left Constantinople, and the Kaiser FRANCIS-JOSEPH getting ready to go there: and there's the *Hertha* corvette, with the CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, anchored in the Golden Horn, and the *Dolphin* gunboat landing the PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE at the Begler-beh Palace, and the DUKE D'AOSTA on his way up the Dardanelles in his yacht the *Vendetta*! Thinking of the bewildered Stamboulians in this crush of crowns and half-crowns, one is tempted to improve on the old schoolboy sesquipedalians, and to sing or say:—

Conturbabatur Constantinopolitani.
Innumerabilibus crowned-head-et-headling-ibus.

POLITICAL HOLIDAY TASKS.



RODIGIOUS gooseberries are out of season in the autumn, but with the view of filling vacant corners in the newspapers, other marvellous phenomena are observed by penny-aliners, such as this which we have now the luxury of quoting:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is frequently to be seen practising on a bicycle near his residence in the country."

For the benefit of news-mongers, and the comfort of sub-editors, we supply a few more incidents of like momentous interest, to show how our politicians are employing their time during the recess:—

The LORD CHANCELLOR may frequently be seen now near his country residence, indulging in his favourite sport of shooting sparrows from a trap. On wet days he contents himself with the athletic indoor exercise of battledore and shuttlecock.

LORD RUSSELL, it is stated, has in spite of his advancing age, enrolled himself a member of the Alpine Club, and may be daily seen in the neighbourhood of Woburn, bravely practising the art of walking up a little hill, as a prelude to more dangerous mountaineering feats.

LORD SHATESBURY, in order to divert his mind, which has been much disturbed by MR. SEELEY's late appointment, may be frequently observed at a neighbouring public-house, indulging with a friend in the pleasant game of skittles.

MR. DISRAELI is engaged in the amusing occupation of compiling a new volume of *Curiosities of Literature*, chosen chiefly from the speeches of the party of Conservatives, whom he "educated" gradually into radical reformers.

LORD OVERSTONE may be observed, by persons who are privileged to come into his presence, consulting weighty pamphlets and a light pair of scales, with a view to the solution of the momentous question, "What is a Pound?"

The LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND is employing his vacation in practising the national athletic sport of hop-scutch.

The HOME SECRETARY has set himself the task of framing certain rules for the guidance of our Magistrates, whereby such trivial offences as kicking a wife down-stairs, or stamping on her stomach, shall no longer be visited with precisely the same punishment as is awarded to a pickpocket who steals a pocket-handkerchief, or a ruffian of tender years who pilfers a pint pot.

MR. MILL, having retired from the political arena, has, by way of relaxation, lately turned his mental energies to the stupendous task of trying to acquire some little knowledge of the game of knurr and spell.

MR. WHALLEY, feeling that his occupation in Parliament is gone, now that, in his opinion, Catholic Supremacy has become the law of Ireland, has plunged into a reckless course of dissipation, and is learning to play spillikins.

TOO SEVERE.

An action has been brought in New York against the manager of the fair-haired troupe, headed by MISS LYDIA THOMPSON. The plaintiff is a dramatic author. Two of his beautiful lines were read in court by MR. EDWIN JAMES. Here they be:—

Hold on! Such language ought not to be your rôles;
Arrest me, like young FISK did SAM BOWLES.

The Court—JUDGE BRADY—was rude enough to say that "Such language was of the poorest kind, and too bad even for ordinary burlesque." The Court has evidently not been in the habit of reading English burlesques.

"Salt is Good."

SIR TITUS SALT is providing eleven acres of park for the people of Saltaire. This is literally being the Salt of the Earth. Honour to a Titus who really increases the Delight of Mankind.

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

XXIII.—DINNERLESS.

[The Common Council have resolved that no entertainment whatever shall be given in commemoration of the opening of Blackfriars Bridge and the Holborn Viaduct on Saturday, the 6th instant.]

SWIMS there no turbot in the fecund seas?
Is turtle numbered with the things that were?
Are cask and runlet drained unto the lees,
And capon, as the fabled phoenix, rare?
No entertainment in the civic hall!
No culinary welcome in Cocagne!
No banquet at the Mansion House, or ball!
No toasts, no loving cup, and no champagne!
Now are we fallen on degenerate days
And dark with portents of a sure decline,
When Aldermen forsake their ancient ways,
And Common Councilmen neglect to dine—
When the great City, Bridge and Viaduct rearing,
Foregoes the feast, the speeches and the cheering!

XXIV.—NOVEMBER.

The lifeless leaves are falling thick and fast
In country woodlands and suburban squares;
All cheap excursion trains and tourist Jares
Have ceased, all Long Vacation joys are past:
Soon will the sky with fog be overcast,
What time the borough towns elect their Mayors,
And horse and hound pursue the timorous hares,
And sportsmen face the keen hibernal blast.
In Caledonia's gay historic plaid—
Wherewith the mercers' plate-glass fronts are full—
The maidens in our thoroughfares are clad,
In silk, and poplin, and the humbler wool;
And, anxiously expected all the year,
Thy Pocket-Book, O PUNCH, will now appear!

BEAR AND BULL-BAITING IN THE NEW WORLD.

FISK, the New York market-rigger, whose wonderful fiscal performances have lately held him up to the admiration of Europe, as the most colossal of operators and the biggest of all bulls—a veritable Bull of Bashan,—started in life, we are told, as a circus-rider. This may help to account for his daring feats in the ring, and his power of keeping up his balance under difficulties. His chief agents are one LANE (who by this time has known a turning, under the effect of MR. SECRETARY BOUTWELL's timely influx of gold, which reversed the tide of battle in favour of the sorely-baited bears against the triumphant bull-ring), and one JAY-GOULD—whose name suggests a change in the title of the rigging triumvirate, from "the gold" to "the Gould"-ring. It is to be hoped that the recent defeat of this respectable trio may restore the New York money market to less feverish conditions, but we doubt it. When yellow fever does set in, in the New World, it is deadly; and it seems this fall to have broken out with unusual severity in Wall Street. But how strange it is to see the sports of the bear-bait and the bull-ring, which the Old World has put down as degrading and brutal, revived on this gigantic scale in the New!

HISTORICAL FACTS.

(Being Extracts from the Celebrated Course of Colwell-Hatchney Lectures, for the Use of Students, and all those whom Providence has blessed with affluence.)

AFTER writing several books to prove the contrary, I think I may now fairly assert that Gunpowder was unknown to the Romans.

Art was not unknown to the Greeks. APOLLO made a portrait so like somebody that he was obliged to quit the city.

The celebrated poet Tasso obtained his reputation entirely by poems. I mention this as an example of application.

What milk is to the moderns, it was, though perhaps in a less degree, to the ancients. Cows were found in Italy as early as 6 A.M. Also in Carthage, introduced by HA-MILCAR.

The Greeks were a Martial nation. MARTIAL himself, however, was a Roman.

Modern surnames are in most instances derived from Greek originals. JONES is evidently ION. I can't think of any more instances.

The Uncle of the present EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH was not the first NAPOLEON. There were a lot of them before him. Think over this if it has never occurred to you before; and don't let it occur again.

DON LAYARDOS IN MADRID.

(A Spanish Ballad.)

"DON LAYARDOS, DON LAYARDOS, wherefore dost thou fret and fame,
Snubbest faithful FERGUSONOS, spurn'st RUSSELLS from the room,
Makest proud DON PENNETHORNOS sing the smallest of the small,
Wiggest clerks, and wearest draftsmen, kickest up the deuce and all?"

"Is 't' remorse for scared Tyburnia, stunk'n out of house and home?
Is 't' the Embankment's site forbidden to thy Law Courts—Street and dome?"

Is it London's outdoor statues sitting, sooty, on thy brain?
Doth the buzz of BENTINCK bore thee, or the jibe of ELCHO pain?"

"We had thought, if any office could have kept thee from unrest,
'Twas the Adileship of London, arbiter of Art confest:
That if e'er peg fitted socket—round to round and square to square—
DON LAYARDOS and the Board of Works that peg and socket were!"

Sternly spake stout DON LAYARDOS, from beneath his bended brow,
With a frown like the Olympian's when the Giants he would cower:—
"If I chafe and fret and fidget, turn the office upside down,
If I snub DON FERGUSONOS, on DON PENNETHORNOS frown—

"'Tis not Serpentine that stinketh; Law-court scheme accepted not;
Not abuse for a queen i' the Abbey scoured as bright as pewter-pot;
Not our statues—e'en the latest, worst that decorate thy ridge,—
Art and Science, Trade and Commerce*—ill-used, new Blackfriars-bridge!"

"'Tis that my strong soul sniffs battle in the Spanish realms afar,
Royalists, Republicanos ranged with PRIM and CASTELAR!
Ministerial muzzle irks me!—midst the fighting fain I'd be,
Where the 'Bravo toro!' 's shouted and the crowd roars like a sea.

"Now the Dons are up in quarrel, I would be amidst the fray,
Backing one side or the other, in a diplomatic way.
'Twill be hard, when blows are flying, if my share thereof I lack;
Never yet hard knocks were round me, but I gave and took my whack!"

"Of my round hole I am weary, sick of fighting THWAITES & Co.,
Bullying District Boards is dreary, nagging vestrymen is slow:
Estimates I'm tired of fighting against Philistine M.P.'s,
Of not pitching into humbugs, and not saying what I please.

"Quite enough of Spain hath CRAMPTON; Spain hath had enough
of him.

Ministers in troubled waters should be people that can swim:
Give the Works to whom it likes thee; and let me have CRAMPTON's
berth—

In Madrid they say the Raffaelles are the finest upon earth."

"Now, nay," answered EL CID GLADSTONE, "'twere a parlous choice,
I trow:

Of all men to make an envoy, the unlikeliest art thou,
With the habit hot upon thee still of speaking out thy mind,
And of punching heads whenever heads for punching thou canst find.

"Tweaking we shall have of noses, treading we shall have on toes;
For Diplomacy's mild zephyrs, breezes that may come to blows:
Stiff-necked ever were the Spaniards, and high-stomached among men;
One Tornado case was plenty: DON LAYARDOS will make ten."

Straightway answered DON LAYARDOS: "Nay, my Cid, so mote it be!
For TORNADOS—let these Spaniards a Tornado try on me!
Well, I ween, it were for England, and for Europe Spain should know
That when courteous words are idle, there is such thing as a blow!"

"Saddle, and from the Museum lead my Babylonian Bull,
On his back, of Madrileños I will face the plaza-full.
Though in choosing of a Sovereign Spaniards cannot yet agree,
When I come to them thus riding it may chance they will have me!"

Deeply pondered EL CID GLADSTONE: "One Broad Bishop if I make,
All the Church I shake to centre; how this choice F. O. will shake!"
When upon his shoulder heavy came the broad hand of EL LOWE,
And a cheery voice cried, "Unto Spain let DON LAYARDOS go!"

"Risk of diplomatic squabbles what if thereby we should run?
Without risk there is no blessing to be purchased 'neath the sun:
From the Works I see a blessing if LAYARDOS is set free,
It will make a road for shunting AYRTON from the Treaturie!"

* See VERNON HEATH'S photographs of these most deplorable examples of
City taste. The Bridge Committee must have employed a New Road stone-
cutter at per yard.

"To expense, *Guerra al cuchillo!* Bills I like to hack and hew;
But where I cut down a penny, ACTON AYRTON he cuts two.
In the House he makes as many foes as he gives sharp replies;
If JOHN BULL is oft pound-foolish, AYRTON'S always penny-wise.

"On demands I fling cold water, ACTON AYRTON flingeth hot:
I'm resolved no more to bear his cold obstruction and his rot.
Great in Words, I vote we let him try the Works, the Works try him,
While we send stout DON LAYARDOS at Madrid to sink or swim!"

GEMS FROM AMSTERDAM.

Nor having found it convenient to attend the Amsterdam Exhibition himself, *Mr. Punch* requested sundry of his friends who purposed visiting it, to bring him over some specimens of Dutch industry, and present them to him as small tokens of respect and esteem. Up to this writing he is sorry to say that he has been favoured with two rarities only; but these are so remarkable that, with his customary generosity, he instantly bestows them on the universe.

The first is an advertisement of an article to be used by those who are troubled with corns:—

CHIMICAL FILES.

Those files, of the greatest utility, have the property to relieve immediately the disease occasioned by the corns on the feet, and also to cure it.

To obtain that result, it is sufficient, (without any preparation,) to file all the hart part. It has not any danger to bless himself as with the cutting tools, one resents as soon a unaccountable well-being, and by degrees, the corn on the foot disappears entirely.

Do not put the feet in the watter: The more the corn is dry, the better it is to file.

The second is a playbill, the original being of vast size, and splendidly yellow:—

THAT NEW AND ELEGANT
ESTABLISSEMENT

shall be as much comfortable for the strange people, and for strangers who's coming to the International Exhibition. His theater is laing between two beautiful waters, one of the most beautiful open platforms who is beautiful fitted up—one of the most grand gardens with Fountain, music every day as much you like. The theater that is grand and beautiful, lighted with gas, get one of the most beautiful platforms, laing bezijs the theater in the water.

The much most grand pieces from OFFENBACH, SUPPÉ etc. shall be there every day from the bestes artists.

Them operettes are recoursed with the greatest trouble every day and from the greatest artists plait up

The INTERTAYMENS are cheap 75 cents, and the BEFORMENS commence at 8 o'clock ecseely

Theater Snelpersdrukkerij van T. A. Visscher
Nes, A. 324 Amsterdam.

TRACTARIAN V. TEMPLE.

MR. GLADSTONE has, in his late episcopal appointments, agreeably disappointed many reasonable Churchmen, who imagined that he was a Puseyite. But he has proved himself anything rather than that. In appointing DR. TEMPLE to the See of Exeter, he has disagreeably disappointed DR. PUSEY. But DR. PUSEY would have done wisely, or rather would have refrained from doing unwisely, if he had not proclaimed his disappointment by an infuriated opposition to DR. TEMPLE's preferment. His animosity is calculated to suggest the suspicion that he is more bitterly disappointed than simple people think. Certainly, MR. GLADSTONE might have so disposed of a mitre as to satisfy expectations which DR. PUSEY may at one time have, not without reason, entertained. But then the PREMIER would have occasioned a row in the Church to which the anti-TEMPLE agitation is a trifle. What would MRS. GRUNDY have said, what would the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY have said, what would Exeter Hall have said—and done—if MR. GLADSTONE had made a bishop of DR. PUSEY?



DON LAYARDOS IN MADRID.

(See p. 179.)

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

WHEN I go in, MILBURD's guests are waiting for their host. CAZELL is there, and three other men in evening dress. CAZELL knows one of them, but doesn't introduce me to him. We evidently, more or less, consider one another as intruders.

Happy Thought.—To say it's been a nice day.

Some one (elderly gentleman with yellow grey whiskers) says he doesn't think so, "but perhaps," he adds, sarcastically, "you like rain." Forgot it had been raining. Should like (only he's my senior) to inform him that my observation was only thrown out to give the conversation a start. Pause. CAZELL who *might* talk to two of us, doesn't. The third is a gentleman with tight waist, long legs, and a glass in his eye. He manages to pass the time, apparently, by stretching out his legs as far as he can away from him, smoothing them down with both hands, and regarding them critically through his eye-glass. We are all drawn towards him. His smoothing his legs has evidently a mesmeric effect upon us, and we all, at least so it seems to me, begin to take a silent but intense interest in his legs. If we were left there two hours, he would probably become mesmerically mechanical in his movement, and we should all be fixed staring at him in our chairs. (*Note.* Not to forget Mesmerism, under M, in *Typ. Devel.*, vol. vi.) Another old gentleman is shown in by the waiter. He is portly, and enters genially, with his hand out ready to grasp MILBURD's. I can't help pitying him when he *doesn't* see MILBURD.

Happy Thought.—Respect age—rise. Old fashion and good.

The old gentleman seizes me by the hand. So glad to see me again. "Capital," he says, "not met for an age." I answer that I am delighted to meet him. Wonder to myself where I've seen him before: puzzle, give it up.

"Well," he says, "all well at home?" I answer, "Only pretty well." He is sorry to hear it.

Happy Thought.—To ask him if he's all well at home.

"Yes," he says he is, "though MILLY isn't," he adds, "quite so well as she might be." I reply, "Indeed," thoughtfully, for as I don't know how well MILLY might be if she tried, nor who MILLY is, I fancy that there must be a mistake. Still if I *ought* to know him, to tell him that I haven't an idea who he is, would be rude—especially from a young man to his senior. Man with eye-glass, in meantime, has lowered himself in easy chair and is stretching out, complacently, farther than ever. (*Note.* Silent Gymnastics.) He is still criticising his legs favourably, and varying his movements by pulling up his wristbands, which are very wide, long, and come up to his knuckles.

Old gentleman suddenly puts his hand in his pocket and says to me, "Oh, that reminds me, you didn't hear from MARTIN, did you?" A dilemma for me. Of course I don't know *his* MARTIN. Shall I say, simply to make a conversation, "Yes or No?"

Happy Thought.—Say the truth. "No."

"Ha!" he exclaims, "Then I must settle with you. How much am I in your debt?" This is awkward. It's difficult at this moment to tell him that I never saw him before in all my life, but I am certain of it. If I had any doubt of it, his recollecting a debt to me would put it beyond question, as I shouldn't have lent him anything.

"Well?" he asks, pausing with his purse in his hand.

Happy Thought.—Tell the truth again.

I commence, "The fact is—"

MILBURD enters. He oughtn't to leave his guests. "Ha! Commodore!" he says to the old gentleman, "I'm glad to see you're acquainted."

I explain at once that we're not; and he, putting on his spectacles, for the first time, (without which the aged mariner is it appears as blind as a bat) discovers that he has taken me for MILBURD.

Happy Thought.—Aged mariner. Wish I could recollect a quotation. Ought to have something about an albatross at my fingers' ends.

After this, Introductions: myself to COMMODORE BRUMSBY, CHILVERN to me, we are to be travelling companions, MILBURD says; whereupon CHILVERN and myself both smile vaguely at each other, as if such a notion was too preposterous or absurd. After all, if smiling means nothing (when done in this way), it's better than frowning. [N.B. Make a note in pocket-book to effect that under A might come important article on Amenities.] After this, myself to CAPTAIN DYNWELL, who has risen, and on being introduced screws up his glass into one eye, his forehead down on to his glass, and his mouth up on one side, as if undecided whether to scowl, or receive me pleasantly. He murmurs something to himself (for me to take up if I like) about something's being "doocid funny," and tries to pull himself out of his coat by tugging at his wristbands. Standing on the rug and stretching the right hand out with a jerk, he catches the elderly gentleman with sandy grey whiskers just behind the ear. MILBURD, with admirable presence of mind, introduces them at once.

"SIR PETER GROGANAL, CAPTAIN DYNWELL." They bow politely, and the Captain is understood to apologise, but 'as he is struck by something's being "doocid funny," the conversation with him, beyond this point, doesn't progress. It appears, subsequently, that the circum-

stance of COMMODORE BRUMSBY's having mistaken me for MILBURD, had struck the Captain as "doocid funny;" in fact, so utterly and out of all comparison droll has this appeared to the light hearted soldier, that he is perpetually recurring to the circumstance throughout the evening.

"SIR PETER GROGANAL," whispers MILBURD to me, "is a great chemist: you'll like him: you must draw him out." I say "I will," but I don't quite see my way to drawing out a great chemist.

Happy Thought.—Manuals for the Dressing-table. Drawing-out Questions for various professors. A. How to draw out an Artist, &c., say, generally, "Are you hard at work now?" (then he'll tell you, how hard; what at; why; what next; what he thinks of other Artists; what other artists think of him, &c., &c.; of ancient art; of old masters, &c.) B. How to draw out a Bishop. "Your Lordship must be very much overworked?" No? "Well, it's not large pay?" This raises interesting subjects, "Bishops' Income, Church Property, Establishment, Simony, Lay-impropriation," &c. C. Chemist. How to draw out Chemist? *Question.* "Now should you say,"—put this as if you wouldn't or he won't be interested; great secret this, interest your man. "Should you say that Carbolic acid gas acting on the," &c., &c. Of course, it is necessary in scientific questions, in order to obtain information, to master up to a certain point the rudiments. Thus you must be sure of its being "Carbolic" not "Carbonic;" acid gas, not "acid in gas;" also, as to whether it "does act on the," &c., &c.—Whatever it may be, just to start it, because there'd be an end to all conversation if A or B or C replied, "No, Sir, such a case couldn't possibly happen; a child wouldn't ask so foolish a question as yours." Only, of course, if he *did* say this he'd be a bear, and people would get tired of asking him out. I am so convinced of the utility of this Manual that before I go to bed to-night I make notes for its commencement. I'm afraid I'm getting too many irons in my literary fire.

MILBURD really has mixed us well. There's a military man CAPTAIN DYNWELL, there's CHILVERN an architect, then COMMODORE BRUMSBY, R.N., a great traveller, SIR PETER GROGANAL, a tremendous chemist, MILBURD for funniments seasoned by the courtesies of a host, and myself, as representative, to a certain extent, of Literature.

Happy Thought.—To ask MILBURD in a whisper, as we go in to dinner, "What is a Commodore?" MILBURD returns, also in a whisper, "Don't know."

We all sit down: CAPTAIN DYNWELL, stretching out both his wristbands over the table as if he was imparting a fashionable sort of blessing to the knives, forks, glasses and napkins. Will I face MILBURD? With pleasure if he wishes it; but won't—? "No, No," says COMMODORE BRUMSBY, "Young 'uns do the work." SIR PETER says, gravely, "Yes, Sir, you can experimentalise." We are arranged. MILBURD at the head: myself, his *vis-à-vis*: on my right the Commodore, on my left the Chemist. Captain and CHILVERN *vis-à-vis* one another, and there we are. Excellent number, eight. CAZELL is on MILBURD's right, and there's an empty place for a man who ought to have been there but isn't. None of us care one dump whether he comes or not. No one knows him: he's a barrister, "very rising man," says MILBURD, whereat one or two of us observe, "Indeed? is he?" and go on with our soup.

Superhuman Industry.

THERE is or was a very remarkable man living in the West of England, perhaps the most indefatigable student the world has ever heard of, judging by ARCHDEACON FREEMAN's account of him. In a speech at Exeter, in which he expressed his strong dislike to newspapers and magazines, the Archdeacon (who is said to be one of DR. TEMPLE's opponents in the Chapter) stated that he once gave a work of JEREMY TAYLOR's to a man who "read it for three years night and day, and never stopped!"

Denomination by Analogy.

OBJECTION has been made, by certain sympathisers with the sect of parsons named Ritualists, to that word as applied to distinguish that sect. It is possible to conceive one which would be more distinctively definite. This sect appears to be no other than that originally founded by DR. PUSEY. There is a very decided method in their doctrines and practices. Instead, therefore, of Ritualists, suppose we call parsons, and persons, of this denomination, Puseyan Methodists?

A NUT FOR MRS. NORTON.

THE name of EDMUND CURLL is not forgotten:
So neither will be thine, JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

QUESTIONS FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

GIVE the Latin equivalent for "A Music-Hall audience."
Answer (by *Punch's* crib) "Colluvies gentium." A mob of *gents*.



REACTION.

Talented Authoress. "SENSATIONAL!! OH DEAR, NO! THEY ARE ALL PLAIN 'GOODY GOODY' PEOPLE, WHO CALL ON EACH OTHER, AND TALK THE MILDST SCANDAL. THE ONLY INCIDENT OF ANY KIND IS A WEDDING IN THE THIRD VOLUME."

Editor. "AH, WELL, I'LL LOOK IT OVER!"

A DOVE ON PIGEON-SHOOTING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Is there not some error in the wording of this paragraph? I quote it from an article on "the morality of field sports":—

"Ladies and gentlemen still look on at the slaughter of pigeons with toleration or complacency; but the general public is beginning to think and to say that there is something disgusting in this mode of displaying skill at the cost of defenceless animals."

I don't know much of natural history, but I always thought that pigeons were not "animals," but birds. However, this is not the error I refer to. I must leave EDWIN to tell you if he thinks that any "gentlemen" can ever see a cruel pigeon-match with "toleration or complacency;" but I am quite sure that no "ladies," in the true sense of the word, can do so without feeling indignation and disgust. *Creatures* of the weaker sex who go to see such "sport," would go to see a bull-fight with similar complacency. To look at pretty little pigeons being slaughtered by the score, and the grass bestrewed all round with their feathers and their blood, is surely not a sight that any *lady* would be present at, and I wonder any *woman* even can be found attending it.

Yours indignantly,

ANGELINA.

Not a Hundred Miles from Westminster.

In the account of PRINCE ARTHUR's visit to Canada we are told that "Ottawa, though justly proud of that magnificent pile of buildings which accommodates the Parliament of the Dominion, is also proud of its great lumber establishments." Perhaps it was as well to make this clear distinction between the Parliament buildings and the great lumber establishments, for there are people profane enough to think that even in Parliament Houses "lumber" may sometimes be found.

A FENIAN MELODY.

(To the Right Hon. W. E. G.)

CONFOUNDED and cursed be your cold-blooded reason,
And argument not of the slightest avail
To discriminate loyalty nicely from treason—
Alike are all patriots pining in gaol.
O'DONOVAN ROSSE's as much of a hero
As e'er was POERIO; a martyr as true.
A tyrant was BOMBA? The likeness of NERO.
Then so is your QUEEN, and another are you.

I hurl back your dirty base insinuation.
Against my veracity jokes I condemn.
Talk to me of the facts of a case! Botheration!
My brief if they suit not, the worse, then, for them.
When a counsel is glowing with generous fury
On behalf of the client whose cause he defends,
Would you have him regard what he says to the jury,
In case he expects it to answer his ends?

I turned up my nose with disdainful emotion,
When I got your insulting and brutal reply.
Had you said what you meant in that same, I've a notion
Myself 'tis direct you'd have given the lie.
But I by your taunts will be ne'er shamed or shaken.
By ridicule don't think my mouth you will shut.
Your foul shaft of satire has no effect taken,
For a target of brass threefold thick is your BUTT.

A PARISIAN DEMONSTRATION.

ON the 26th instant order was expected not to reign in Paris, as a demonstration of the Fenian kind menaced the peace of that capital. It proved, however, a break-down, according to telegram, whereby we are informed that a crowd of some 2,000 persons having assembled in the Place de la Concorde:—

"M. GAGNE stationed himself by the obelisk, and read some verses, but was hooted by those present."

Goose was all which thus appears to have been gained by M. GAGNE. Let us hope that Nelson's column in Trafalgar-square will, on future occasions, see all orators meet with the same public reception as that which the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde saw M. GAGNE honoured with the other day. They have begun to manage these things very much better in France.

PARSONS AND POPES.

THERE is more Popery in the Established Church even than what DR. PUSEY and the Ritualists profess. Indeed Anglican Popery exceeds that of Romanism. ARCHDEACON DENISON, who can never be quiet, has off his own hook memorialised the Dean and Chapter of Exeter not to sanction and concur in the appointment of DR. TEMPLE to the Bishopric of Exeter. In thus setting himself up as a judge of DR. TEMPLE's orthodoxy the Archdeacon of Taunton makes a Pope of himself, which is more than can be said of the Pope of Rome. DR. PUSEY and all the rest of the anti-TEMPLE agitators make similar Popes of themselves. Every parson his own Pope seems to be the maxim of many clergymen of the Church of England. In the memorial above referred to, ARCHDEACON DENISON declares that if DR. TEMPLE is made Bishop of Exeter it will be the duty of every Churchman "to labour actively and steadily to dissolve all connection between the Church and the State." That object he will, for his own part, no doubt endeavour to accomplish by force of example. He will dissolve the connection between the State and so much of the Church as he represents in his own person. Directly that DR. TEMPLE has been consecrated, ARCHDEACON DENISON will doubtless proceed to disestablish and disendow himself. So, of course, will DR. PUSEY, and all the other little Popes who have subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles. They will at least enjoy the comfort of a good conscience, and form a highly respectable body of Dissenters.

Waggeries of the Vote-Market.

If the venal electors of Norwich, Bridgewater, or other borough or electoral district infamous for bribery, were asked what they had to say for themselves, they would perhaps have the impudence to plead loyalty, shown in their attachment to the Sovereign. The obvious answer to this excuse is, that none of them would vote for the Sovereign if they could sell their votes for paper money.

A BISHOP RAISING A LAUGH.



BISHOP MAGEE delivered "a brilliant" address on certain ecclesiastical subjects to a large meeting in the Temperance Hall at Leicester. The brilliancy of the Sun itself is flecked with spots, and so perhaps is that of the brightest address which can issue from the mouth of any mortal, even the most eloquent of bishops. The following remark may, to some eyes, appear as one such an opacity of episcopal oratory:—

"Men said they did not want priests and parsons to go about preaching doctrines and dogmas, and they expressed their opinion that there ought to be no dogmas, although he might just remark in passing that this very saying was a dogma on the part of him who said it."

Hereupon ensued "laughter." This, if disrespectful, was not thoughtless. The expression of an opinion that there ought to be no dogmas, is a saying which, on consideration, BISHOP MAGEE will hardly persist in calling a dogma. A dogma is not the expression of an opinion as an opinion. It is the assertion of a mere opinion as a matter of fact. Let BISHOP MAGEE reflect for a moment, and then he must discern that his hearers may perhaps have laughed not at anything he said which they took for a joke, but at his own confusion of ideas.

THE FIRST AUTUMN COUNCIL.

SCENE.—*The Official Residence of the PREMIER, in Downing Street.*

PRESENT. *Fourteen Ministers.*—DATE. *Tuesday, 26th October.*

The President. Hope you've all enjoyed your holiday, and are prepared to go to work like dragons, eh?

Mr. Bright. H'm, well. We shall see. Work must be done, but it isn't a pleasant thing to talk about.

Mr. Lowe. But we don't come here to say pleasant things.

Lord Granville. O yes, we do, and we say a great many of them, and I am sure that we all have the sincerest regard and esteem for one another. I am certain I have for all of you. And so LAYARD goes to Spain, my dear CLARENDON.

Lord Clarendon. AYTON goes to the Works, you mean. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Lowe. One kind of a check on GLYN is a precious good thing, but another is less so, eh?

Lord Clarendon. *Rem acu.* Spain is a very pleasant country, if you know how to enjoy yourself, and I have no doubt that LAYARD will see many very pleasing objects there. Perhaps they will make him King, who knows?

Duke of Argyll. Well, what are we to talk about?

Mr. Bright. Plenty. For I have been looking into *Hansard*, and I find that our good friend here—BRUCE—has solemnly pledged us to carry, this next Session, about sixteen times as much as ever was done in any Session since Parliaments were invented.

Mr. Bruce (*laughing*). Why, I did promise a good deal, certainly, but what could a fellow do? About the Irish Land?

Mr. Gladstone. Let that stand till we meet next time, please. It will take me a good many hours to explain what some of us think ought to be proposed, and we have hardly got into gear, yet.

Mr. Bright. I think that a very wise suggestion.

Duke of Argyll. But I should like to know the general feature of the measure.

Mr. Gladstone. Its object is to tranquillise Ireland by doing justice to everybody. That is the general feature.

Duke of Argyll. But how do you do it?

Mr. Gladstone. Ah, that's a detail; and as I say, it will take me a good many hours to develop that.

Lord Chancellor. I may assure the noble Duke that it's all right. There is to be no confiscation.

Duke of Argyll. I suppose not. But what's to be done with LORD CLARENDON'S Felons?

Lord Clarendon. Figure of speech—must use figures when you're talking to an imaginative audience.

Duke of Argyll. Well, if I am to have no information as to the Land Bill, I should like to ask MR. GLADSTONE what he has to say about the appointment of DR. TEMPLE to Exeter.

Mr. Gladstone. He has to say three things. First, that it does not concern a noble Duke who is a member of a Scottish Church; secondly, that DR. TEMPLE is an admirable man; and thirdly, that the appointment will be read in the *London Gazette* this afternoon.

Lord Granville. Nothing can be more complete and convincing, and I am sure that we are all obliged to the Duke for having elicited an answer that must give so much satisfaction to us all. What lovely weather we have had for the country!

Duke of Argyll. But if the Dean and Chapter of Exeter should decline to accept the recommendation?

Mr. Gladstone. It is a most desirable thing that departmental business should be kept separate, and the reply to the noble duke is the business of our friends the ATTORNEY and SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

Duke of Argyll. I am to be told nothing, it seems.

Lord Granville. On the contrary, you are to be told how exceedingly well you are looking, my dear duke. The Scottish air has done you all the good in the world. Look at CHILDERS, too. My dear eyes, how that cruise has picked him up!

First Lord. It wasn't bad—but I won't do it again.

Mr. Lowe. Sing us one of DIBDIN'S songs, CHILDERS—"Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see?"

First Lord. Lubbers and swabs! Yes. But never mind. Stow your chaff. (*Laughing.*) I won't do it again, I tell you. That was a capital cut in *Punch* about your sweating the sovereigns.

Mr. Lowe. Yes, it was, only not handsome enough. Do you wish to hear anything about those same sovereigns? Shall I make the matter clear to the meanest capacity, if there's such a thing on the premises?

Mr. Bright. Unless it's absolutely necessary, I wouldn't.

Lord Harrington. I've been thinking, CARDWELL, that you ought not to let the First Lord carry away all the honours. Why don't you put yourself at the head of the Army, and give us a jolly good review in Hyde Park? You'd look awfully well in a blazing uniform.

Mr. Cardwell. There are differences in the position of First Lord and of Secretary for War, which preclude the course which you—I assume in facetiousness only—suggest to me, and the consideration of personal vanity has ceased to exercise—if at any remote time it did exercise—an influence over me. I will explain myself more fully—

Mr. Bright. No, no. We understand. What a fine day we are losing.

Lord Granville. Nay, not losing exactly, though I quite comprehend the feeling of reluctance with which men, fresh from the country, sit within doors. But I really feel inclined to suggest to—what says the PREMIER—whether having met, as it was most right and proper we should meet, we could not postpone further discussion.

Mr. Gladstone. There are three courses open: we can get to work.

Mr. Bright. That's the least agreeable.

Mr. Gladstone. Or those who are not interested can go away.

Mr. Bright. Nobody would like to imply that he isn't interested.

Mr. Gladstone. Or we can agree to meet again.

Lord Granville. Anything with agreement in it is so delightful.

The President. Upon my word this is—ha! ha!—this is just what I like. We must have time to get our heads right. I've been deer-stalking, and I smell the heather still.

Mr. Gladstone. But, you know, we understand the next time we really get to work. I am bound to apprise you that the explanations I shall have to give will demand a considerable expenditure of attention.

Mr. Bright. More reason for being economical of it now. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Gladstone. JOHN, thou art too bad. (*Exit the Council.*)

A Ducal Privilege.

MR. COMMISSIONER WINSLOW has decided, in the case of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, that a Peer of the Realm, not being a trader, is not within the pale of bankruptcy law. It is well everybody should know that a Duke cannot be bankrupt in law; he can only be bankrupt in fortune, in credit, and in character. He cannot file his schedule; he can only defile his 'scutcheon.

A Case in the Court of Arches.

THE PARSON OF FROME Romish nonsense maintains, But parson of Frome notwithstanding remains. Don't you think there's one letter too many in Frome, For a parson who teaches the nonsense of Rome?

A Pons Asinorum.

ONE rather important consideration appears to have been overlooked by the commercial speculators who seriously entertain the idea of throwing a bridge over the Channel. Would not such a structure stand a little in the way of the Channel Fleet?

STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.



THE BLACK BEETLE (SCARABÆUS EXPLODANS).



THE FLY (MUSCA DEMENTANS).



THE LOBSTER (CRUSTACEUM RESURGENS VINEX).



THE DADDY LONGLEGS (PATERFAMILIAS LONGICRUS).



THE GNAT (CULEX DISFIGURANS).



THE — (UNMENTIONABLE NORFOLKIENSE HOWARDIANUM INSECTUM TRIUM LITERARUM).

An Indiscreet Chapter of Ecclesiastical History.

It is said that the Statutes 25th Henry VIII., cap. 20, and 1st Elizabeth, cap. 1, put an end to all Capitular discretion as regards the election of Bishops.

This may account for the utter want of discretion shown by the opponents of Dr. TEMPLE's nomination in the Chapter of Exeter.

True Thomas Again.

IN his story of the *Diamond Necklace*—language [brilliant as] poor BOEHMER'S stones,—THOMAS CARLYLE, citing POPE, and adding unto him, saith:—

"Worth makes the Man—and Woman."

Doth he not do the latter, at all events, ye Parisian husbands?



"IS IT POSSIBLE?"

Swell (lecturing Juvenile Member of Manufacturing Centre). "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS—AH—TOUCH YOUR HAT TO A GENTLEMAN—"

Factory Lad. "PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW AS YER WAS ONE!!"

BUSINESS OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Ye chandlers and ye grocers small,
Not nice to quite a shade,
And you, ye cozening tradesmen all,
Beware the Board of Trade.
Its President will deal with you,
Our trusty friend, JOHN BRIGHT.
He hates the scales that are untrue;
Just weights are his delight.

He has the power, and eke the will,
To check your knavish deeds.
Expect from him a stringent Bill,
Which Southwark chiefly needs.
Hard labour with imprisonment
He'll make your portion be
Who sell by measures fraudulent,
Or falsify your tea.

But, most of all, ye Railway folk
Take heed unto your ways,
Or JOHN's attention you'll provoke
Some one of these fine days.
He'll stand no inquests incomplete,
When passengers are slain
In trains through carelessness that meet,
Train running into train.

He'll cause investigation strict
When accidents befall,
So as the faulty to convict,
The great no less than small;
Not in a hugger-mugger, close
And hole-and-corner way,
Hush up neglect however gross,
But drag it into day.

No dandy duffer is our Friend
In place, no lazy Swell,
He to his business will attend,
And knows that business well.
Long may he, for the general good,
The Board of Trade control,
Remaining where a round man should
Remain, in a round hole.

HISTORICAL FACTS.

(Being Extracts from the Celebrated Course of Colwell-Hatchney Lectures for the Use of Students, and all those whom Providence has blessed with affluence.)

On the Instability of Human Greatness.—Few men have suffered more from this complaint than CARDINAL WOLSEY. Yet he was entirely cured, as SHAKESPEARE has shown, by swimming on bladders for three hours a-day. The custom has lately been revived at Boulogne.

Talking of Boulogne, the history of this place is very curious. Any-one as curious as the history may find it out for himself.

Caps were invented early in English history. They were first worn by fools.

Weaknesses of Great Men.—It was XERXES who first conceived the idea of the Chain Pier at Brighton. He cried very much when he did it.

The greatest men are invariably the most simple-minded. It is difficult to mention any one single case in point.

Early Genius.—XENOPHON wrote his famous *Encyclopædia Britannica* at six years old. HUMBOLDT insisted upon remaining in the cradle until he had finished his *Kosmos*, a work of much labour and extensive research. FRA ANGELICO was still in frocks when he painted his most celebrated pictures. The Gentleman who invented printing gave proofs of his future greatness in the nursery; these proofs he subsequently corrected for the press.

What great events spring from small causes! It was an unwearied Phœnician who first discovered fire by rubbing two pieces of stick for a fortnight. The discovery has proved invaluable to many people.

CHARLEMAGNE introduced Chess into Germany. Pawn tickets were of a later date.

The invention of going to bed when you're tired has been attributed to the Historian JOSEPHUS. But as is now believed, erroneously.

Apròpos of the above; Sleep was known to the ancients.

The Romans as a people were very fond of spectacles. Their Emperors used to give them as many as possible. This has been considered a short-sighted policy.

Puns were not unknown to the ancients. CICERO sat up all night with a wet towel round his head making one, and then he couldn't do it. This was at Christmas time.

THEMISTOCLES was betrayed by his friends and persecuted by his enemies. So altogether he hadn't a very pleasant time of it.

"Honesty," said the late intelligent X***, "is the best policy; but the worst diplomacy." As I don't think it was either original, or particularly good, I won't tell you his name, so as to spare as much as possible the feelings of his family.

THE TWO TIDES, OR "A BLOCK AT TEMPLE-BAR."

WHAT'S this tearing and swearing, this rumpus and row—
From Low-Church Dean, and High-Church Don,
And seen over all, GLADSTONE'S knotted brow,
And, heard over all, GLADSTONE'S stern "Move on"?

'Tis but two tides that meet with opposing force,
Of things as they're not, and of things as they are;
And along the Strand folks observe "Of course,
One must look for a block at Temple-Bar."

Will no One Tell Her?

MRS. MALAPROP wants to know what all this disturbance about *Essence and Reviews* means, and whether there is anything so very amusing in the Chapter everybody is talking of, and where she can find it.

WHAT MAKES A PIECE IN THE HAYMARKET, AND A WAR IN IRELAND.—"The New Men and the Old Acres."



NOTHING LIKE SAVING TIME,
ESPECIALLY IN DRESSING.

AN ŒCUMENICAL LANGUAGE.

"*Latine loqueris?*" Many to whom this question is put will reply, "I read and write Latin with perfect ease, and I speak it so as to make myself intelligible to my own countrymen, but not to foreigners of any nation whatsoever, accustomed to hear it spoken only as they pronounce it themselves." Such is the answer which would probably be rendered to the inquiry, "Do you speak Latin?" by the majority, as many as can speak Latin at all, of the Prelates whom the Pope has convoked to talk theology in that language at the approaching pan-Papistical Synod, called, by courtesy, an Œcumenical Council. A German bishop, addressing an Italian one in Latin uttered with High Dutch intonation, might as well talk to him simply in High Dutch; and *vice versa*. A dialogue between any other two bishops of different nations would be impeded by the same hindrance. The consequence of this, if the Pope's various Bishops were to attempt to speak Latin each in his own way, would be a scene at His Holiness's Council considerably more like that which interrupted the erection of the Tower of Babel than any other recorded in history, sacred or profane, and especially very different from the one that signalled the first Whitsuntide.

To obviate this difficulty, it has, we are told, been pre-arranged that the speakers at the above-named assembly shall all employ a uniform standard in pronouncing their Latin. But the Fathers of that Council will be mostly not young; and old dogs will not learn new tricks. The most flexible of vocal organs require more than a few weeks' practice for their adaptation to unwonted efforts.

Here, then, is a hole in which the Pope and his Council appear likely to stick. But behold a way out of it. There is a generally intelligible way of talking that the slowest of them all could manage to acquire in next to no time. Could not the interlocutors, who are to talk Latin, talk it with their fingers?

This suggestion is freely offered to the Committee, Board of Management, or Congregation of what name soever which the Holy Father may have appointed to regulate his Council's proceedings. At the same time, the Golden Rose would be thankfully received, or, for *Pio Nono* is reputed to be a genial smoker, a box of cigars, which, sure to be first-rate, would be none the worse for his paternal benediction.

However, a suggestion for dealing with a seeming impediment may be worthless. The impediment may not really exist. It will not signify how the Ultramontane Councilmen talk Latin, if they are convened

not to deliberate but only to vote. In that case, indeed, they may appropriately talk with their fingers—not Latin, however, or any other articulate language. Then they will each express themselves best by an indefinite vibration of the fingers, with the thumb's end applied to the tip of the nose.

PARISIAN ROSES AND VIOLETS.

It may be observed that Parisian toilettes are regulated by a spirit which is not that of asceticism or of economy. In a communication calculated to illustrate this remark, the *Post's* correspondent at Paris says:—

"I now come to a very difficult chapter of the fashionable history I am attempting to write. My friend, Mrs. CAVENDISH H—, has made me promise to write it, but I am 'not to indulge in any nonsense.' Well, I nevertheless am obliged to knock at a bed-room door; not so dreadful a thing to do as in England."

We are left to infer that the answer to this knock was satisfactory. For the giver thereof proceeds:—

"Amongst a wedding outfit we were shown several elegant examples of bed-room dresses of the most confidential cut, and more particularly a perfumed *robe de chambre*. It is now the fashion to perfume the silken lining wadding of the bride's silken dressing-gown with *poudre d'iris*."

This is certainly not the sort of apparel that one would expect to discover, on examination, in the dormitory of a Convent, except such an one as the Agapemone. Nor can it well be conceived likely to be met with in a workhouse, unless under possible Poor Law arrangements of the Future. *Poudre d'iris* would impart to a garment an odour, which is neither the odour of sanctity nor the odour of poverty, if there is any material distinction between those odours. Its use, however, as a luxury might suggest the employment, contrariwise, of some oppositely odoriferous substance as a means of mortifying the flesh. Fashionable French ladies, when their charms have faded, often turn devotees; and one of them who, in her youth, had been accustomed to wear a dressing-gown perfumed with orris root, might, at a mature age, exchange it for a hair *chemise* imbued with onions.

However, let us read on:—

"The lady who showed us this exquisite robe in which a loving creature will take her early cup of tea observed—'Why should not a beautiful woman awake all the senses? She captivates sight, why not enslave smell?' I suggested, with timidity, that she might also address the sense of hearing by wearing a bag-purse containing a musical box."

A purse containing a large sum of money, derived from land, or well-invested personal property, would make the most attractive music that a lady could carry about with her. "Why not enslave smell?" Well, there is one reason. No man but a fool would let himself be led by the nose.

Our entertaining informant concludes:—

"There is nothing wicked in all this idea of addressing the five senses, including touch. The ancients perfumed their bodies. Anything which increases true love and devotion to woman, elevates the man and improves his morals."

Hear, hear! Most undoubtedly. But as to the idea of addressing the five senses, all of them, as above suggested, although indeed there is nothing wicked in it, is there not something difficult? Decidedly difficult—but perhaps not wholly impossible. For, according to the old nursery song:—

"CHARLEY loves good ale and wine,
CHARLEY loves good brandy,
CHARLEY loves a pretty girl
As sweet as sugar-candy."

Yet one does not see very clearly how the pretty girl could, like the sweetstuff loved by CHARLEY, address CHARLEY's taste. A lovely woman could hardly address her lover as a lollipop addresses a lad. We have indeed a notion of a nice girl, but it is nothing at all like the notion of a nice child which would be entertained by an Ogre.

Ditty on Lord Mayor's Day.

No turtle in the silent tomb!
But that thought need beget no gloom.
No dainty we shall want, we trust,
When we are scraps in Earth's pie-crust.

OPTIONALISM IN IRELAND.

A PROPOSAL, published by a contemporary, of a subscription to defray the expense of completing the Protestant Cathedral at Tuam, is headed "An Appeal for Five Shillings." Success to this idea of maintaining the Church in Ireland on the Voluntary Principle by the support of the Crown.

George Peabody.

BORN AT DARWEN, MASSACHUSETTS, FEBRUARY 18, 1795.
DIED IN EATON SQUARE, LONDON, NOVEMBER 4, 1869.

LESS grief than gladness Death is wont to deal,
When he unlocks the wealthy worldling's hold
Upon the coin, close-clutched while he could feel
The cold and hard delight of hoarded gold.

Where life has been world's loss, death seems world's gain—
The loosening of a hard heart's icy bar
That served a fertilising stream to chain,
Which, but for it, might have spread wealth afar.

But by this rich man's death-bed is no sound
Save low-breathed love and grief of them that bow
The mourner's shrouded head, with cypress bound,
And place their wreaths upon the calm, cold brow.

No common mourners here such office fill—
A mother and a daughter, grand of frame,
Albeit one in blood, oft twain in will,
And jealous either of the other's fame.

But by this bier they pause from jar and boast,
Urged by no rivalry but that which strives
Him that lies here to love and honour most,
Ranking his life highest among the lives

Of men that in their tongue and blood claim part:
And well may child and mother mourn for one
Who loved mother and child with equal heart,
Nor left, for either, love's best works undone.

He waited not for death to loose the hasp
Of his strong 'box, nor clutched its key until
Death's hand unlocked it from his failing grasp—
A life-long niggard, generous by will.

He sowed his seed of good with his own hand,
And lived to watch some of its blessings spring:
Hopeful yet humble saw the stony land
Bear harvest, heard the joyless desert sing.

He goes down to the grave; but to the grave
His works follow him not as most men's do:
His works remain behind,—remain to save
The lives of thousands and to guide them too.

Where'er from birth to death he found a place
For toil or rest some seed of good he sowed;
Old World or New saw none who in life's race
Strove harder, none, who so its prize bestowed.

THE ROGUE HIS OWN REGISTER.



might be remedied by inflicting on them, at or about the same time, a certain number of lashes, so as to mark them also with the cat-o'-nine-tails, legibly on the back. Flagellation is not a degrading punishment to a fellow-creature, who has already degraded himself by habitual crime, and no punishment is so likely as it to break him of that bad habit. In the meantime it is the best you can resort to for the purpose of rendering him an example to his associates, and it is vastly cheaper than any other. If habitual criminals were not only subjected to police supervision, but were also well whipped for every fresh offence, would not the gaols soon come to contain very few prisoners, and increasing security of life and property coincide with progressive reduction of county rates?

Rather Unexpected.

SHELLEY is not a writer in whose poetical works you expect to find slang, and yet one of his lines runs thus—

"Pity then will cut away."

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE DEAN AND CHAPTER, IF THEY DO NOT ELECT DR. TEMPLE.

SIR TRAVERS TWISS, as Vicar-General, the Queen's Remembrancer, and Garter King at Arms, will go down to Exeter, and will openly in the most public place there deprive the Dean and Chapter of their ecclesiastical vestments, and the Cathedral Vergers of their gowns, in the presence of the county families and the leading inhabitants of the city, the choir chanting a *premunire*.

The Vicar-General, the Queen's Remembrancer, and Garter, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant of the county, the High-Sheriff, the Mayor and Corporation, and the fire-engines, and escorted by surrogates, apparitors, prothonotaries, lay vicars, volunteers, and family solicitors, will then go in procession to the Cathedral, and take possession of the emblems of authority borne by the Vergers before the Dean. These they will carefully place in green baize bags, and deposit in the custody of the civil authorities, with whom they will afterwards take luncheon and propose toasts.

A special train being in readiness, the Vicar-General, the Queen's Remembrancer, and Garter will then return to Town, leaving the Dean and Chapter and Cathedral Vergers in charge. At Paddington the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with SIR JOHN THWAITES, and the High Bailiff of Westminster, will be in attendance, with an escort of light cavalry, and convey the Dean and Chapter to the Tower in hackney coaches.

On the morrow the Constable of the Tower and Sergeant-at-Arms will bring them by water in shallops to Westminster, to appear before the Lords of the Privy Council, Her Majesty's Judges, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the Reporters for the daily press.

If the Dean and Chapter go down on their knees, and acknowledge their fault in Norman French, and promise to return to Exeter by the next train and elect DR. TEMPLE, they will escape with a severe reprimand, the payment of heavy fees to everybody concerned, and several leading articles in the papers. But if they are contumacious, they will be sent back to the Tower by the Metropolitan Railway, as far as it is at present completed, and confined there to the end of the chapter, or until they publicly recant their errors standing on the Thames Embankment, each clad in a white sheet, and holding a lighted composite candle in his right hand.

Meanwhile DR. TEMPLE will be confirmed, consecrated, enthroned, and become an excellent Bishop without their aid or interference.

(N. B. The Cathedral Vergers will be distributed amongst the principal Dissenting chapels in the Metropolis.)

A Reform Wanted.

THE hubbub raised about the Exeter *congé d'élire* will have a good effect, if it leads to an alteration in the mode of electing Bishops. Many persons think it would be very desirable to give the present method its *congé* altogether.



EACH FOR HIS OWN.

"GARDENER! GARDENER! LOOK!! THERE'S MY LITTLE BOY PLAYING WITH YOUR SCYTHE!!!"
 "LORBLESSYER MUM! I DON'T MIND! HE WON'T HURT IT!!"

DR. JOHNSON ON THE NEW BRIDGE.

SCENE—The opening of Mr. JOSEPH CUBITT's new bridge, at Blackfriars. Saturday, 6th Nov., 1869. TIME, Noon. PRESENT, HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA. Also Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Citizens. MR. PATERSON, Chairman of the Bridge House Estates Committee, "offers to the QUEEN an Illuminated Book, containing a short account of Blackfriars Bridge."

The Queen. A very beautiful book. Will you look at it, DOCTOR JOHNSON?

All Start!

Dr. Johnson (advancing and bowing). May I humbly thank your MAJESTY for deigning to remember that I might well be expected to be present on this occasion.

The Queen. The ceremony would have been incomplete, if it had not included an act of justice to Dr. JOHNSON.

Citizens (aside to one another). What does it mean? Wherever did he come from? What's a dictionary to do with a bridge?

Citizen with a Happy Thought. Perhaps he was a Black Friar.

The Queen (smiling). Some of our good friends appear to be puzzled. Will you, Dr. JOHNSON, explain to them why it is so right that you should be here?

Dr. Johnson. "It is not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign," or I might have preferred to leave my claim to the judgment of those whose studies have rendered explanation as superfluous to them as it is distasteful to me. But obedience is the primary duty of a subject. MR. CUBITT, you, at least, will comprehend the reason of my presence.

Mr. Cubitt. Perfectly, Dr. JOHNSON. And with HER MAJESTY's gracious permission, I will relieve you of such part of the commanded explanation as might involve an egotism which is apart from your nature.

Dr. Johnson (smiling). Sir, your proposal is so polite that I pardon the impoliteness of your irony.

Mr. Cubitt. In 1759, when the City had determined to build a bridge at Blackfriars, many schemes were laid before the authorities, one of them, I may observe, by the illustrious SMEATON. The favoured competitor was a young Scot, named ROBERT MYLNE, who proposed a bridge of nine elliptical arches.

Dr. Johnson, Elliptical, Gentlemen, means having the form of an ellipse.

Bold Citizen. Or eclipse, as we now call it.

Dr. Johnson. No, Sir; an ellipse is a figure formed by the intersection of a plane and cone, where a plane passes obliquely through the opposite side of the cone.

Timid Citizen (aside). A carpenter might understand how the plane is driven, I don't.

Mr. Cubitt. Dr. JOHNSON's friend, MR. GWYN, was one of the competitors, and the great regard of the former for the latter, induced the learned Doctor to engage in the controversy against MR. MYLNE. Having studied the subject with his customary and conscientious closeness—

Dr. Johnson. Pardonable alliteration.

Mr. Cubitt. Dr. JOHNSON wrote three remarkable letters in the Gazetteer.

Thoughtful Citizen (aside). Rum thing to write 'em in a book. I've got a Gazetteer, but I never write letters in it.

Mr. Cubitt. In these letters, which I, as a practical engineer, may say evince a marvellous mastery of a topic foreign to an author's habitual investigations, the learned Doctor argued that the principle adopted by MR. MYLNE was unsound, and that its unsoundness would extend to the contemplated edifice.

Critical Citizen (aside). "Contemplate" means "look at." How can you contemplate a thing when it is not built?

Mr. Cubitt. MR. MYLNE's friends prevailed. A report by eight gentlemen, supposed to be competent—

Just Citizen (aside). What had their income to do with it?

Mr. Cubitt. —was made in favour of his plan, he was chosen surveyor, and he built his bridge. The first stone was laid on the 31st of



Dr. P-s-y.

Dr. P-n-h.

Dr. Gl-d-st-x.

Ld Sh-y-ts-b-y.

CONGE D'ELIRE. A CASE FOR THE DOCTORS.

October, 1769, my Lord Mayor, by your Lordship's predecessor, SIR THOMAS CHURCH, and coins were deposited. So were large plates of pure tin, with a Latin inscription, highly eulogistic of the Prime Minister of the day, MR. PITT, afterwards LORD CHATHAM—

Historical Citizen (aside). Father of BILLY—don't you know?

Mr. Cubitt. In honour of whom the bridge was named Pitt Bridge.

The Queen. Have those interesting deposits been discovered?

Mr. Cubitt. I regret to say, your Majesty, that they have not, though great pains were taken to find the original stone. We are compelled to conclude that the stone was not in the real foundation at all, but was deposited in a hole dug for the purpose.

Dr. Johnson. Is it fanciful to imagine that one thousand years hence, or more, the discovery may puzzle posterity as to the true history of the bridge on which we stand?

Mr. Punch (suddenly appearing, bowing profoundly to his Sovereign, and pleasantly to the circle). I will insure posterity against puzzledom, as the true story shall be recorded in My pages.

The Queen. Mr. Punch, you are ever welcome. Include in your record, if you please, the just tribute borne to you in one of my Courts this week; the judicial declaration that you are read wherever civilisation extends, and that you never wrote a word unworthy to be read by the good.

Mr. Punch. I wish, until the spectators at a distance think that red fire has been kindled to produce an effect, and they begin to applaud.

Dr. Johnson. It were presumption in a subject to say that he coincides with his Sovereign, but it may be permitted to one great moralist to thank the QUEEN for so well merited a compliment to another.

Sarcastic Friend (aside). "Compliments passes when gentlefolks meets," but I want my meats, and my drinks too.

Mr. Cubitt. I now proceed to state that Pitt Bridge was opened on the 19th November, 1769, amid the most confident predictions that it would stand for centuries. A few days before a single century has elapsed, HER MAJESTY is opening a new bridge, rendered necessary by the decay and ruin of the bridge against which DR. JOHNSON wrote.

The Queen. It is, therefore, fit and right that he should witness this practical proof of his wisdom.

Mr. Punch. Hooray!



HOORAY FOR THE HIGH TIDE!

SAXBY RIGHT AT LAST.

O, PORT, O!

A LETTER has appeared in the *Times* objecting to MR. LAYARD'S appointment as Envoy at Madrid, and asking why certain members of the Diplomatic Service whom the writer specifies have been passed over. Of one of these he says—"Does he not know the Peninsula? Is he not sufficiently known as an ornament to the public service? and is not his report on Port Wine recognised as the standard work on an article of consumption still in sufficiently good favour in Great Britain?"

A sound knowledge of Port Wine should of itself be a sufficient reason for the highest diplomatic promotion; but perhaps Portugal rather than Spain would be the more suitable field for this gentleman's talents and experience.

Decorous Citizen (to him). Hold your row; that's not the way to behave.

Mr. Punch. Who said it was?

Dr. Johnson. Your Majesty's gracious kindness recalls to me the memorable interview, at which I was honoured by your Majesty's Grandfather, in 1767, and I know not that I can better express my feelings than in the words which I subsequently used at my friend SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S. "It does a man good to be talked to by his Sovereign." The phraseology is colloquial, but may be pardoned in one who has heard in Elysium that the QUEEN OF ENGLAND loves to do men good.

The Queen. She tries.

Dr. Johnson (bowing profoundly). Of myself I say no more. But if I might once more recal old words, I would add that in the interview with HIS MAJESTY I began to consider that by part of my conversation I was depreciating a man in the estimation of his Sovereign, and I sought to repair that injury. I would again do justice by reminding your Majesty that MR. MYLNE'S bridge might have endured many years longer, but for the removal of Old London Bridge, and the liberation of the vast flow of waters restricted by those nineteen arches.

The Queen. That is just. It is just also to PETER of Colechurch to remember that his nineteen arches endured from 1209 to 1825. May your beautiful work, MR. CUBITT, be as permanent.

All. So mote it be!

Masonic Citizen (aside). That's a good hearing—refreshments are nearer.

Dr. Johnson. Let not the august ceremonial be longer delayed, (unless such be HER MAJESTY'S desire) in honour of myself. Let me but pronounce a moral. One hundred years have passed since I, doing what I had to do in the best way I could, wrote down my mind. My work was sound, and after a hundred years it is remembered for me, and proclaimed. Let all who have work to do, do it with all their might.

[At a signal from the QUEEN, the trumpeters do their work with all their might, and DR. JOHNSON and MR. PUNCH (having bowed) escape to the MITRE.

OUR ISLAND FOR EVER!

"A Meeting of the French and English subscribers towards the international bridge which is to unite Cape Blare Nez to Shakspeare's Cliff has been held in Paris, and after an examination of M. BOUTER'S models, it was determined to proceed to form a company."—*Full Mail Gazette.*

O PROJECT most base and absurd on its face!

A jury why don't you empanel

Those traitors to try, who, so deep is their dye,

Have conspired to bridge over the Channel?

We're girt by the waves, but those pestilent knaves

Would traverse our girdle with dry land;

But they'll never succeed whilst we all are agreed,

Upon keeping Great Britain an Island.

We'll still keep Great Britain an Island;

Keep Great Britain always an Island.

'Tis the Isle of the Free;

Shall continue to be:

Britannia for ever an Island!

A tunnel at first was the scheme that they nursed,

But that, though a wild speculation,

With the waters around, a mere road underground,

Would not have destroyed insulation.

But a bridge o'er the brine, oh, confound that design!

Is a landway, between land and nigh land,

To the Continent we so adjoined will ne'er be,

But continue to live in an Island,

A right little tight little Island,

From the whole world, in that little Island,

All apart and aloof,

Yes; in spite of reproof:

Britannia for ever an Island!

Amusement for Leisure Hours.

MORE pastime for our travelling princes! We read that:—

"Not long ago an interesting trial of sewing machines took place at London, Canada, in the presence of His Royal Highness PRINCE ARTHUR. The contest lasted eight hours, and the * * machine, the proprietor of which is * *, of * *, proved victorious."

The wording of this statement leads us to fear that His Royal Highness passed eight hours in the society of sewing machines. Let us hope we are mistaken, for this would be more dreadful than receiving and replying to addresses from Corporate Bodies.



RECOLLECTIONS OF CUB-HUNTING.

CHEERFUL EVENING IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE AFTER BREAKFASTING AT 5 A.M.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

MILBURN manages to mix his company well for a dinner. Thinking over it next day when on board the packet for Antwerp, how much better it is when you give a dinner, to have one Chemist (for example), one Cavalry Officer, one Architect, one General Conversationalist (almost a profession in itself), one Barrister, one Commodore, one Literary, and one Funny (but not *too* funny) man.—I say, how much better it is to give a dinner of this sort, than of all Architects, all Chemists, or all Commodores, or all Funny men, as the case may be.

SIR PETER GROGANAL the Chemist remarks as a starting point, that it's excellent soup. This sets every one off. I don't know why. CAPTAIN DYNWELL pulls up his shirt-sleeves sharply, nearly knocking over the water bottle in front of him, and says, "Yes, hang it, they don't give him that soup at the Rag." Catching my eye, he suppresses a laugh, and murmurs, "Deuced ridiculous." I ask him across the table "What is?" He answers by leaning a little back, winking his disengaged eye, jerking his head in the Commodore's direction, and saying, not too loud, "Mistaking you for—" Another jerk, and a wink towards MILBURN. Whenever the Captain alludes to this ludicrous incident henceforth, this is the method he adopts. He then chuckles, pulls up his wristband, drops his eye-glass, searches for it with the other eye, replaces it, looks defiantly round, ready either to smile or scowl, and suddenly dives down at his plate of what-ever-it-is at the moment.

SIR PETER GROGANAL the Chemist takes us, *via* soup, into various questions of adulteration. At this point CAZELL tells us what we ought to do; and CHILVERN the Architect takes that opportunity of recounting an instance in point when he did what he ought to have done, but without effect; the anecdote being introduced for the sake of letting us know that he had once tenders and contracts (or sent in tenders and received contracts, or whatever it was), with MESSRS. FERRY, RUST & Co., the great iron-merchants. This brings out the Commodore, who, remembers having seen their name somewhere, when he was in the *Mozambique*, which in turn brings me out.

Happy Thought.—Ask him about the *Mozambique*.

What I should really like, too, at this moment is, to request him to draw a map showing me exactly *where* the *Mozambique* is situated; and, while he's about it, *what* the *Mozambique* really is.

I thought up to this moment it was an island; now, as he begins talking, I fancy it must be a Bay or a Gulf.

Really, when one considers these every-day matters (afterwards and in cool blood; that is over an atlas quietly in my own room, before I go

to bed), it is astonishing how little one knows about them. MILBURN, who as host ought not to say anything rude, hearing our conversation, asks me, as if it were a riddle—

"What's the *Mozambique*? Do you give it up?"

I nod and laugh, as if, of course, it was too absurd *not* to know what the *Mozambique* is. I feel that MILBURN sees through me, and am a little uncomfortable, as he doesn't mind what he says.

Happy Thought.—Perhaps MILBURN doesn't know any more about it than I do.

Happy Thought.—Discover what the *Mozambique* is (whether a Gulf, or a Bay, or an Island) from the Commodore's conversation.

Wish I hadn't devoted myself to the Commodore. He doesn't tell me anything particularly distinctive about *Mozambique*; but his story commences with something about "headwinds on a forecassal and furling sails after soundings." The mention of "porpoises" seems to put me, as it were, at home again; but from these he gets into reefs, shoals, deep waters, watches, yardarms, and going aloft, and evidently hasn't got a quarter through his story whatever it is.

Happy Thought.—He holds me, the guest, like the Ancient Mariner. Should like to ask him about albatrosses. He wouldn't see the joke, or perhaps, know the allusion. Besides it would prolong his story. I listen respectfully. The worst of it is, that in the meantime a controversy has got up between SIR PETER GROGANAL, CHILVERN, and SLINGSBY the Barrister (who has just come in, apologised for being late, and plunged into dinner and conversation as if he'd been there the whole time), which really *does* interest me. It is on the Existence of Abstract Right.

They are playing at a sort of dummy whist with this controversy; that is, SLINGSBY and CHILVERN are on one side, and SIR PETER on the other. I hear every word they say, and am deeply interested. Should like to cut in and make a fourth, but can't, because I am bound to listen to the Commodore, who is still beating about *Mozambique* in headwinds. He is telling me something about the maladministration of naval affairs by the Admiralty, illustrating it with an argument just as SLINGSBY is asserting confidently that there is no such thing as Abstract Right.

Happy Thought.—To say to the Commodore, "Yes, it wants reform," and turn at once, without giving him a chance of dragging me into his nautical conversation again, to SLINGSBY, asserting the Existence of Abstract Right. (1 Vol. Typ. Develop.)

The Commodore won't give me a chance; I am waiting for even a semicolon in his conversation; but he continues, "Now I'll just give you a case in point, and you'll say"—then off he goes into something

DANGER IN DALMATIA.

THE insurrection in Dalmatia is said, by those who ought to know, to be part of a general movement, which if not suppressed will include Montenegro, Bosnia, Servia, Herzegovina, and throughout the whole of the Slave, Slave, or Slav (whichever is the right way to spell the word) countries, and thus extend very considerably beyond the Dalmatian frontiers. (Where or what these may be is a detail). Let us hope, then, it may be speedily arrested, for a revolution on the Continent of Europe spreads like wild-fire, and if the rising in Dalmatia is not put a stop to in time, there is no saying what will be the end of that Dalmatian row.

A Squeak from the Scalpel.

WHY are the anatomical students at the London Hospitals like journalists in the great gooseberry season? Because—according to the complaint on their behalf, of "J.G." in the *Times*—they labour under a dearth of subjects. This pun may suggest to the HOME SECRETARY the expediency of devising some legislative measure with a view to preserve the science of medicine, and enable surgeons to obtain the knowledge which they require to perform operations.

NOT VERY LIKELY.

If the Exeter Capitular Body refuse to elect DR. TEMPLE, there will be no stranger Chapter in their whole history.

about a Lieutenant who had been twenty years in the service, and had never got away from Malta, or something to that effect; while in the meantime I hear SLINGSBY laying down most outrageous laws with regard to his proposition, which I consider false in itself.

Happy Thought.—While the Commodore is in the middle of some Admiralty grievance to turn a little aside towards SLINGSBY, smile, and shake my head, as much as to say, "No, that won't do, you know;" look round at the Commodore immediately afterwards, and say, blandly, "Yes, of course it was, very hard," *à propos* of his story, showing that I *can* listen to two things at once. MILBURD takes off the Commodore's attention for a second, and I join in with SIR PETER the Chemist, against SLINGSBY and CHILVERN.

I like a thorough philosophical discussion. We all get very warm over it. CHILVERN objects to the introduction of theology, and SIR PETER says "Quite so." SLINGSBY denies, for the fourth time in my hearing, the Existence of Abstract Right, and at it we go again.

I say, "There *must* be, in the nature of things"—here MILBURD recommends some of that pudding, to which I help myself, talking all the time (for in an argument at dinner, if you once stop talking even to take pudding, some one will take your turn away from you. People are so selfish, and want to have it all to themselves). I say, "There *must* be, in the nature of things, an Abstract Right."

"Why?" asks SLINGSBY the Barrister.

"Why?" I retort, "Why!—Why, if—I don't quite see what I am going to say; but by talking steadily and cautiously, you're safe to come upon something worth saying, at last: besides, this is the true method of induction, or 'leading *into*' a subject—"Why, if Abstract Right," this with great emphasis, "did not exist," pronouncing each syllable distinctly (to gain time), "then there would be no Certain Criterion"—(N. B. Talk slowly, and you'll always be able to get good words).—"no Certain Criterion by which to judge"—here sauce is handed for the pudding—"by which to judge the actions"—here a liqueur is handed round—"the actions of mankind."

"Take a savage," says SLINGSBY.

"Take a glass of Chartreuse," says MILBURD, from his end of the table. We dismiss MILBURD with a nod and a smile, and go back to work again at Abstract Right. Somehow we all get very warm over the subject. SLINGSBY puts arguments forward which sound unanswerable; but which, I am sure, when I put them down on paper and go into them, are simply preposterously absurd. Yet, at the moment, I can't confute him.

Happy Thought.—To ask him if he's read *Tomlinson on Abstract Right*? No, he has not. "Ah," I say, much relieved, "then when you've read *that* we'll talk. You'll find *all* your arguments answered and confuted there over and over again." I must get TOMLINSON's book myself: I looked into it once, at a friend's house.

At this point there is a pause.

"Well, Captain," says MILBURD, chaffingly (that's the worst of him, never serious!) leaning over to CAPTAIN DYNWELL, who has been silently attentive to the wine all the while, "what's *your* opinion on the subject?"

The Captain smiles, and replies, "Eh? Oh, it looks uncommonly like a universal tittup."

I never was so much taken aback. "A what? A universal *what*?" asks SIR PETER.

"Tittup," says the Captain.

"I never heard that word before," says the Analytical Chemist, seriously.

"No!" returns the Captain, carelessly. From this moment the Captain is an object of attraction. It appears that he has quite a vocabulary of his own. The interest I have in him is beyond this, as he has just come from Aix, and is going back again there for the benefit of his health. Will he, I ask, tell me what sort of a place it is?

"Well," he says, "it's not much of a place for a tittup. There are one or two jolly old cockalorums there, and, when the season's on, you can go on the scoop in the way of a music-caper, or a hop, and you can get rid of the stuff there as well as anywhere."

Happy Thought.—To note these words down. To take him aside afterwards and ask him for an exact explanation of "tittup," "cockalorum," "scoop," "music-caper," and "stuff." "Stuff," I discover, he applies equally to money or liquor of any sort. He passes the stuff at table, he "makes no end of stuff," or "loses no end of stuff" (the latter, generally, from his own account), on the Derby.

He tells me that he is going back to Aix to be the "perfect cure," and "do the regular tittup in Double Dutch," from which I gather, when I know him better, that he is returning for the benefit of his health, and to the study of the German language.

He kindly tells me he can give me "the correct card for hotels, put me up to all the little games, and do the trick without any kidd, no deception, no spring or false bottom, my noble sportsman." I laugh at this, whereupon he adds (he has not spared the wine), "That's your tip, old Buck; you just screw on to this light-hearted soldier," meaning himself, "and you'll turn out right end uppermost, A one copper-plate."

Here he drinks off a bumper, and chuckles at "Old Cockalorum," meaning COMMODORE BAUMSBY, "having mistaken you for MILBURD." This is what he says "he can't get over."

He adds presently, "I say, you were nearly having a universal tittup just now."

He alludes to our getting warm in our discussion about Abstract Right, and simply means that we should have quarrelled if we'd continued.

We go into the smoking-room; and as CHILVERN and I are going by boat to-morrow, we leave early. When the party breaks up, everyone wishes he was going with everyone else abroad next day; and everyone hopes in default of that to meet everyone else, heartily and pleasantly, but vaguely, somewhere else at some time or other. So the evening finishes.

To-morrow, away from England.

Happy Thought.—Write to FRIDDY before I start. Ask her to send newspapers out to me.

"BETWEEN TWO SCHOOLS."

Low Church gives us Tracts for the timid,
High Church gives us Tracts for the Times;
The first, milk for babes, duly skimmed,
With sulphur and brimstone sublimes:
The second, our eyes, reason-dimmed,
With Fussey's collyrium be-limes.

'Twixt "low" tracts, which the carnal call barren—
"The world" still asks food for the mind!—
And "high" tracts, which the Church wages war in
With lay-reason—that eye of the blind!
As 'twixt two stools, 'twixt two schools a-jarrin',
Many faiths come to ground, as we find.

Till it strikes many Churchmen, like *Punch*,
DEAN LAKE, Bishops THRIELOW and EWING,
That, taking the three in a bunch,—
Low Tracts, High Tracts, Essay-and-Reviewing—
The third, one must own, has helped scrunch
The harm the two others were doing.

And those whose souls wither in Low Church,
Those whose reason revolts against High,
Unwilling to put up with no Church,
Though from High and Low both forced to fly,
Find TEMPLE's aught but a so-so Church,
And for more of such Broad Bishops sigh!

So we own, and feel thankful in owning,
That the QUEEN of our Church is the head,
And when, narrow Churches postponing,
She raises broad Temples instead,
Far from raving, and raging, and moaning,
To sing "Oh, be joyful!" we're led.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

THE DUKE OF GENOA, whom PRIM has entered as his horse for the Spanish Crown, is a boy of fifteen, now at Harrow School, learning to build up Hexameters and Pentameters, and to keep his hands out of his pockets, under the watchful eye of DR. MONTAGUE BUTLER, and imbibing sweetness and light from that great fountain of both, MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

If the Cortes follow PRIM's lead, and choose this promising youth for King, Spain may look forward to a pleasant time of it. PRIM will pull the boy-king's strings; Pretenders will be plotting; Republicans rising, MONTENAPLER keeping the pot-a-boiling, for the chance of what may come out of it for *him*—in short the proverbial discomfort of "toads under a harrow" will be the only parallel for Dons under a Harrow boy.

"MAKE YOUR GAME, GENTLEMEN!"

AN Englishman, just cleaned out at Homburg, was passing through the Place de la Concorde on the terrible 26th. The only sign of revolution he saw was M. GAGNE, the mad advocate who had sworn to proclaim from the foot of the Obelisk the abolition of the Corps Législatif, declaring that he blushed for Paris and Le Peuple Français. The Briton, with his mind still on the tables, was heard to mutter, "Gouleur gagne, Rouge perd!" A few minutes after, he said to his companion, "What's the EMPEROR's stake in his little game? A crown à cheval on '52 and '69!"



"FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER."

Matron in Stalls (reads from Programme). "'OVERTURE TO L' ONGFONG PROD-EEG.' WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? THE PRODIGIOUS CHILD, EH?"

Accomplished Daughter (shocked). "MAMMA, DEAR! NO—'L'ENFANT PRODIGUE'—IT MEANS THE INFANT PRODIGY!!"

MORALISING A GOSSAMER.

A young-Sporting Swell and his sweetheart were walking
Over Newmarket Heath (Beacon course), 'tother day;
With his arm round her waist cuddled close, they went talking,
For the morning was foggy and frosty and grey.

As he stooped to the sweet lips that prattled beside him,
He thought of his plungings, of croppers come down,
And he wished he had not been so rash, to confide him
To the perilous passage from green to done-brown.

Now on Newmarket Heath there grows many a gorse thicket,
Their branches with spikes of gold blossom beset,
Whence—fitting *portière* for *Titania's* wicket—
Hangs the dew-spangled curtain of Gossamer-net.

The Gossamers blew in the sporting swell's eye,
And the sporting swell gave them his "D—!" for a benison,
But the sweet lips they checked him, and pouted "Oh fie!"
And quoted, from thy *In Memoriam*, my TENNYSON,

That beautiful line, how the Gossamers twinkle,
On the calm autumn morning to green and to gold.
But the swell said, "My sweet, you're not up to the wrinkle—
The poet had put on the pot and been sold."

"Yes, the Laureate must have been plunging, I'm certain,
And in that line has darkly forth shadowed his woes;
His grief for his friend he may use as a curtain,
But that '*in memoriam*' is DIDDLEM & Co.'s.

"The green is the poet's, the gold is the losings
Dropped by him to 'the Ring and the Book,' and their *plebs*:
And the Gossamers he has wove into his musings,
Were Newmarket Heath one's—those cursed spider's webs!"

LATEST NEWS FROM ROME.

By a telegram just received from the Vatican, we learn that the following propositions (amongst others) will be submitted to the Ecumenical Council, as indispensable for every faithful son and daughter of the Church to believe:—

1. That the States of the Church, and all other Catholic kingdoms, are the most orderly, moral, well-governed, happy, enlightened, and prosperous countries under the sun.
2. That England and all other heretical nations are the most disorderly, immoral, ill-governed, miserable, ignorant, and declining countries on the face of the earth.
3. That England will be converted to Catholicism, and not have a single Protestant left within her borders before the end of the century.
4. That the QUEEN OF SPAIN is the most exemplary sovereign living, and
5. That if the POPE, being infallible, says that the moon is made of green cheese, it must be so.

Another Nuisance.

Is there no public body—the Corporation of London, or the Metropolitan Board of Works or the St. Pancras Guardians—that has power to put an end to the offensive practice of disfiguring the pavement with puffs of plays, photographs, pickles, &c.? Can no one forbid these "*Stencillings by the Way*?"

ELECTION NEWS.

AMONGST the names of likely candidates for the representation of Southwark occurs that of "CONINGSBY." How strange if there should be a DISRAELI and a CONINGSBY in the same Parliament!



"SOMETHINK LIKE!"

First City Clerk (after his Holiday). "I GOT A FEW DAYS' SHOOTING, TOO!"

Second Ditto. "GOOD SPORT?"

First C. O. "I BELIEVE YOU! JUGGED FIVE HARES BEFORE BREAKFAST, THE FIRST MORNING!"

RAILWAY COMPENSATION.

THANK YOU, MY LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. *Punch* thanks your Lordship heartily for the words of sense you spoke the other day at Westminster, when a wealthy railway company moved to set aside a verdict awarding heavy damages to a badly-damaged passenger. Counsel having hinted that Parliament might alter the laws which it had made, and pass an Act to limit compensation in such cases, said your Lordship very justly—

"If you mean an alteration of the principle of law that railway companies, like all other persons, are liable for the natural consequences of their negligence, I sincerely hope that it will not be found. I can conceive nothing more monstrous or more mischievous than that parties sustaining such injuries should not be entitled to recover what juries may consider a fair and equitable compensation."

So, according to your Lordship, an accident upon a railway is a "natural consequence of negligence;" and in nineteen cases out of twenty this is probably the fact. Monstrous, certainly, it would be, and mischievous as well, to change the only law that holds such negligence in check. Directors merely look at the money cost of accidents, and little care what suffering and misery they cause. Make compensation cheap, and you encourage cheap arrangements, which are sure to lead to accidents, and while accidents are costly are not so often risked.

If Directors had their way, they would limit compensation to a sum scarce worth the suing for, and then reduce their staff of signalmen, and cut down all expenses incurred for safety's sake. The dread of paying heavy damages deters them now from such a step; and the heavier the sums awarded for an injury, the more likelihood there will be that trains will be made safe. While compensation is unlimited, Directors would impose a sliding-scale of fares, proportioned to the value of the passengers conveyed. They who paid the dearest would

POETRY BY PILGARLIC.

(On the Ninth of November.)

HA! That peal, thought I awaking,
Of some day auspicious tells,
Thus mine early slumber breaking,
Blessing on ye, merry bells.

Let me see. Yes, I remember
Why that sound mine ear assails;
This the Ninth is of November,
Birthday of the PRINCE OF WALES.

Every day, boys, whilst we mellow
As do medlars—grievous bore!
Is the birthday of some fellow
Who has lived, and lives no more.

Ring the birthday peal, however,
For all born with Fortune's boon,
Means to live without endeavour,
In the mouth a silver spoon.

Ring it too, but ring it other,
On their birthday whose life's line
Has, from birth, been care and bother;
Ring it backwards upon mine.

A CARD FROM THE ISLE OF AFRICA.

FATHER NILE presents his respectful compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and (with grateful remembrance of the delightful way in which that gentleman depicted saucy MISS BRITANNIA discovering the Father among his rushes, a few years back) begs leave to inform *Mr. Punch*, and therefore the world, that the Father, at the suggestion of the REVEREND DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE, has removed his head-quarters to a delightful region, about eleven degrees south of the Equator or Equinoxious line, where for the present he is to be found by his friends. Carriages to set down at Cazembe, a couple of hundred miles, or so, south of BURTON's Lake Tanganyika.

N.B. You are heartily welcome to any refreshments which you may bring with you. Niggers about here don't need to be shot.

THE PREMIER'S MOST COVETED POSSESSION.—A pair of Garters.

be taken the most care of, and perhaps be labelled in order to distinguish them from less precious folk. Special safety trains would be started for such passengers, and those esteemed as the most costly would receive the greatest care. In the eyes of a Director life and limb are only valuable because, when they be either lost or injured, compensation can be claimed. The chief security for travellers lies in the fact that life and limb are esteemed of money value, and the more highly they are valued the safer they will be.

A Low Fella's Prayer to Mohammed.

FROM Pashas like ISMAEL PASHA deliver us,
His hand is so heavy, his look so Khediv-irous;
He has bottomless pockets, and stomach omnivorous;
While his guests, fed and fêted, his praise sing vociferous,
We've scarce lentils to eat, and scarce tatters to kiver us!

EQUAL TO ANY DUTY.

At the Lord Mayor's dinner the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER proposed the toast of "The Ladies!" in a manner which showed that the task was no tax on his politeness.

WANTED A PAINTER.

Who is going to depict the scene of the opening of the Suez Canal? There is one man who would have done it to perfection, but unfortunately he is dead—CANALETTO.

GOOD CHEMICAL PREPARATION FOR OVER-BEATEN BULLOCKS.—Ox-hide of Iron.

FASHIONABLE SUICIDE.



LED to this morsel of Parisian statistics, ladies who are wishful to enjoy longevity:—

"Since stays have gone out of fashion, female mortality has decreased eighteen per cent. But chignons have increased brain-fever nearly seventy-three per cent."

Small waists and large chignons are each of them a form of fashionable suicide; and although the former have gone out of vogue in Paris, they are in fashion here in London to the deadliest extent.

Ladies gradually kill themselves in striving to look killing; and, in order to obey the dictates of the dressmaker, they willingly make sacrifice of happiness

and health. Torture and discomfort they will cheerfully endure, to enjoy the great distinction of showing a small waist.

As for the assertion that chignons breed brain-fever, one really may believe it when let into the secret of how chignons are now made:—

"All the hair purchased off doubtful heads, picked up here, there, and everywhere, cut off in the hospital, collected from the comb, or thrown into the street and caught up by the chiffonnier's hook, is sorted in shades, divided according to its length, and after a cleansing process which does not make it much nicer, it is sent to St. Pélagie, where prisoners pass their day in fixing it on silken threads, and clustering it according to the rules of art."

He must be a bold man who could ask a fashionable beauty for a lovelock of her hair, which, the chance is, has been previously cropped off in a hospital, or swept up in the slums. The old joke of the cholera being in the hair might be found a grim reality in French fashionable life. A number of diseases as deadly as brain-fever might, we fancy, spring from chignons which have, bit by bit, been picked out of a gutter and put together in a gaol.

SUCCESS TO SAMUEL!

MAY difference of opinion never alter Churchmanship! That sentiment all sober, but not totally abstinent, members of the Church of England will concur in associating with the toast of Bishop SAMUEL WILBERFORCE's jolly good health on his translation from Oxon to Winton. It is an aspiration suggested by a simile occurring in the admirable farewell visitation charge delivered by his Lordship the other day in Oxford Cathedral. Referring to the diversity of views inseparable from diversity of tempers, the Right Reverend SAMUEL declared that:—

"Instead of that divergency in our Church being an evil, he held that it was a sign of life, and he would no more make every voice in a diocese speak in the same tone than he would abolish the music of nature by requiring the same note from every songster."

It is not, however, hypercritical to point out that the feathered choir and surplined body are just now very far from resembling each other in one very essential particular—harmony. There is the reverse of any analogy between the music of Nature and the hubbub in the Church. Nor even in the best old times of concord were our clergy ever supposed to be represented by Nature's songsters in general. They had, however, in the popular idea, their special representative in Parson Rook. At present how delighted everybody would be, except STIGGINS, BRADLAUGH, MANNING, and their partisans, respectively, if the sum of clerical voices, in every diocese, were a clamour as euphonical as the cawing of a rookery!

With rooks jackdaws usually flock together in some proportion, birds of a feather, of the same order, relatively a sort of minor canons. Wouldn't they pitch into one of their number that had pranked himself in peacock's feathers? But that no jackdaw ever does; and here again the similitude between a diocese and a rookery fails. All's one for that. Here's the LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD—that is to be WINCHESTER's very good health! Let us drink it in a tumbler of GLADSTONE's best claret.

The Last Theatrical Phrase.

"SENSATIONAL" has become an admitted term in the theatrical bill. It is a stupid word, but there it is. But the last "invention of the enemy" to the admirer of plain English in play-acting matters is "complexional." A "coloured" artist advertises his style of piece—*Othello*, *The Black Doctor*, and so on, as "the complexional drama." We shall hear soon, we suppose, of the Sartorial Drama, the Toilette Drama, the Piscatorial Drama, the Quadrupedal Drama and the Criminal Drama; the last being of course divided into Penal acts.

BUMBLE DEFYING THE THUNDER.

(Dedicated without respect to the majority of the St. Pancras Board of Guardians.)

GIVE paupers full allowance of air,
All the same as you 'd give their betters!
And the newspapers a-backin' 'em up,
And the Doctors a-writin' letters!
And everybody a-cryin' shame
On us, poor over-taxed Guardians,—
Instead of us, let 'em try a Board
Of their GÖSCHEN and GATHORNE-HARDY'uns!

With their stuff about stench and stiflin'—
As if Paupers knew any differ—
Didn't like their air, as they likes their grog
All the more, as you mixes it stiffer.
As if the houses they lives in
Warn't worse than our wards, by a deal!
As if paupers had noses to smell with,
Any more than they've feelin's to feel!

We puts 'em on short allowance
Of wittles and also of drink,
And to put 'em on short allowance
Of air's only fair, I think.
Why the more of 'em we gets rid of
The lighter we makes the rate,
And instead of bad language we really
Deserves our pieces of plate.

'They calls in old SAM SOLLY
To testify to the stinks—
Which it would be the height of folly
To be guided by what he thinks.
Fresh air in a well-to-do house
Or a hospital's werry well,
But a yurk-us must smell like a yurk-us,
And it ain't a pleasant smell.

And as for paupers grumblin'
At lyin' upon the floor,
And a ketchin' cold and rheumatics,
And complainin' of ache and sore—
I say they're a nasty, sarcy,
Discontented, pampered lot;
And there ain't a thing but 's too good for 'em,
Of all the things they've got!

Yet there's our doctors and nusses,
And the master and coroner, too,
And the *Times* and *Punch* and the *Pull Mall Gazette*,
Are all in a tale untrue!
And the Poor-Law Board bullyrags us
To spend rates on sick wards and schools,
Set up pauper bodies and pauper minds!—
Do they take us for downright fools?

They say we're a public scandal,
And St. Pancras a public scorn—
But I can't believe things has altered
So much since I was born.
So I means to uphold the Board and myself,
And keep rates and paupers down,
And if that there GÖSCHEN doesn't take care,
We'll impeach him afore the Crown.

Triplets.

"TRIPLE BIRTH.—The wife of a MR. PILL was delivered of three children on Saturday."

THREE pills at a time! What a dose for the poor man! The three sovereigns which it is customary for Majesty to send on these interesting occasions will, however, do something towards gilding the little pills.

Another Fine Old Institution Going!

"It is not at all improbable that the rank of ensign may disappear from the Army List after the passing of the next estimates."

WHAT revolutionary times we live in! No class of society is safe from the iron grasp of innovation. Whose turn will it be to disappear next? Perhaps Beadles—or Deans!

AN ELECTRIC LESSON.

THE Wires are up, the instruments are being fixed, and in about six weeks, we suppose, LORD HARTINGTON will appear in the character of the Electric Spark. In other words, the new system of Telegraphs will come into play. The Post-Office expects every Man and Woman to do his and her Duty. We are bound to send Millions of Messages. Therefore—as we are to have only Twenty Words for a Shilling—will it not be well for everybody to study the art of condensation of language? Remember—your messages will not be sent if they contain too much; at least we imagine not, as the chances of a receiver liking to pay an extra shilling or two for a piece of chaff, or an intimation that AUNT MARIA's cold is rather better, are too small to justify LORD HARTINGTON in speculating on being paid at the door. Now, *Punch* has observed that many worthy people find much difficulty in tying up a message in a small parcel, and he thinks that these long evenings may be profitably spent in acquiring Electric Literature. It will be a pleasing recreation for the father of a family to assemble his Beloveds around the Moderator, and to encourage them to prepare in the neatest form a message suggested, at full length, by himself. For instance:—

Paterfamilias. Now, my dears, all got pens, ink, paper? All right. Now attend. What I wish to say is this:—"In consequence of the great prevalence of indisposition, the extravagant prices of provisions, and the universal demands on charity, the dance and supper to which you were invited are postponed until next year."

Materfamilias. What's the use of making up a ridiculous message like that, which nobody in their senses would send?

P. F. Nobody, my love, is not plural, and it is a message which it is exceedingly likely that many reasonable persons will dispatch.

Louisa, Helen, Matilda. } (looking up alarmed). Papa can't mean to hint—

Bob. What a lark! I hate dancing.

P. F. Papa never hints, my dears, and Bob will have the goodness to keep his ornithology for his schoolfellows. I am not thinking of putting off HELEN's party—(in a sly undertone) I am too happy to think that we are going to get rid of her.

Helen. I will box your ears, dear, presently.

P. F. I can wait. Now, go on, while I examine these most facetious pictures in our friend *Punch*'s new *Pocket-Book*.

[A pause of ten minutes—broken only by occasional mutterings of "O, bother!" and chuckles from MASTER BOB.]

P. F. All done? Now, Mamma, you first. Let's see.

M. F. It is such a silly message that I have scarcely had patience with it.

P. F. So it appears. (Reads.) I am sorry to say that Papa has thought proper to put off the party. He will explain. That does not, you see, come from me, and it does not comply with the condition, which was that the explanation should be in the message. Women cannot do what they are told.

Louisa. See whether girls can. Here is mine.

P. F. That looks better. *Circumstances over which we have no control*—well done, LOO—*reluctantly compel us*—no, the circumstances are not reluctant, dear—to postpone the party until next month. Next year, Miss, I said. Yours is better than Mamma's, but a failure for the same reason.

Helen. Look at mine.

P. F. HELEN has been writing such heaps of letters lately that she ought to be skilful in expression. *Mr. Paterfamilias regrets*—no, he does not—that *indisposition and other causes compel him to postpone the party fixed for the 30th*. But you should have mentioned the other causes, HELEN.

Helen. They are too idiotic. The idea of your caring about the price of lobsters!

Louisa. And the utter absurdity of the idea of giving up a party that you might buy soup-tickets for beggars!

P. F. Still, I did myself the honour of requesting you to assign those reasons, and when we are playing a game, let us play by rule.

Matilda. Well, I felt that, dear, so I have put it all in.

P. F. Obedient child. *Voyons!*

Bob. Is that French, Governor?

P. F. Yes, Sir.

Bob. All right. I only asked for information.

P. F. Nobody wants information more. Take that, Sir. Well MATILDA, let us see. "*Considerations of health, economy, and philanthropy necessitate the postponement of the festivity contemplated on the 30th instant*." You are a credit to your governess, my love; and, by the way, here is the watch I promised you.

Matilda. You duck!

M. F. You goose! Why, a stiff and stilted stuck-up message like that—a lump of starch, I may say—would make people think it was a hoax, or that you had gone crazy.

Bob. Well, I feel that, as MATILDA says, so I have expressed myself

with an elegant freedom that cannot fail to propitiate the admiration of any intellectual ears.

P. F. Hand over the effort, and wipe up that ink—not, I submit, with your handkerchief.

The Four Ladies. Horrible boy! Ring!

P. F. A moment. I hate to be interrupted, though I ought to be used to it. *Noses damp*—

Helen. BOB!

P. F. Grub dear—

Matilda. Vulgar child!

P. F. Fellow-creatures desitute—

Bob. Please to observe the alliteration—there's art!

P. F. No times for hops and spreads. *Spectatum non-admissi risum teneatis, amici?*

Bob. Notice that master-stroke. Some little familiarity in the English, relieved by the fortunate classical quotation.

M. F. (rather proud of the monkey, for all the ink). What does it mean, dear?

Bob (extempore). "If guests come here, and can't get in, I think they'll all begin to grin."

P. F. (proud, too, but concealing the fact). ROBERT, you are not a fool, but your wisdom hath not appeared in this composition. The prize is with MATILDA, but here's half-a-sovereign for you. We'll try this again another night.

Matilda and Bob. By all means, Papa.

Enter JANE, to mop up the ink.

M. F. (aside to *P. F.*). You snub that boy, but who else, at his age, could have done that cleverness?

P. F. Spilling the ink? Many boys, I dare say.

[Exit.]

SOME MISTAKE.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING, O.E. (off to the Oecumenical), has let fly a parting Pastoral, wherein there is nothing particularly calling for *Mr. Punch*'s notice, except the amazing and exulting declaration by the Archbishop that England is rapidly returning to love and veneration for ST. THOMAS A'BECKETT, of Canterbury! We certainly had not heard of the fact. There is a very good scene of Canterbury Cathedral in MR. HALLIDAY's excellent drama of *Little Em'ly*, which view, and the attractions of the play, crowd the Olympic; but we have inquired of the intelligent box-keepers (no fees) whether they hear any expressions of adoration of A'BECKETT, and they inform us that they do not. We have written to the admirable DEAN OF CANTERBURY on the subject, and he states that there is only the average attendance of visitors to the Cathedral, and nobody has prostrated himself over the little square bit of stone said to mark the spot where the turbulent and mischievous THOMAS ceased to be either. We think the Archbishop must have made a mistake in the name, and that it is the increasing admiration of English folk for the wholesome wit in the works of GILBERT A'BECKETT that has been mentioned to DR. MANNING. We overlook the mistake, as we always deal respectfully with a scholar, but we must trouble the Archbishop not to call THOMAS A'BECKETT a saint any more, inasmuch as DR. LINGARD, a Catholic historian, informs us that in 1538 a Catholic King solemnly deposed THOMAS from his saint-ship, stating that he had been "guilty of rebellion, contumacy, and treason, and had been killed in a riot excited by his own obstinacy and intemperate language." We are sorry to have to reprove the Archbishop for flying in the face of a Catholic decretal.

NEW MAYORS.

LOOKING through a list of Chief Magistrates elected on the ninth by various municipalities throughout England, it is pleasant to find that Birmingham has a PRIME one, and to read of JOY reigning at Leeds, but a little depressing to note that the Mayor of Manchester is GRAVE, and of Ipswich GRIMWADE. Exeter is to be ruled by a KING, Colchester by a BISHOP, and Bideford by a PEDLER. There is a BERRY at Coventry, a NUTT at Droitwich, a THORNE at Barnstable, and a BIRD at Stratford-on-Avon. St. Ives's Mayor is YOUNG, but then Nottingham trusts to OLDFKNOW. At Newbury let us hope there will be no disturbances during 1869-70 compelling his Worship to read the RYOT Act; at Torrington harmony must prevail while LOVEBAND is in office; and though Stockport's Chief Magistrate is WILD, at Honiton they have got a man of the right STAMP. Cambridge should be gay with BALLS, and Newport carefully instructed by PINNOCK. Portsmouth cannot go wrong with a SHEPPARD to look after the flock, and Reading has done well to provide itself with a SPOKES-man. Should we have a dry summer, Rochester may be glad of its FOORD, and Ripon of its WELLS; nor can Staleybridge be the worse for possessing a KIRK. But of all the municipalities in the kingdom Hull pleases *Mr. Punch* the most; that enlightened town wisely choosing a Mayor after his own heart—a Mayor who is WITTY!



VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

Donkey Driver (to nobody in particular). "LOOK AT THAT LAZY FRENCHMAN, A MAKING OF THEM POOR DUMB ANIMALS WORK FOR 'IS LIVIN'! WOT A SHOIME!! (To his Donkey.) GEE UP!!" WHACK!! BANG!!!

I WON'T BE AN EDILE.

(*The Tower Hamlets Hustings.*)

SCENA.

Air—Allegro.

I'm not a Roman Edile,
I am a British Beadile.
Esteem my office humble,
In so far unlike Bumble.

Allegro, vivace.

No Artist, Sculptor, Architect,
No market gardener I,
The taste of Vestrymen Select
Alone to suit will try.

Recitative.

A certain sort of people in this nation,
Who have received a College education,
Two or three thousand years back want to go;
But you will never catch me doing so.
I'd have you know that I am not an Ass
Belonging to that educated class.

Air—Allegretto.

I never was at College,
I glory to declare;
Of statues I've no knowledge,
For fountains I don't care.
I'm glad to say of Beauty
I've not the slightest sense;
I deem it my sole duty
To save the Crown expense.

Recitative.

Improvement now has reached its end,
Gardening must in the Parks no more extend,
To save what's left of Epping Forest free
The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ask;
I look upon it as an Edile's task—
Not one for me.

Bravura.

Me Chief Commissioner they call,
Of Public Works, 'tis true.
Clerk of the Works I am—that's all—
And I'll put on the screw.
No Roman Edile's place I fill,
It never shall be mine;
I'll be a British Beadile still—
A British Philistine!

GIVING HIM ROPE.

THE EMPEROR seems to have found out the real way to show up M. ROCHEFORT. He is allowing him to exhibit himself by the light of his own *Lanterne*. Here is a description of the Great Irreconcilable by a contemporary, the *Gaulois* :—

"Tall, thin—very thin, thin as a skeleton. Head more than pale—of a colour not to be defined between the creamy white and greenish blue of the electric light. Cheek-bones prominent, eyes hollow, forehead high, a chin terminated with what the Yankees call a barbiche—uncombed into the bargain; an irregular nose—everything angular—hair like independent brushwood—short jacket—black hat."

The first part of this pretty pen-and-ink portrait reminds one of THOMAS CARLYLE's wonderful word-picture of ROBESPIERRE,

"The Sea-green Incorruptible."

Let us hope M. ROCHEFORT is as incorruptible as he is irreconcilable and sea-green.



OUR NEW (B)ÆDILE.

MR. AY-T-N (*log.*) "I DON'T KNOW NOTHINK ABOUT HART, AND PAINTERS, AN' SCULPCHERS, AN' HARCHITEX, AN' MARKET GARDENERS, AN' SUCH LIKE. MY DOOTY'S TO TAKE CARE OF *THE MONEY!*"

ENGLAND FINALLY EXTINGUISHED.



es! We had better signify at once to the President of the United States that we made a mistake about that Harvard and Oxford boat-race, and that the American University beat us all to pieces, and won by sixteen lengths, easy. This would be preferable to being nagged at every week, and accused of all the crimes in the world.

Firstly, the Harvard men owned that they had been beaten, and made graceful acknowledgments of fair play and kind treatment.

Secondly, one of them made a speech at home, and denied the fair play.

Thirdly,—you shall read.

Here beginneth an article from a New York paper which has just been received by *Mr. Punch*:—

“ENGLISH RUFFIANISM.

“A supplementary and final letter from MR. WILKES, gives a reliable and satisfactory explanation of the defeat of the American crew in England, and explodes the hollow mockery of fair play, generous concessions, and other airy bubbles which the London press have been busily blowing for us in writing of the inter-collegiate boat-race. The fact is, simply, that the result of this race, and the chicanery and adroit trickery displayed by our insular opponents in its management, have so thoroughly disgusted American citizens.”

We are truly sorry. We are much ashamed.

“It is understood, both here and in England, that never was there a match made in the known world in which every advantage was so greedily asked for and lavishly conceded, as the one in which the Oxfords so thoroughly jockeyed the Harvards.”

If we might speak? It *was* not “understood” in England, until this explanation came. Now it is universally admitted.

After alluding to MR. LORING’s ordering his coxswain not to take the water from Oxford, the American Editor says—

“This was loftily magnanimous, but injudicious, and we can imagine the shade of sarcasm which swept over the foxy face of MR. WILLAN as the Oxfords finally forged ahead, and with the ready instinct of professional watermen placed their craft directly in advance of the prow of the deluded Harvards. RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, with incisive speech called out, ‘Yankee shrewdness,’ ‘Yankee swindling.’”

And now we get it, NOT. Let us take our whipping meekly:—

“If the long, lank, vituperative descendant of the virtuous Pocahontas lived to-day, what language would he find to characterise ‘English Fair Play,’ that mocking motto which has for ages excited the hopes and curses of nearly every nation and people on the face of the globe. From the first NAPOLEON down to the Mesquito King, ‘English Fair Play’ has been a mockery and a snare, and if the coronation robes of that imperial usurper had been trebly dyed in the current of a bloody ambition, he would have deserved well of the world for the abject attitude which England assumed for years, when crouching under the great soldier’s relentless lash.”

Yes, yes, boohoo! boohoo! We deserve it all, and more; and it is false to say that the worm ever turned upon the First NAPOLEON. What are we?—

“Ruled over by the Dutch from WILLIAM OF ORANGE down to the present, saved from destruction at Waterloo by Germans, and their wars fought from time immemorial by the Irish, what have the English done to emblazon their gaudy banner, which bears appropriately upon its folds the gorging dragon? Nothing. As a nation, shop-keepers and legal peers. Individually, arrogant, ignorant, and coarse as butchers; their only refinement acquired by fixed rules of society, taught in books and schools, and without which no Englishman could ever be trusted to mingle pleasantly and creditably with a race or a class of naturally and instinctively proud, high-bred, courteous people.”

It’s all true—true as the Book of Mormon—and welay our butcherly brows in the dust, and howl. But there is kindness mingled with severity. MR. JEFFERSON BRICK—it must be that grand creature that is giving it us—adds:—

“We have no feeling against England or the English. We speak of them as they exist, and again tell our countrymen to abandon the delusions of their fancy in supposing that any sweetness towards America can be got out of the carcass of the English lion. The day of miracles has passed, and nothing but

a miracle can bring that besotted people to a realising sense of their condition as a second-class nation. Time may do it, if aided by the military genius of France, Russia or America, as it is not impossible it may be.”

Happily—at least, there is a crumb of comfort in the fact—this manifesto did not arrive in time to stop the QUEEN from opening the Bridge and Viaduct. Could those words of fire have reached GLADSTONE before that Saturday, even he would not have had the audacity to advise the Sovereign of a second-class nation to flaunt in public as if she were a President. But let us have it all:—

“Atlantic cables, international matches, and wandering peers, whose names cannot be found in BURKE’s or DOB’s record of English Degradation, will not bind us to each other with links of steel, and therein is our state more gracious. Let us endeavour to be great and respected of ourselves, without foreign alliances or the claims of long descent from what is, after all, when analysed, but a nation of fools begotten by savages. To show the faith, however, of their countrymen in Harvard’s superiority, we are authorised to bet one thousand dollars that Oxford will not row Harvard in American waters, and ten thousand dollars that if they do they are defeated.”

The grammar is a little involved; but perhaps that was intended—it is difficult to say which way the American journalist is authorised to bet. But we understand him to mean some sort of challenge. Deeply—profoundly convinced of the unfitness of Englishmen to enter any lists with those who put forth such manifestoes—we thankfully but resolutely decline. *No Englishman can ever again accept an American challenge.* We hope that we know our place in creation, and we retire in abject humiliation.

A BUTCHERS’ BILLS REFORM LEAGUE.

THE Paris butchers are as unreasonable as those of London, but appear likely to be soon brought to their senses. The *Post’s* Paris Correspondent states that flesh “does not get into the consumer’s kitchen but at an augmentation of at least thirty per cent. on the price paid by the butcher for the slaughtered animals.” Wherefore “the prospectus of a company for supplying the public with butcher’s meat at a reduced price is now published, under the title of *Comptoirs Généraux de la Boucherie.*” We are thus going to have the advantage of an experiment tried at the risk of our enterprising neighbours. If they fail therein, they fail, and British capitalists will not attempt a losing speculation. But the success of the French Butcher’s Meat Company will no doubt occasion the establishment of similar Associations for the defence of the British Public from imposition. *Facit indignatio versum*, and Disgust, bursting into doggerel, thus apostrophises Rapacity:—

Butcher, butcher, kill a calf:
Butcher, charge me less, by half,
Than I’ve paid of late for veal,
Beef and mutton, or I’ll deal,
Not with you, when I can buy
Of an honest company.
Butcher, butcher, stick it in
Through a sheep’s or bullock’s skin;
But your victim I’ll not be:
No more stick it into me.

Talk of being priest-ridden! What sacerdotal tyranny was ever so grinding as the exaction of our butchers? The white surplice may impose a yoke upon some people; but that is not nearly so grievous as the burden which everybody, except the vegetarians, is laden with by the Blue.

NEWS FROM THE NILE’S HEAD.

’Tis as SIR RODERICK foretold;
His word by fact is crowned:
For Africa’s explorer bold
Turns up all safe and sound,
To that which lying natives said
The contrary is shown.
Those knaves asserted him stone dead;
But there is LIVINGSTONE.

The Convivial Question.

If the United Kingdom Alliance could succeed in destroying the liquor trade, they would destroy intellectual society. How long could even the cleverest men endure each other’s conversation if they had no wine to sit and talk over?

CRIMINAL.

WHY is a prisoner’s time like an abominable joke? Because it’s past in durance.



GRATIFYING!

Rich City Man (who never rides upon less than "a hundred"). "YES, NEW HORSE. BOUGHT HIM LAST MONTH. WHAT DO YOU THINK I GAVE FOR HIM?"

Country Friend. "O, FIFTEEN POUNDS, PERHAPS. GOT HIM FOR CUB-HUNTING, I SUPPOSE. ANY 'SCREW' DOES FOR THAT!"

THE DEVONSHIRE MAYOR.

"A number of gentlemen connected with the county of Devon met on Wednesday, at the Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, for the purpose of promoting a congratulatory address from Devonshire men to the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR, a native of that county."

AIR—"The Lancashire Lass." Music at HOPWOOD AND CREWS.

You may talk of proud Mayors, but few can compare
With him whom proud London has placed in her Chair.
A kindly old smile and nice silvery hair,
Has our ALDERMAN BESLEY, our Devonshire Mayor.
He has made his rule from youth
Upright ways and downright truth,
Therefore *Punch*, in honest sooth,
Sings his excellent Devonshire Mayor,
Our excellent Devonshire Mayor, &c.

He comes from the county so lovely and fair
Where the hedges are gardens of wild flowers and fern,
Where the maidens are sweet as the beautiful air,
And speak with an accent you love as you learn.
Where Junkets most delightful be,
And rich the cream that spoils your tea,
And that, no doubt, well knoweth he,
Our excellent Devonshire Mayor,
Our excellent Devonshire Mayor, &c.

Hurrah for proud Devon, whose Worthies have long
Been names in the story that tells of our Best,
For fighting and writing, for sermon and song,
There's none who out rival the boys in the west.
Our Mayor's a man of sense and pluck,
Who well deserves his jolly luck,

(Whene'er he likes we'll share his Tuck)
Our excellent Devonshire Mayor.
Our excellent Devonshire Mayor, &c.

Don't wonder that *Punch* this laudation allots
To a Mayor, though the practice is not in our rules,
For BESLEY has founded some millions of shots
Of the sort with which *Punch* keeps on bringing down fools.
Punch's hand with BESLEY's gripes,
How could we bestow our wipes
But for hard-faced Printing-Types!
Say, excellent Devonshire Mayor?
He has made his rule from youth
Upright ways and downright truth,
Therefore *Punch*, in honest sooth,
Sings our excellent Devonshire Mayor.

"A COMPARISON WITH A VERY LONG TAIL."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* has taken the trouble to recal the horrors of the Neapolitan imprisonments, so terribly denounced, some years ago, by MR. GLADSTONE. In that the recital reminds us of the good deed of the PREMIER, it is well; but assuredly it was needless for the purpose of demolishing the idiotic comparison, by a blatant Irishman, of the condition of the Neapolitan victims of a Popish despot to that of the Fenian convicts, sentenced by British law. The impertinent folly was demolished by the scornful laugh of all rational men. *Mr. Punch* was reminded of a passage in one of DOUGLAS JERROLD's plays. To a lady, of no particularly good character, who is adorning herself at the glass, enters an acquaintance, who quotes, "So sat the chaste LUCRETIA at her toilette, and"—and there the parallel ends." The Neapolitans were in prison, the Fenians are—and that's the single resemblance.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER.

HERE we are on board the *Baron Ozy*, for Antwerp—CHILVERN, CAPTAIN DYNGWELL, CAZELL, and self.
Lovely day, with occasional clouds.

Happy Thought.—Secure a berth. Each cabin holds two. CHILVERN takes top berth; I take the bottom one.

I say, "Let's go up-stairs." CAZELL corrects me. He says, indignantly, "You ought to say, up the companion." He talks to the Captain—I mean the Captain of the *Baron Ozy*.

Happy Thought.—Make friends with the Captain. To distinguish him in my note-book from CAPTAIN DYNGWELL, put him down as CAPTAIN OSY, or say ADMIRAL OSY. CHILVERN thinks this a good idea, and improves upon it, he says by proposing to call him to his face "BARON" OSY. I protest, as I don't want to quarrel with the Admiral of the vessel at starting, or even afterwards. He might make the passage uncomfortable to us. He might tell the man at the wheel to steer into waves, instead of over them, and take every opportunity of splashing us. So I go up and talk to him. He is a foreigner. Odd! a foreigner in command of a British ship. Besides, I thought that no foreigners were sailors. Always thought, up to this moment, that that's why NELSON won all his victories—because foreigners were so ill at sea. (Note down this now as narrow-minded. Travel expands the ideas.)

ADMIRAL OSY, in answer to my question, answers that, "He not think anybody ill to-day." "Anybody" means, in my question, myself. CAZELL is rather anxious about it's being rough outside. The Admiral doesn't know anything about it outside. His opinion generally is that the sea will be like a river to-day, and that we shall do the whole trip in seven hours less than the usual time.

CAZELL immediately assumes a knowledge of nautical affairs (my only wonder is that he doesn't at once tell the Admiral "what he ought to do"), and informs me confidentially, "that we ought to have a splendid passage."

I say, "Ah, it's all very well here," in the river.

CAPTAIN DYNGWELL, after looking at the clouds through his eyeglass, gives it as his opinion, "That there'll be no end of a tittup outside." I am inclined to agree with him about the "tittup" in this instance, only I feel it won't be confined to "outside." CAZELL says, "You oughtn't to talk about it."

Perhaps we oughtn't, but we all do, and at once begin comparing experiences as to being unwell.

Happy Thought.—Not to boast about being what CAPTAIN DYNGWELL says he is—"Quite the sailor," but say, modestly, that, "I don't exactly know; sometimes I'm all right, sometimes I'm all wrong." Inwardly I sincerely hope I shall be all right; my belief is that I shall be all wrong.

CAZELL says, "Lor' bless you, you can't be ill here; why the sea'll be like glass; there won't be any tossing."

CHILVERN observes, "Yes, that *that's* what he hates—the tossing."

CAZELL tells him, "It's not the tossing *you* mean, you ought to say the 'rolling.' The 'roll' of the vessel makes you unwell."

CHILVERN replies, that he dares say it is. Conversation then turns on preventives. CHILVERN inclines towards filling yourself with porter and chops. CAPTAIN DYNGWELL says, "A good stiff glass of brandy's the correct tittup" (everything's a tittup to-day, with him), and he adds, "go in for being quite the drunkard."

None of us think this a good preventive. CAZELL says, authoritatively, "You ought to stay on deck *all* the voyage; or if you think there's a chance of your being ill, then, while you feel well, go at once to your cabin and lie down."

Happy Thought.—Go at once to my cabin.

They all say, "Pooh!—no use until you get out to sea;" and it appears we shall be seven or eight hours before we're out of the Thames.

CAPTAIN DYNGWELL says, "The doose we shall! Why, I thought we got into the briny at Greenwich." Greenwich is his farthest point on the Thames.

Happy Thought.—DYNGWELL'S England is bounded by Greenwich and Whitebait.

Say this. Expect roars of laughter. No roars. CAZELL takes me aside afterwards and tells me, "You oughtn't to have said that. You don't know him well enough to joke him, and he's a tetchy fellow."

Happy Thought.—Lovely day!

We glide along like—like—anything. (Am not good at similes.) "Swans" won't do, as we're not going like swans. "Like a nautilus," I propose, in conversation. CAPTAIN DYNGWELL thinks I might as well say, "like an omnibus." They all laugh. I don't. Serve him out. If he had laughed at mine, I would have at his. CHILVERN says, "going along like winking," which seems to suit, and we drop the subject.

I make another attempt at raising the tone of conversation by saying,

"See how the clouds fleet above us! it makes one feel"—DYNGWELL cuts in, "There's nothing makes you feel so mops-and-brooms as doing that."

How strange it is! Here are four fellows met together under conditions for inspiring poetical feelings, and not one of them can think of any simile but "winking," and the other says, that looking up to heaven, while you're sailing, makes you feel all "mops-and-brooms."

Happy Thought.—Come down to their level.

Talk of horse-racing, for instance, then bring out newspapers and get seats. Very difficult to sit comfortably on deck: manage it at last on a camp-stool. CHILVERN and DYNGWELL have both been seized with a strong thirst, apparently from the moment they came on board. DYNGWELL is always "doing a little tittup in the way of a moistener," and CHILVERN is joining him in what he calls "a modest B and S," brandy and soda-water. I never heard fellows suddenly become so slangy. I feel a loose sort of style coming over me too; sort of feeling that makes you turn down your collar and dance a horn-pipe. Quite understand why a sailor is a roving, rolling, careless sort of dog. Odd, on board I feel inclined to swear, purposelessly, but in keeping with nautically.

Happy Thought.—Dinner.

We are all (at least I am, and I think the others are) surprised to find we can take dinner on board. We are all in good spirits. ADMIRAL OSY at the head of the table, that is, in the chair, doing terrific feats with his knife, mouth, and the gravy. Makes one think of the African sword-swallower. Should like to be yachting. What a jovial life a sailor's must be, at least if it's all like this.

Happy Thought.—Still in the river.

I say to the ADMIRAL OSY, "I suppose that the sea between here and Antwerp is nothing more than river, after all." I am anxious to hear his answer. His answer is, "Nasty passage, very, sometimes; not much pitch to-night; bad if wind gets round." Don't like the sound of this: will draw him out. I say to him, "I suppose he's seen a deal of nasty weather." I put this in what appears to me a nautical style. The ADMIRAL OSY nods his head, and walks away. CHILVERN says to me that he's not rude, only I oughtn't to bother him. ADMIRAL OSY is never without a long clay pipe in his mouth. CHILVERN, who is very fond of pipes, says he must get one of them.

"Get 'em—scores," says the Admiral, whose English is disjointed.

"German?" asks CHILVERN. "Dutch," replies the Admiral.

"Dear?" asks CHILVERN. "Cheap," returns the Admiral.

"You're a German, I s'pose?" observes CHILVERN, knowingly.

"No; Dutch," answers the ADMIRAL OSY, and stumps away.

Happy Thought.—Seen a Dutchman.

From this moment I feel a great interest in the Admiral, a Dutchman. I say to CAZELL, "Doesn't it remind you of VANDERDECKEN, the Flying Dutchman, and WASHINGTON IRVING'S tales?" CAZELL, who is reading a paper, says, "No, it doesn't."

The Captain, who has been looking through a small pocket-telescope, gives his opinion that "it won't be long before we're in for a bit of a tittup." He means that the clouds are gathering, and that out at sea it looks rough. Wonder if he puts on a cocked-hat when he's out at sea. CHILVERN says, "Better ask him."

Happy Thought.—Better not.

Happy Thought.—Have a cup of tea.

In cabin, not quite so steady as it was; or perhaps it's fancy, because I've been told that we're coming near the sea. Don't like the cabin now; shall go on deck: things seem to have changed on deck, it looks duller. Evening coming on.

"Aren't we pitching a little?" I ask CAZELL, as if merely out of curiosity, and not as taking any personal interest in the movements of the vessel myself.

CAZELL says, with a doubtful air, "Yes, I think we're beginning."

"ANOTHER AND ANOTHER STILL SUCCEEDS."

REMEMBERING that nothing ever succeeds like success, we are not surprised to learn from a clairvoyant correspondent that the following new works may shortly be expected, to succeed the late successes which their writers have achieved:—

Cadging in the Caucasus: a Book of Thrilling Travel, by the Author of *Pioneering in the Pampas*.

Windy Hampstead: a Sentimental Sequel to the Tale of *Breezie Langton*.

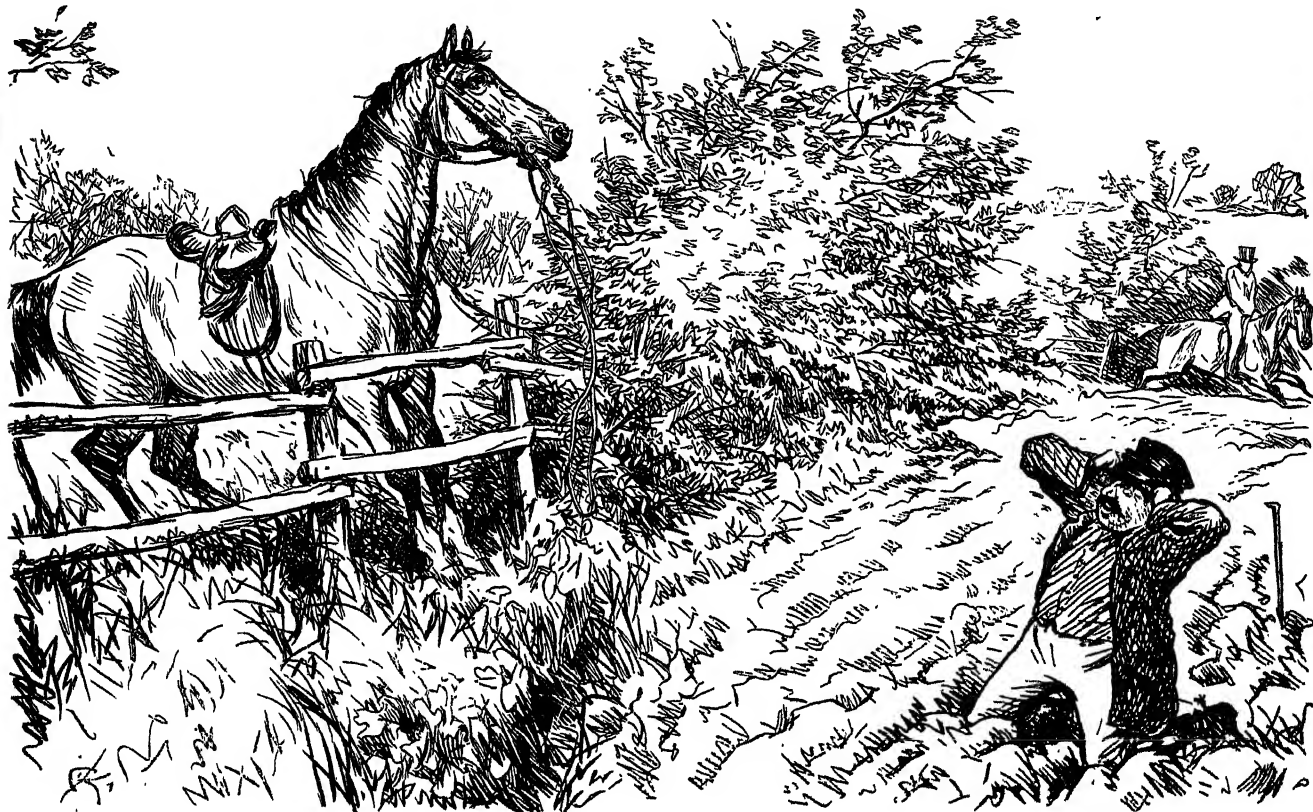
Discovered Fingermarks: a Sensation Story, written by the Author of *Lost Footsteps*.

Cooking to Conquer: a Companion to the Tale of *Waiting to Win*.

Titania Talk: a Tale of Elf-land, by the Author of *Oberon Spell*.

The Conundrum of Clapham Common: being a Sequel to *The Riddle of Ivy Green*.

SOUVENIR FROM ELECTION TERMS.—A Bridegroom—The Mam in the (Honey) Moon.



"BON VOYAGE!"

Mossu (shot into a nice soft loam) exultingly. "A—HA—A! I AM SAFE O-VÈRE! NOW IT IS YOUR TURN, MEESTER TIMBRE JOMPÉE! COME ON, SARE!"

"NAME! NAME!"

DEAR PUNCH,

OVER the signature "ISABEL BURTON," names belonging to the accomplished wife of the Consul at Damascus, hath appeared (*Times*) a wifely and spirited letter, pointing out that at the great geographical meeting last week, recognition was not made of the discovery, by CAPTAIN BURTON, of Lake Tanganyika.

Sir, I am glad of anything that causes MRS. BURTON to publish anything. Unlike some of her sex (and of mine) that lady can think as well as write.

But I have two reasons for wishing that another system of nomenclature, in regard to places, were adopted.

(1). I am not good at spelling, even in English, and the barbarous names given by savages worry me much, and send me across the room to atlases, and the like, when it is a bother to me to get off my chair. Perhaps, on cold days, like to-day. My style, in the winter, is much more involved than in summer. This is because, to avoid going into the cold, I go into periphrase, and circumvent hard words.

(2). Injustice, like that indicated by MRS. BURTON (in this case accidental, SIR RODERICK is *sans reproche*), would be impossible if new discoveries were stamped properly.

Henceforth call Lake Nyanza Lake SPEKE-GRANT; the lake above-mentioned (which I pray you to excuse me from spelling a second time) Lake BURTON; and the new aggregation of water, now believed to be the Nile-source, Lake LIVINGSTONE, and oblige

Your faithful friend,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

Goneril Villa, Regan Park.

Real Patriotism.

HOORAY! The Fenians, by way of showing their hatred to England, have sworn to give up the use of tobacco. Bravo! But Irishmen always do things by halves. If the Fenians would give up the use of everything, how delighted we should all be—in about a week.

BALLAD AFTER BURNS.

Or a' the airts the wind can blaw,
The East I do detest,
For there the population lives
Whose choice sent AYRTON West.
There hucksters low, and niggards slow
And many a cad between,
Have voted quite as they thought right
And so he serves the QUEEN.

I see him cutting down the flowers,
I see him scrape and pare;
I hear him utter waefu' words;
I hear him say, "No care
Have I for any flower that springs,
Or Fountain, Park, or Green,"
Although he's paid to mind those things
For us, and for his QUEEN.

Alarming Report.

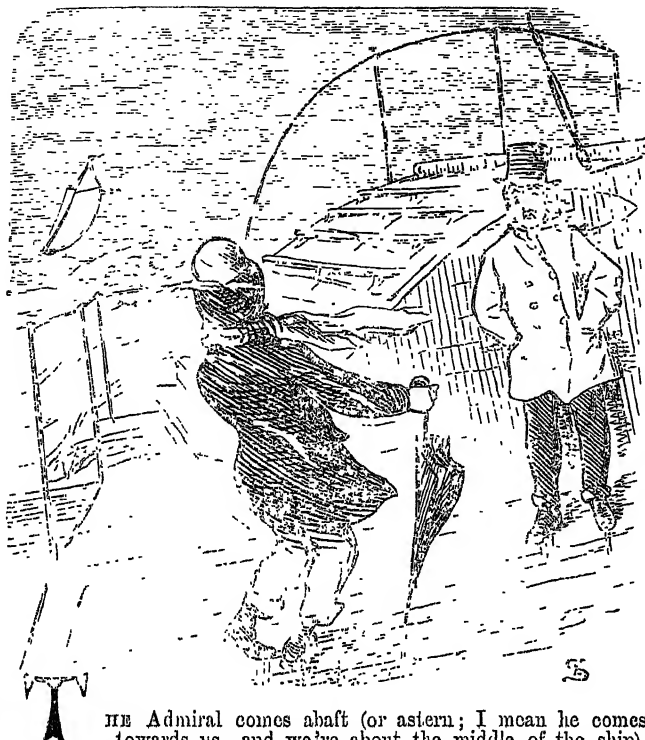
"Our readers will be sorry to learn that the Holborn Viaduct, of which all felt so proud on Saturday, has already come to serious grief. The beautiful and massive red Mull of Ross granite columns are, as far as appearance goes, irrevocably spoilt."—*Evening Paper*.

We hope this is an exaggeration, and that the City has not made a Mull of it.

In his Element.

At the Guildhall Banquet, on the ninth, the Honduras Minister returned thanks for the health of the Foreign Ministers "in an eloquent speech." The Honduras Minister would, of course, feel perfectly at home with his legs under the Lord Mayor's "mahogany."

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.



THE Admiral comes abaft (or astern; I mean he comes towards us, and we're about the middle of the ship), smoking, always smoking. Somehow I didn't notice the smell of his tobacco before: it begins to be unpleasant; so does CHILVERN's pipe; so does CAPTAIN DYNGWELL's cigar.

"Won't I 'baccey?" he asks. "No, thank you, I won't baccey!" Feel that to baccey just now would be as it were the turning point (or the turning-up point) in my existence. "If you want to keep well," I say to myself, "be cautious." CAZELL says, "I tell you what *you* ought to take—a good glass of stout." No, I don't want stout, specially just after tea; I feel in fact that stout would—but, no matter—no, thank you, I'd better stay on deck.

Night is coming on. We are no longer in the river. CHILVERN says, "If it's no worse than this, he doesn't mind." I like to hear a fellow cheering up.

Happy Thought.—No worse than this, I shall be all right.

ADMIRAL, at the end of his pipe, tells us that the wind's getting round. "Bad?" asks CHILVERN.

Admiral nods and walks abaft, or afore, or somewhere out of sight.

I don't like to turn in. Horrid expression just now "Turning in." Odd, how even an expression seems distasteful to me just now. The Captain has a large overcoat and a rug. He intends to "weather it, and do the regular Tar," he says. I ask him, "If he is ever —?" I don't like to say the word. He doesn't mind it, and takes it out of my mouth. (Bah! horrid expression again!) "No," he replies, "Never. Stand anything," and he lights another cigar. He politely asks me, "if I mind his baccey?" Of course I politely rejoin that I don't. In reality I feel (despairingly) that it makes no difference to me *now*. I am sure my fate is sealed. Only a question of time.

I miss CAZELL. I wish he wouldn't go away. He has gone to be—no, I won't think of it. Perhaps he hasn't.

Thoughts (whilst leaning against paddle-box as to keep in middle of vessel as much as possible. Vessel lurching horribly). Is travelling worth this? Aren't there many places in England one hasn't seen? Why should I go abroad?

Wish they'd make a tunnel under the sea—or a bridge over it. Never mind expense. Anyone would subscribe handsomely who'd ever been abroad, and had to cross the sea again. Horrid. So helpless too. Recollect suddenly that CAZELL told me, before he disappeared, that you oughtn't to keep your eyes fixed on one spot. I won't. I feel that I can hardly take them off a lump of something. No; it's a man lying in a rug with his head on a camp-stool. CAPTAIN DYNGWELL is walking up and down deck. He lurches from side to side occasionally, but still he walks, and appears to enjoy it. I can only stick with my back to the paddle-box. CHILVERN too. CHILVERN volunteers the statement that he doesn't feel ill. Do I? he asks. I don't know, I am uncertain. Perhaps after all—that is—if I don't talk much or move, I may be all

right. Feel that everything is uncertain. Wish I was at home: would give a sum of money to be sitting with FRIDDY.

A lurch. My camp-stool nearly fell. A wave has broken over us from somewhere. Helpless. Can't do anything. Let waves break over us. Let the water trickle down to my feet. Very cold. Captain comes up unsteadily, but quite well and smoking. He has been having hot brandy-and-water with the Admiral. He asks us, briskly, "How we're getting on? Quite the gay Sailor, eh?" he inquires jovially of me. I try to smile, I would smile (to be something of the gay sailor, and show my spirit to the last), but I feel that the slightest relaxation of face, or alteration of position, would be fatal. CHILVERN and myself are against the paddle-box, with nothing to hold on by, and a strong inclination to fall face downwards on the deck at every lurch, or roll, or whatever the horrid action of the ship is called.

The vessel now takes a very peculiar motion, and I feel myself, as it were, following all the very peculiar motions of the vessel in detail, as if by some internal (and infernal) machinery. She goes down with a rush, quivering: so do I: that is, I don't move from where I am, but the machinery does it. It seems as if I'd swallowed the engines. The vessel slides or glides, and then comes up with a sort of scooping motion: exactly the same with me.

I wonder to myself how CHILVERN feels. I turn my head slightly to look at him, and notice that he is staring before him in a blank, helpless manner. The machinery gives a surging groan every time we dive down as if we were going right under the sea, and I feel as if I was being lowered into my boots; we come up again with a rush, and a noise between a shriek and a groan from the machinery. I feel myself entirely dependent on the machinery.

The Captain comes up (he is pacing the deck to keep himself warm) and observes that "We've got a deuced fine passage;" and adds, that "He shouldn't think there'd be a soul ill to-night."—I can't answer him: there's only a glimmer of hope in his speech. My thoughts become gloomy, anything but happy. Except one.

Happy Thought.—The mind can abstract itself so as to be insensible to pain. Therefore, if I can only think of something else, I shan't be unwell; or rather, as I feel unwell *now*, I shan't be worse, but probably better.

Try it. Think of stars. See only one. Wonder what it is. Think of the ancient sailors who, without compass or—*Tremendous lurch.* I struggle against interior machinery, and again try to think of the stars. Wave breaks over vessel. Some one says "That's a nasty one." Perhaps it is. I am past expressing an opinion. If anyone was to point a pistol at me I couldn't run away. Try to recall passages of SHAKESPEARE; to think of my next chapter of *Typical Developments*; to recollect what SIR PETER GROGANAL's argument on Abstract Right was; to think of—Lurch. Wave. All machinery (internal) in motion. No more stars. Shall I leave paddle-box now, or stop a little longer? * * * suspense * * * I think I'll move * * * I make for the opposite paddle-box * * * striking out with my legs at the deck, and waiting for it to come up to me * * * jerk to the right * * just miss cannoning against Captain, who is pacing up and down, and who dexterously gets out of my way.

Happy Thought (flashes across me even at this supreme moment).—Decks-terously * * wretched * *

I am looking down into the dark waters—at the white foam * * * if the bulwark were suddenly to give way! * * * Can I help it? * * * Lurch * * roll * * stagger * * grapple with bulwarks * * silent anguish.

Can anything on the Continent be worth this!!!! Cathedrals—Churches—pictures—pleasures of Paris—*can't* be worth *this* * * * And * * Oh! I've got to come back again!!! Stagger to staircase * * Companion, I mean.

"Quite the jovial Tar, eh?" asks the Captain, who is lighting a filthy, beastly cigar.

"Yes," I answer, knowing that if I could see my face I should never recognise the once joyous author of *Typical Developments*.

Go down-stairs: horridly awkward stairs. Why couldn't they be made straight down instead of curling round? specially in a steam-boat * * *

To my Cabin.—Will undress and regularly get into bed.

Happy Thought.—Give myself the idea of being quite at home.

Haven't fastened door: it bangs against me, I against it, then against chair, then against side, then over portmanteau, then clutch on by side of berth. Tear my things off; try to hang them up neatly. Dash at a hook. Everything seems to be going topsy-turvy. Roll into berth. On the whole, rather astonished to find myself there.

Shut my eyes! * * * Open them again very quickly. Awful sensation. I am wide awake, and painfully conscious of the oil-lamp, and of the want of air. Out of berth again, to open the door—same performance as before. Put chair adroitly between open door and wall: chance of air now. Stagger—bump—pause for breath.

The Lost Heads of my Leaders, by LORD SALISBURY. Being a sequel to *The Lost Tales of Miletus*, by LORD LYTON.



MODESTY, OR MORE EASILY SAID THAN DONE.

Hostess. "OH, CAPTAIN! GOING SO EARLY? WHAT A BAD EXAMPLE!!"

Gigantic Swell (who is rather bashful than otherwise). "THANK YOU, MY DEAR MADAM, I MUST GO—IF YOU'LL LET ME SAY GOOD EVENING; AND I'LL SLIP OUT WITHOUT BEING NOTICED!!!"

THE ST. PANCRAS ODOUR OF SANCTITY.

At an inquest held the other day by DR. LANKESTER, on the body of one MICHAEL MURPHY, who had died in the infirmary of St. Pancras Workhouse, MR. SAMUEL SOLLY, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Senior Surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, and F.R.S., thus swore:—

"I visited the St. Pancras infirmary on the 4th inst., at half-past nine in the evening. I went over the whole infirmary, and amongst others, No. 11, or male medical ward. I have been over and through the foulest of wards in hospitals and other institutions, but I never, in the whole course of my professional experience, entered so foul a place. I never experienced a stench so beastly in all my life arising from foul atmosphere. I should say that this disgusting foulness of atmosphere arose mainly from the want of ventilation, as well as the large number of patients there were in the ward. There were twenty-eight beds, and nine sleeping on the floor."

A jury—a coroner's jury—presumably a jury of rate-payers, actually believed this deposition. Perhaps their credulity may be considered to derive some palliation from the fact, further reported, that:—

"DR. BRIDENELL CARTER, fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, who accompanied MR. SOLLY on his visit, corroborated the whole of his statements."

Yet it was not until "after considerable discussion," that they agreed to return the following special verdict:—

"That MICHAEL MURPHY died from consumption, accelerated by the unwholesome atmosphere of the ward in which he was placed in the workhouse."

Had those jurors yielded to the impulse of their parochial feelings, with which they evidently experienced a severe struggle, they would have utterly discredited the mere evidence of the President of the College of Surgeons, confirmed as it was only by the evidence of another medical man. The St. Pancras jurymen were clearly loth to return a verdict implying censure of the St. Pancras Guardians. Hawks do not

willingly "pike out hawks' den." But a verdict declaring the death of a person to have been accelerated by the unwholesome atmosphere of St. Pancras Workhouse Infirmary cannot but have the effect of tending to persuade the public that the St. Pancras Guardians are mistaken in thinking that DR. LANKESTER holds too many inquests on their deceased paupers. At the same time, it will occasion people to say that if he has not held more inquests than he ought already, perhaps, in some case of what an exceptional jury may deem criminal neglect, he may hold one too many for those gentlemen one of these days.

THE BEGGING NUISANCE.

WHAT is to be done with the beggars? This is one of the momentous questions of the day. Whene'er one takes one's walks abroad, how many idle brutes one sees, who beg though they can well afford to pay for beer and bread and cheese!

Benevolence is a virtue, but it may also be a nuisance. Men who give to beggars encourage vice, which grows by idleness, and discourage honest labour, which thrives less than idle vice. It is not easy to convince men of the selfishness of giving. A shilling to a beggar is of very small account to the pocket of the giver, and breeds the pleasant feeling of doing a good deed. There is a luxury in almsgiving which some men can't deny themselves, although their impulsive charity is frequently accompanied by stinginess and surliness in helping real distress. Men who give by impulse simply gratify a whim, and, indeed, defraud their neighbours of the labour which, if it were not for such promiscuous alms-giving, would come into the market, and render service to the State. A great proportion of the miseries occasioned by a strike may be traced to the offensive weakness which prevails of giving money to the vagabonds who now infest the streets.

How TO IMPROVE THE CATTLE TRADE.—Improve the Cattle-Truck.



A YOUNG REBEL.

Mamma (in despair). "PAPA, DEAR, YOU REALLY MUST TRY AND EXERT A LITTLE AUTHORITY OVER EVANGELINE! SHE WILL SPREAD HER JAM ON THE PALM OF HER HAND INSTEAD OF HER BREAD!"

A CHEER FOR KING VICTOR.

VICTOR-EMMANUEL (whom we beg leave to congratulate heartily on the birth of his grandson, PRINCE OF NAPLES, child of the amiable and admirable PRINCESS MARGHERITA) is a brave man and an honest man. His other virtues he has been content to keep hidden under a bushel, on which the Italians, who like scribbling, have written uncomplimentary words. But His Majesty KING GALLANTMAN has rehabilitated himself, in a great degree, by the felicitous snubbing he has administered unto the priests. They sought, cold-bloodedly, to make a bargain with him, on what was thought to be his last bed, and they hoped to work upon the nerves of a dying man, by refusing him the rites of his—or their—Church, unless he would give a written and witnessed promise that he would abrogate all laws distasteful to Rome. If he died, this was to be a sort of will. Anyhow, it was worth getting. Only, the brave king utterly refused to give it. He had done what he believed to be his duty, and if he were to be deprived of a sacrament for so doing, he would take his chance. For very shame, the subordinate priest who attended him was obliged to discharge his office. His superior sent him back, to make another attempt on the King. VICTOR-EMMANUEL told him that if he wished to talk about religion, he might go on, but if about politics, the Premier was in the next room. So the priest had to skulk off. Then, happily, the King got well. That he is particularly well may be seen in his message to the Italian Parliament at its opening. He has not prevented the bishops from going to the "Ecumenical," "but the King hopes that a word may go forth from that assembly to reconcile faith and science, religion and civilisation." Well put, O King! but it will need all Mother Church's soothing-syrup to do that—until the words "faith" and "religion" is restored their real meaning in exchange for their superstitious one. Well said, nevertheless.

Prevost-Paradol in Edinburgh.

THE eloquent French political lecturer has created such a *furor* in the Modern Athens that a new word of worship has had to be coined for it—Paradolatry.

BOARDS OF A FEATHER.

THE Holborn Guardians, who were wont to hold their meetings in Clerkenwell Workhouse, have run away, from terror of scarlatina—now enjoying full swing in the neighbourhood, and having already established a lodgment in the House—to pleasanter and healthier quarters.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, that standing slanderer of Guardians, and *bête noire* of sacred Bumbledom, has been accusing the Holborn Board of cowardice, by insinuation, as is its wont, and expressing a hope that perhaps as they have gone they won't come back again.

It's all very well; but has the *Pall Mall* considered the state of Clerkenwell Workhouse—in the Board-room of which, alone, DR. STALLARD says, from 1200 to 1400 paupers sometimes crowd, filthy, frowsy, ragged, and wretched—animated fever-nests, walking centres of contagion?

Is this a place for Guardians to meet in? Evidently not. It is a place for paupers to live and die in. And the more of the nasty, ragged, ill-smelling creatures who fulfil the second purpose there, the better for the rates.

St. Pancras pats Holborn on the back, points proudly to its Workhouse Infirmary, with all the beds full, and paupers sleeping on the floors of wards, corridors, and bath-rooms, defies *Punch* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Poor-Law Board, and the Doctors, Statute Law, and Common Humanity, all together, and bids its brother Board "go and do likewise."

An Error of the Press.

"FATHER HYACINTHE ate a beefsteak last Friday. The Catholics are much insensed."

This must be wrong, for a very long time has yet to elapse before the Catholics will be sufficiently "insensed" to eat beefsteaks on Friday.

WHERE THE ST. PANCAS GUARDIANS EXPECT DR. ELLIS TO GO TO.
Not the Elysian fields—quite the reverse.

LATEST—FROM THE SPHINX.

Across the desert's sandy sea
Though sorely battered brows I rear,
Still with my stony eyes I see,
Still with my stony ears I hear.

Thousands of years this resting place
Betwixt the Pyramids I hold,
And still their daily shadow trace,
Broadening o'er me, blue and cold.

And many wonders have I known,
And many a race and rule of men,
Since first upon the desert's zone
I fixed my calm, unwinking ken.

'Neath these same orbs that still revolve
Above my granite brows sedate,
I forged the riddles, which to solve
Was fame, wherein to fail was fate.

But darker riddle never yet
I framed for *ŒDIPUS* the wise,
Than those that to the world I set,
Touching these things before my eyes.

What of this piercing of the sands?
What of this union of the seas?
This grasp of unfamiliar hands,
This blending of strange litanies?

Aves and Allah-hu's that flow
From ulemas and monsignors—
These *feridjees* and *robes-fourrean*,
These eunuchs and ambassadors—

This *pot-pourri* of East and West,
Pillau and *potage à la bisque*;—
Circassian belles whom WORTH has drest,
And Parisiennes à *l'odalisque*!

Riddles that need no Sphinx to put,
But more than *ŒDIPUS* to read—
What good or ill from *LESSEPS*' cut
Eastward and Westward shall proceed?

Whose loss or profit? War or peace?
Sores healed, or old wounds oped anew?
Upon the loosing of the seas,
Strife's bitter waters let loose too?

The Eastern question raised, at last?
The Eastern question laid for aye?
Russian ambition fettered fast?
Or feathered but for freer play?

The shattering of the Sultan's throne?
Or the Khedivè's rise, to fall?
England and France, like hawks let flown?
Or *Aigle* on perch and Bull in stall?

Answer in vain the Sphinx invites;
A darkling veil the future hides:
We know what seas the work unites,
Who knows what sovereigns it divides?

Rule Britannia or No?

MR. PUNCH extends the right hand of fraternal congratulation to M. LESSEPS, because M. LESSEPS has made a Large Cut through the Isthmus of Suez. That Large Cut, however, is a Channel, and Mr. Punch hopes there will be no difficulty about the command of the Channel Fleet.

AN OFFER TO CLOSE WITH.

THAT famous old vineyard, the Clos Vougeot, has just changed hands for £62,000. MR. NATHAN, on hearing of this, remarked that it was the largest amount ever realised in the Old Clos' line:

Palmarum qui Meruit Ferat.

THE Suez Canal is opened, and its projector, we are told, is to be made a Senator and a Duke of France, in commemoration of the great event. We congratulate M. DE LESSEPS on two things—on getting through the Deserts, and on getting his deserts.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF ETIQUETTE.

ETIQUETTE is the art of behaving yourself. Manners not only make the man, but the woman too, what they ought to be—ladies and gentlemen; whether they roll through life in their carriages or trudge along the pavement on the lowly Blucher. True gentility is the exercise of a due regard for the feelings of your neighbours, and etiquette is the essence of gentility. You cannot wash the blackamoor white, nor could all the teachings of LORD CHESTERFIELD convert his boor of a son into a polished gentleman. You must have the material to work upon, so to all who go in for "speaking their mind," and setting up their backs against the conventionalities of well-behaved society, *Punch* has not a word to say. His present precepts are intended for those who will receive them in the spirit in which they are offered, and will lay his golden words to heart, and commit his many priceless pearls of worldly wisdom to memory.

How to Begin the Day.—Rise with the lark, but not for one. Be very careful to attire yourself neatly: ourselves, like our salads, are always the better for a good dressing. Shave unmistakably before you descend from your room; chins, like oysters, should have their beards taken off before being permitted to go down. Start with determination to be agreeable and good-tempered, and that like an overwhelming fire nothing shall put you out. Should the tea not be hot, take it coolly; should the ham be salt, emulate the philosophic BACON, and having made a few pleasant observations about the milk of human kindness, the sugar of domestic felicity, the cup of happiness being full, and the butter resembling an actor in a fresh part because it appears in a new roll, conclude with the appropriate ballad of "*Let the Toast pass*," cracking fresh eggs and stale jokes simultaneously.

How to Act Afterwards.—If in a country-house, after breakfast is a somewhat dull time, and the really amiable person should do his very utmost to enliven the general gloom. Nobody but a brute writes letters. The exception may be made in favour of one letter written to the bore who will send you a batch "to be forwarded" from town. You may send him a stinger by all means. Agree to anything proposed by anybody. If it's billiards, say you are in cue for it; if it's walking, put your best leg foremost; if it's croquet, throw over all for mallet-y; if it's cricket, stir your stumps; if it's shopping, say "Buy all means;" if it's amateur acting, say "Bray-vo icks;" if it's hunting, say "Yo-icks;" and if it's a ramble in the woods, admit you are "good for nothing."

How to Act at Luncheon.—Luncheon is a jolly meal. With the exception of breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, it is perhaps the jolliest meal of the day. It is breakfast arrived at years of discretion; dinner with all the charming error and heartiness of youth. Never despise luncheon. You know you don't at the Club, where you feed well for a low figure before four o'clock, and though missing what the world calls "dinner," last on till actual supper very comfortably notwithstanding. It's true you hint vaguely at an eight o'clock gathering in Tyburnia, but if you are going there why this gorge in the afternoon? You blush. The QUEEN they say enjoys her luncheon, and dinner at the palace is a solemn swindle. This is wrong. Eat a good luncheon. It is natural, and is etiquette. Besides, luncheon is a sort of half-way house in the day's journey, and by the time we used to reach that stage our coach companions and ourselves had generally become quite friendly and pleasant. Always eat pastry at luncheon—none but maniacs touch it in the evening. Don't attempt to be clever, save all your small wit for seven o'clock, it looks like the real thing by candle-light. Gas, too, gives a brilliancy to a Brummagem bon-mot, which would stand forth as paste pure and simple in the mid-day light of luncheon.

(To be Continued.)

"He shall have Nothing but his Penalty."

"VE don't expect no good grammar here; but, hang it, you might shut the scenes to," said the historical sweep at what was then the Coburg Theatre. We don't expect MR. CALGRAFT, the final expounder of law, to write elegant epistles—he does not—but, shut us up, he might hang properly. It is stated that he has ceased to possess the adroitness desirable in an executioner, and that to capital punishment is added more than is intended in the sentence. This is objectionable; and in the possible interest of a good many Fenians, Mr. Punch desires that the matter may be inquired into.

ILLUSTRATION OF "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

(For a Pictorial Edition of MATTHEW ARNOLD.)

A St. Pancras Guardian Opening the Sick-ward Windows.

COUNTER-HITTING AT THE "WORKS."

"You're a wise-acre!" sneered AYRTON at FERGUSON.

"You're a penny-wise-acre!" retorted FERGUSON on AYRTON.



FROM THE GREAT PYRAMID. (A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CANAL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.)

FRANCE. "SEE WHAT IT UNITES!"

BRITAIN. "THINK WHAT IT MAY DIVIDE!"

TO PLAYGOERS.

You have come back from Mont Cenis to the Holborn Viaduct, from St. Peter's to St. Paul's Churchyard, from the Swiss Lakes to Ball's Pond and the Serpentine, from the Himalaya to Haverstock Hill. You have returned to town with the lawyers, and the doctors, and the Election Commissioners, and the Cabinet Ministers, and the hoppers. You have resumed business with clients, and patients, and customers, and are not unwilling to resume pleasure in concert rooms, and entertainment halls, and theatres, feeling perhaps a little surprised that during the vacation one or two more new Houses have not been built in Holborn or the Strand.

You examine the *Times*, and find immediately under the clock no less than nineteen abbreviated playbills, besides a matter of fifty subsidiary advertisements of the various attractions of the principal theatres, ranging from *Il Flauto Magico* to the Performing Monkeys, who ape their rich relations in such a wonderful way at the Holborn Circus; and in your bewilderment you think of taking your theatres alphabetically. Better take an impartial and intelligent guide, one who will conduct you to what is best worth seeing and hearing between Covent Garden and Hoxton, and to whom you can issue a real *congé d'hôte*,—a permission to choose the pieces you are to see, without naming those you desire may be selected. Let us see what can be done for you.

Like you, we have come back from the Suez Canal to the Metropolitan Railway; we have exchanged a gondola for the interior of an Islington and Brompton omnibus, Trajan's Column for the Duke of York's, and are occupying our leisure hours with visits to the Metropolitan theatres, where many novelties have been produced during our absence on a protracted Continental Tour on a bicycle.

With what results? We will borrow a familiar phrase from wine-merchants' circulars—"strongly recommended"—and apply it heartily to *New Men and Old Acres*, now being capitally performed at the Haymarket; and wishing to do you a service, will advise you to commence the winter campaign by going to that theatre to see and enjoy this original and admirable comedy.

Next to the Adelphi, where you will find yourselves *Lost at Sea*, in the midst of the extraordinary excitement and remarkable incidents with which that telling drama abounds. There are improbabilities in it (there are in most plays and most lives), but the probability is that you will forget them in the absorbing interest of *Walter Coram's* story. Prepare for much laughter at *Smyley*, and for a great house-on-fire scene.

A charming young lady requests the pleasure of your company at the Olympic, tastefully transformed into a bright and handsome theatre. She was first introduced, some years ago, by MR. DICKENS, and now wishes to renew her acquaintance with you through MR. HALLDAY. Do not disappoint her, but go and see *Little Em'ly*, and with her other old friends of the names of *Peggotty*, *Copperfield*, and *Micawber*, and that celebrated rascal, *Mr. Uriah Heep*. You will stay some hours with them, for they have a remarkable knack of making themselves agreeable to visitors. "Canterbury Cathedral" and "The Wreck" are two scenes to be seen and talked of, and not readily forgotten. We hope *Little Em'ly* will be long-lived.

At the Globe MR. BYRON rides his own horse, and rides a winning race. He plays with great ability *Sir Simon Simple* (one of the new creation of baronets) in his own most amusing "farceful drama," *Not such a Fool as he Looks*, and a merry time you will have of it in his very good company. As *Mould*, MR. J. CLARKE has a part which he renders so successfully that it would puzzle the most exacting critic to pick a fault in his acting from beginning to end. The drama is preceded by that charming *vijou* piece, *A Household Fairy*, in which there are only two performers—MISS LYDIA FOOTE and MR. H. NEVILLE; but they do their work so well that no one can regret they have the stage entirely to themselves.

Good old wine at the Holborn. MR. BARRY SULLIVAN continues his praiseworthy revivals. *The Gamester*, a tragedy written by EDWARD MOORE more than a hundred years ago, with its "natural and affecting exhibition of domestic misery," affords MR. SULLIVAN and MRS. HERMANN VEZIN an excellent opportunity for the display of much striking acting. The comedy at this house is the famous *Lady of Lyons*, to whom in her new home we wish much prosperity and success. In the entertaining old farce of *The Lottery Ticket* you will relish MR. GEORGE HONEY'S *Wormwood*.

Do you like OFFENBACH'S sprightly music? Do you enjoy a lively ballet? Do you desire to see one of the best of the old comedies by one of the greatest of the old masters?—the play which JOHNSON said "answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry." St. James's will supply all your wants. There an operetta begins the entertainment, and *The Magic Waltz* ends it; and between these two pleasant trifles is served up a prime and substantial joint, GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer*, which you should not fail to attack. MR. LIONEL BROUGH'S *Tony Lumpkin* is remarkably good. The dresses, by MR. MAX, who has done so much for the costume of our stage, and MADAME RIDLER, deserve a special word of praise. The new lessee and manageress, MRS. JOHN WOOD, has been successful in giving

this theatre what it much wanted, a gay and brilliant interior; and MRS. WOOD has done another good thing, which, of itself, entitles her to hearty public support,—she has abolished the fees for booking, bills, and attendance. May her receipts grow greater and greater!

To say that *School* continues to be played at the Prince of Wales's, is to tell you that the Thames keeps on flowing, or that the doors of the Bank of England remain open. If there is a playgoer in good health within a radius of a great many miles from Charing Cross who has not yet attended *School*, let him make the acquaintance of Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, and their first-rate establishment without another night's delay. This recommendation equally applies to *The Turn of the Tide* at the Queen's, which will cease running after the 3rd of December.

An omission has to be made good. Mention ought to have been made before of the lively family party now performing at Drury Lane in the *Belles of the Kitchen*. They sing, they dance, they act, they do everything they have to do in the most diverting fashion, causing us to remember them with pleasure, and to hope that we shall soon see again such clever "Vokes."

TO MY BELOVED VESTA.

Miss, I'm a Pensive Protoplasm,
Born in some pre-historic chasm.
I, and my humble fellow-men
Are hydrogen, and oxygen,
And nitrogen, and carbon too,
And so is JANE, and so are you.
In stagnant water swarm our brothers
And sisters, but we've many others,
Among them animalculæ,
And lizard's eggs—and so, you see,
My darling VESTA, show no pride,
Nor turn coquettish head aside,
Our pedigrees, as thus made out,
Are no great things to boast about.
The only comfort seems to be
In this—philosophers agree
That how a Protoplasm's made
Is mystery outside their trade.
And we are parts, so say the sages,
Of Life come down from Long Past Ages.
So let us haste in Hymen's bands
To join our protoplasmic hands,
And spend our gay organic life
As happy man and happy wife.

ECONOMY WITH ELEGANCE.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE appears to have worked wonders in the way of civilising those whom somebody has called Mussulwomen, by the excellence of her dress. Therefore the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives her just credit in an Occasional Note, remarking that:—

"The doctrine which has so long, so earnestly, yet so ineffectually been preached to women, that they should not care about their dress and outward appearance, has received a severe shock by the influence which the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH is said to have exercised as regards the Turkish women at Constantinople."

The EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH deserves to be extolled for dressing as splendidly as her Imperial resources will enable her. In so doing, she sets an admirable example. By all means let the women of England copy it studiously. Then they will dress, not exactly as she dresses in her circumstances, but as she would dress if she were in theirs. They will not carry their imitation of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH so far as to incur bills which no man but one as rich as an emperor need be can stand.

The Great French Mill.

(From our Own Reporter.)

Round the First. After some antics, à la ROCHEFORT, which we think had better have been omitted, as contemptible, Liberty led off with the Left, planting a regular facer, and—— [Telegram broken off.

Unheard-of Brilliants.

We read that the bridesmaids of one of the two fair and noble young ladies married the other day in Westminster Abbey wore "gold lockets set with pink and coral diamonds." This is something quite new in jewellery. The South Kensington Museum would do well to procure a specimen for public inspection.



"LIEBFRAUMILCH!"

Gent. (in the "chair"). "WHAT WINE HAVE YOU THERE?"

Ancient Waiter. "IT'S—AH—WELL, THERE, SIR—YOU CAN READ IT FOR YOURSELF. BUT—WHICH, SIR, WE WARRANT IT'S HIS OWN GROWTH!"

A JOLLY GROWL.

DEAR PUNCH,

YOUR daily contemporaries complain frequently of pressure on their space, and regret being obliged to omit news of interest. I venture to point out how a lot of waste paper may be reclaimed, and interesting features be added, just as my friend the Duke of Suez has done outside that Egyptian Lake, where he has made a site for Port Said.

Let your contemporaries throw overboard that column or column and a half of vulgar and obtrusive Theatrical advertisements, which are perfectly offensive with their superlatives, repetitions, puffs, and touting style.

Retain, of course, the sensible and business-like list of entertainments; that is part of the news of the day. It was enough for our parents and grandparents, when there were plays and actors. It is enough for the French, yet theatricals with them are an important part of the business of life.

The touting trash forces itself on you at the moment when it is most detestable. You come down in a calm frame of mind to address yourself to the important questions of the day, and the first thing that strikes your eye is a large announcement that SNOOKS is nightly encoored in the "great" song of "Darn yer own old Socks."

If the journals will not leave out this stuff, at least let them relegate it to supplements or back sheets. The sort who like it will hunt for it, and their time is not valuable.

Your obedient Servant.

Bea's Den, Zoological Gardens.

ANTI-TOUTER.

Frustrate their Knavish Tricks.

Now the Isthmus of Suez Canal is open, let us hope it will shorten our way to India. Let us also hope that, designing interference therewith, none of your foreigners will be at any of their Isthmian Games.

BUMBLE BEWAILLETH THE EVIL OF THE TIMES.

HERE'S good-bye to Local Self-Guy'ment—
We may all on us strike our docketts,
Now the paupers' lives is considered
Afore the rate-payers' pockets.

Over decent respectable tradesmen,
Druv' mad, you'll soon have to pop keepers,
Now that twopenny-halfpenny doctors
Is believed agin' well-to-do shop-keepers!

Then there's Coroners' fees to swamp us—
Wich they're wampires, the whole kit on 'em,
Now paupers can't die and be done with,
But Juries must come and sit on 'em!

Wich, our national ruination
All I see and 'ear foretells—
Now paupers wants ventilation,
And complains of nasty smells!

The order of natur's reversed . . .
Here's the Twists a-bullyin' the Bumbles!
At two in a bed they kicks,
And at three they act'ally grumbles!

And when we goes to GOSCHEN—
Which that Board to the country's a cuss—
And asks him to sack that Doctor,
He hints as he'll sack us.

I *did* think I knew a thing or two,
But it all a muddle and maze is:
And the only pint I'm clear about,
Is that Hengland's a-goin' to blazes.

And Centralisation's our GUY FAWKES—
The wust bitters *that* fills my cup with—
And our own wested rights is the powder
She's a-going to blow us hup with.

DEBRETT IN BRIEF.

TEN little noblemen with coronets so fine,
One is GLYN, the banker—no matter t'other nine.

WAS HE A CONSERVATIVE OR A LIBERAL?

MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE ceased to lead the useless life of my sex. I have laid aside the needle and the crochet-hook for ever, escaped from Berlin wool to German neology, closed the frivolous piano, forsaken the humiliating kitchen, exchanged fiction for physiography, and am altogether indifferent as to the winter fashions.

I am working at the classics, medicine, gymnastics, the physical sciences, psychology, MR. MILL's logic, but, above all, I consume the midnight paraffin over politics. An announcement, therefore, that a Fellow of Balliol "has undertaken to edit the *Politics* of ARISTOTLE for the Clarendon Press series" rouses my curiosity, (the only feminine weakness I retain,) and induces me to ask you what ARISTOTLE's politics were, as I have, for the first time this November, taken part in the election of Town-councillors for my native borough, Oldford, and hope, before many years are over, to march with my enfranchised sisters to the poll, and participate in the choice of its Parliamentary Representatives.

SARAH GERMANICA JUDSMITH.

Impromptu, by Dr. Pusey.

(On reading in LONGMAN's advertisement the title of a reprint "On the Functions of Laymen in Synod," by the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.)

"ON the Functions of Laymen in Synod,"—
Let GLADSTONE leave that to the cloth.
In Synods and Studios lay-men
Should be the same thing—dummies both.

AN UGLY WORD MADE BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.

"Canaille." EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, VICEROY OF EGYPT, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, Kings, Princes, Potentates, Ambassadors, Correspondents—all who went to Ismailia.



DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT; OR, MATRIMONY AND FOX-HUNTING.

(SURIMMAGE HAS MARRIED SINCE LAST SEASON, AND HIS WIFE ACCOMPANIES HIM TO THE MEET.)

S. (who never intended this sort of thing). "DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO BACK WITH WILLIAM NOW, DEAR?"

Mrs. S. "O NO, I AM NOT HALF TIRED YET; AND YOU CAN OPEN ALL THE GATES FOR ME, YOU KNOW!"

A RE-INCARNATION OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN.

THE Pythagorean doctrine of the pre-existence of souls evidently suggested the leading thought in WORDSWORTH'S "Intimations of Immortality." Thus sang another and an elder poet in the character of the Samian psychologist himself:—

"Ipse ego (nam meminì) Trojani tempore belli,
PANTHOIDES EUPHORBUS eram."

When MR. AYRTON said he was no Edile, he spoke the truth indeed, but intuition enables anybody endowed with it to discern that, in speaking that truth, he left a somewhat unexpressed. This was not an *arrière pensée*; on the contrary, MR. AYRTON probably has no suspicion of the impulse that induced him to declare he was not an Edile. Intuition, however, sees what it was; namely, the trace of an originally pre-natal reminiscence which made him, he knew not why, think of Ancient Rome. The fact is, that the Member for the Tower Hamlets and Chief Commissioner of Public Works, might have been an Edile in Ancient Rome; but he was not. The following passage in an account of him occurs in our old friend LEMPRIÈRE'S *Classical Dictionary*:—

"He was so unacquainted with the value of the paintings and works of the most celebrated artists of Greece, which were found in the plunder of Corinth, that he said to those who conveyed them to Rome, that if they lost them or injured them, they should make others in their stead."

The hero of the foregoing scrap of biography was not, at the time referred to, or any other, an Edile; no, but he was a Consul. He was not, in his life, at that time, named AYRTON, of course, nor even AYRTONTUS, or, more properly, AIRTONIUS, because, as Latin letters, K. Y. Z. occur only in words originally Greek, and ACHAICUS was so named, in fact, from the victories which he gained over the Greeks. In short, intuition, excited by a recent speech on the Tower Hamlets Hustings, assures us that MR. AYRTON was, somewhere about B.C. 147, MUMMIUS ACHAICUS. He appears to have been a very honest public servant then, as no doubt he is now, though not qualified to be

an Edile, or fit to preside over Public Works. Being, as he says, no artist or sculptor, but having a scrupulous regard for the property of the Public, MR. AYRTON is just the man who, if he had the control of subordinates charged with the conveyance of pictures or statues, would threaten them that, if those objects came to grief by their carelessness, he would oblige them to make or put others in their place. AYRTON is not, indeed, an artist nor a sculptor, nor even a market-gardener; but we will be bound to say that we believe he would insist on having the national statues, the national pictures, and the national cabbages (if there are any) taken the same care of as goods are in a warehouse. We will say that for our MUMMIUS.

A WORD FOR ARCHITECTS.

THE Viaduct is pronounced to be safe, in spite of the cracks in the columns. But the apology which one scientific man kindly makes for MR. HAYWOOD can scarcely delight that gentleman. He is an architect and not an engineer, and therefore did not know what happens to metal by reason of atmospheric changes. *Mr. Punch* rather thinks that architects in general will receive this excuse with an indignant scoff. He remembers that a precious many years ago every real architect had a book full of pictures of balls of iron, and arches of iron, and brackets of iron (was it by *Billy Barlow*?), and that some dashing architect early in the century got *kudos* for tying up a building with metal rods, with great nuts at the end, and heating all these nuts with lamps, so that the nuts, screwed close, growing cold, exercised a tremendous pressure, and held up the walls. To say that in 1869 an architect does not understand building with metal, implies presence of another metal of the Ahenean kind.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

DR. HOGG Inspecting the Sick-wards of St. Pancras.

AN INTOXICATED FRAGMENT.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

I SAY! Did you notice what MR. STANSFELD, the Finance Secretary, said at Bristol?

He, a Minister, dear boy, stated officially that it was the intention of MR. GLADSTONE's Government "at the earliest possible period, to deal in a bold and comprehensive manner with the Licensing system, in order to check and diminish the facilities and the temptations to Drink."

There was, Sir, a great philanthropist at Bristol, called COLSTON, and in honour of him, all Bristol dines on "Colston's day." I don't mean that it eats Colston's day, but that's the date. The Liberals have the "Anchor" dinner, the Tories the "Dolphin," and

"the good kind souls
Who dare tell neither truth nor lies"

eat their mild repast, and call themselves the "Grateful." MR. STANSFELD dined with the Anchorites, and Anchorites it would seem that we are all to be made. I shall turn Tory, and drink like a fish with the Dolphin. But he's to be a dying dolphin, I suppose.

"But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And fleeting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What colours—"

Pardon me, Sir, dear boy. I wander a little. I have drunk, but I am reasonably sober. Only emphatic and affectionate, dear clever boy. But inexpressibly shocked. That last quotation was FALCONER. He was drowned. I wish everybody was drowned that interferes with my liquor. Drowned in a butt of Lord Malmesbury—no—I wander again. Lord M. is too polite a man to make a butt of anybody. Drowned in the Red Sea, where the Suez Canal is, likewise PHARAOH. My dear Punch, I've the greatest respect and esteem for you, old fellow, but tell me with tears in your eyes—no, my eyes—tell me with tears in my eyes, what's MR. GLADSTONE going to do? How's he going to check my faculties—did I write faculties? I mean facilities.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

That's to be the rule, is it? It's nonsense. It can't be. How can eyes drink? They can pour out water—specially if onions are about—but it's folly to say that eyes can drink. They can't drink. BEN JONSON was an ass, he wrote the devil was an ass, but he was a bigger to talk of eyes drinking. Do I express myself with fatuity, facility, felicity?

My dear Punch, I've the greatest respect and esteem for you, old fellow, but something must be done. Drink must not be cut off. He may cut off what else he likes. Cut off MR. AYRTON's head, only, ha! ha! ha! dear clever boy, he must find it first. Cut off the corners of the sovereigns, to please MR. LOWE. Cut off the pheasants and partridges, I don't shoot, and I hate game. But liquor—

"The liquor that I love
And keep it safe and sound—"

No, my dear Punch. I respectfully decline having my bold and comprehensive checks and facilities cut off and diminished. Call himself an Anchor! He's not an anker of brandy. He's a foul anchor. He's a Bristol diamond and no better. Finance—

Fine Nantz—
There's a joke.
It's nothing to joke about
Greatest respect and esteem
Dear clever boy. Greatest respect
STANSFELD? No. He's not clever
To cut off my faculties—check—check—
* * * *

T'other Way.

THE St. Pancras Guardians *naïvely* give, as a reason for asking the Poor-Law Board to allow them to dismiss their medical officer, DR. ELLIS, that "it is not possible for them to work in harmony with him, or to believe him, even if he should speak the truth, or act in good faith."

Most people will think this is a better reason for dismissing the Guardians than for discharging their Medical Officer.

Dupanloup.

(Joke by a Gentleman who has very lately learned French.)

THE learned BISHOP OF ORLEANS has signified that he does not approve of the Ecumenical Council's declaring the Infallibility. The POPE will think another of his sheep turned into a *loup*, but MONSIGNOR will not be *Loupandupe*.

"BOGIE CARRIAGES."

WE see that bogie carriages are recommended for our railways. What they are we have not the ghost of an idea; but we think we can imagine the terror of a child, on being threatened with a journey in a bogie carriage! Even to us children of a larger growth a title such as this is hardly an attractive one. There is something weird and ominous in the notion of a night spent in a bogie carriage. Accidents on railways are tolerably frequent, and who knows what might happen in so ghastly a conveyance? If these carriages be adopted, we should really recommend that another name be found for them, lest the nerves of timid people be shattered in advance, and the railways lose thereby a large proportion of their passengers. The idea of fogey carriages seems terrible enough,—that is, carriages reserved exclusively for fogies. But to weak and nervous persons a fogey carriage would not seem so frightful as a bogie one. For instance, they whose nerves are at the mercy of the Spiritualists would scarcely dare to travel in a bogie carriage. Who knows but, if such formidable titles be adopted, we may shortly hear of somebody inventing a ghost cab or a goblin omnibus?

THE CLERICAL SWALLOW.

SEE TEMPLE of Exeter Bishop elected,
This is as it should be, and as was expected.
The Parsons, against him who raised a halloo,
Still Parsons remain—we expected that too.
Those Parsons had put up with HAMPDEN before;
Had put up with GORHAM: will put up with more.
Suppose they saw, named to the first vacant See,
COLENSO, how wroth would they, high and low, be!
But would they, on seeing the *congé d'élire*
Accepted, resign their preferments? No fear
That they'd do that rather than stand, for a pal,
A Bishop, translated, forthwith, from Natal.
The heretic, some of them gladly would burn,
They'd all swallow, rather than cut the concern.
Them steadfast wherein to remain it behoves,
That they too may swallow the fishes and loaves.

DIBDIN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MR. PUNCH has seldom more enjoyed an afternoon than one he spent the other day, in hearing dear old Dibdin, at the Sydenham Shilling Opera. Those merry tuneful little trifles, "The Quaker" and "The Waterman" were given with a mirthfulness that added to their merriment, and a carefulness in singing that added to their tunefulness. What a charm of freshness there is in this old music! How sweet are simple ballads like "Farewell, my trim-built Wherry!" to ears that have been sickened by a dose of "Champagne Charley," and such music-hall vulgarities! There is a manly, hearty tone in DIBDIN's verse and music that makes one proud of living in the land which was his birth-place, and inspired his noble strains. One feels one's blood is British when warmed by DIBDIN's fire, and one pities the poor snobling who prefers a nigger breakdown to such brave old English songs.

ALLITERATION WITH AYRTON.

A STANDS for Architect, Artist, and Ass.
A stands for AYRTON. A stands for Alas!
He boasts he's no Artist, an Architect not.
Then Alliteration makes AYRTON out—What?
An Edile he said he was glad he was none.
Then why was he raised to the office of one?
O GLADSTONE, your reason! Speak, PREMIER, and say
An Edile what moved you to make such an A?

Lords and Ladies of the Lake.

In an otherwise delightful letter from Naples we read—

"Such are the antecedents of the illustrious House of Savoy, which, emerging from the Lake of Geneva, has acquired possession of and given a King to Italy."

This, then, is the family of the WATER-KING, of whom we read with a shudder in the "Tales of Terror." Are the princesses of the House Mermaids? No wonder Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps.

THE NEW CUT.—The Suez Canal.

AN ALIAS FOR "BANDS OF HOPE."—Water-Babies.



CHRONOLOGY.

'Bus-Driver. "THEY TELL ME THERE 'VE BEEN SOME COINS FOUND IN THESE 'ERE 'EXKY-VATIONS' THAT 'A BEEN BURIED THERE A MATTER O' FOUR OR FIVE 'UNDRED YEAR!!"

Passenger Friend. "OH, THAT 'S NOTHIN'! WHY, THERE 'S SOME IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM—AH—MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD!!"

'Bus-Driver (after a pause). "COME, GEORGE, THAT WON'T DO, YER KNOW! 'CAUSE WE 'RE ONLY IN EIGHT'N 'UNDRED AN' SIXTY-NINE NOW!!!"

SONG OF THE FENIAN SCRIBE.

A WRITER I am, of the Fenian Press;
In an Irish Republic belief I profess:
With my rant of High Treason, and readers so green.
With pride 'tis I practice my lucrative art
For bread, boys; for beef, for champagne, boys, and claret.
The serf with his praties contented may be:
But the fat of the land will alone do for me.
With, &c.

Defiance to England I, dauntless, proclaim;
Rebellion with no great desire to inflame,
With, &c.

My customers may, or mayn't choose to rebel;
My object is purely my paper to sell.
The devil may care, if I can but do that,
What effect I produce on excitable Pat,
With, &c.

Who fears to write fustian so long as it pays?
I won't, barrin' for murder, get hanged in these days,
With, &c.

In the Pillory's time ears were cropped, noses slit;
That's all over, thinks I, at my desk when I sit.
There's no more any chance of the cart's tail and cat,
Therefore no reason why I should mind what I'm at.
With, &c.

My career I defy the base Saxon to check,
Though into a noose I'll get Paddy's nate neck.
With, &c.

Old JOHNSON said what a poor blackguard might sting;
But I laugh, in my purse whilst my profits I ring:
That "Patriotism," for professional line,
"Is a scoundrel's last refuge." Bedad, it is mine!
With, &c.

"ROLLING STOCK."—Cattle on Railways.

NOTE AND QUERY.

(With Answer.)

DUNROBIN CASTLE. A discussion is being carried on in *Notes and Queries*, and the Scottish papers, as to the derivation of the name of this famous castle. If *Punch* had been applied to, he would have settled the point at once. *ÆNEAS*, fourth Earl of Sutherland (A.D. 1473), was married to *HELENA ROBINA JESSIE* (second daughter of the Master of Stair), a beautiful lady; but like some beautiful ladies of the present age, immoderately fond of dress. She spent, daily, many hours at her toilette, to the annoyance of her Lord, who, when he wanted her to go out with him, would stand at the foot of the turret stairs, and call, "In the muckle deil's name, woman, wull ye ne'er ha' done robing?" that is, "Will you never be dressed?" The cry was so often repeated that it became a household, or rather a stronghold word, and so got fixed as a name to the castle.

Horrid Abuse of Handel.

To commemorate the execution of the traitors, LARKIN, ALLEN, and O'BRIEN, hanged at Manchester for the murder of brave Policeman BRETT, a gang of Fenians, 4,000 strong, marched through Cork the other night, led by a band playing the "*Dead March in Saul*." How this would have disgusted *HANDEL*! If that great master could have foreseen those fellows' seditious demonstration, he might, however, have adapted a March to it, namely, not the "*Dead March in Saul*," but the *Rogue's March* in custody.

INDY-PENDANTS.—A Rajah's Ear-Rings.

GUARDIANS AND GUINEA-PIGS.

THE subjoined newspaper paragraph will naturally excite the indignant alarm of many Vestrymen and Guardians:—

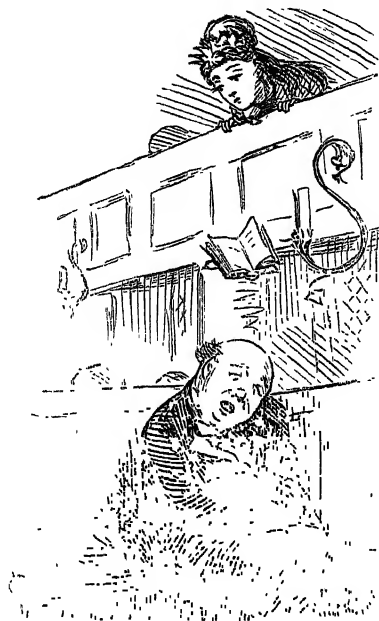
"VERDICT OF MANSLAUGHTER AGAINST A RELIEVING OFFICER.—At an inquest held at Bradford, on Saturday, into the cause of death of a mason's labourer, named M'MENNA, a verdict of manslaughter was returned against WILLIAM BURNISTON, one of the relieving officers, who had neglected to give relief to the deceased when in a state of destitution, and whose death had in consequence been accelerated. BURNISTON was committed for trial, and admitted to bail."

Really this verdict is extremely unparochial—as unparochial as it is unprecedented. But the fear which parochial officers, with any sense of their situation, must feel, is, that it will constitute a precedent. If, taking it as an example, coroner's juries get into the way of imputing manslaughter to relieving officers whose omission to afford due relief has helped to slay paupers, they will soon go on to subject those servants' masters, whose failure of making sufficient eleemosynary or other necessary arrangements, for which they were responsible, has had the same effect, to indictment on the same charge. A perilous prospect, my masters.

Grave apprehension must also be excited in the minds of Railway Directors by a verdict of manslaughter, for neglect of duty conducing to fatal consequences, returned against a functionary so respectable as a Relieving Officer. They have serious reason to dread that some coroner's juries will, in cases of loss of life by collisions of trains and other fatal accidents occurring on Railways, begin to charge liability for criminal negligence not only on careless or forgetful pointsmen, stokers, or engineers, but also on their superiors, who ought to have taken precautions for want of which people got killed. In many cases, indeed, those juries will perhaps find verdicts of manslaughter not against a Railway Company's stupid or sleepy inferior servants, but against the gentlemen responsible for hiring such servants at wages insufficient to procure competent ones, or for employing so few as to render them unfitted for the discharge of their duties by overwork and fatigue.

GOOD ROUND GAME.—A Plump Partridge.

CANDLEMAS IN NOVEMBER.



IRS.—Candlemas, like Christmas, comes but once a year to the genuine devotees of the Mass and Candles. Their Candlemas occurs on the second of February, but their mimics, some of them, held a Candlemas, or something like one, at St. Alban's, Holborn, the other night, the 24th instant. Some five hundred candles were consecrated by a parson and placed in the hands of so many people, who stood holding them, meanwhile being addressed by PARSON O'NEILL. MR. O'NEILL is reported to have recommended his hearers to take the portion of their candles not consumed home, "so that any person might burn the remainder of it at the time of his death." The hierophant of this Candlemas celebration further informed his hearers that:—

"This candle would be a happy reminiscence of the day, and would guide them through

the valley of death, which was a dark journey."

Surely this statement is based on a gross mistake about the candle's end and the saveall.

The five hundred candle-bearers at the St. Alban's Candlemas were so many "penitents." Perhaps they included not a few fraudulent small tradesmen. To some of these, namely the grocers and oilmen, the candles which they carried may have suggested compunction; that is to say in case those candles, supplied as wax, were evidently to experienced eyes, only sperm, or even mere composite or paraffin. Thus, they possibly served to kindle some shame and contributed to illuminate a particle of moral sense; but so much for the progress of enlightenment as promoted by Ritualism!

The candle-consecrating clergy of the Ritualist denomination have taken upon themselves to publish a manual of directions for the practice of Confession, whereunto arrangements are now established at various Anglican Churches for inveigling people, thereon offered absolution. Persons who want that, and don't want common reasoning faculties, and common information, know where to go for it. They will resort to the original Italian warehouse for that article as well as for candles. In the meanwhile, where is the BISHOP OF LONDON? Has he, or has he not, power over the licence of the Manager of St. Alban's Theatre Ecclesiastical, Holborn?

NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE following is an extract from a City article:—

"The *Wall Street Journal* says MR. DRAKE, who put down the first Petroleum Oil Well in America, and who at one time was worth £200,000, recently died in the poor-house. The first derrick and engine still stand over the well, and are carefully preserved. 'A monument is to be erected to his memory, which will contain a room, in which the engine is to be placed.'"

Would it not have been better, if the money which the monument will cost had been spent in saving MR. DRAKE from the poor-house? Perhaps if as much care had been bestowed on him as on the derrick and engine, he might have been still alive. They seem, if this statement is accurate, to do in America what has before now been done in England—neglect men in their lifetime to raise monuments to them when dead.

Ffoulkes Finding it Out.

THE Roman Index FFOULKES's tract has banned;
For what untruth, poor FFOULKES, dost thou demand?
Truth is, repugnant if to Rome it be,
The greater truth, the greater heresy.

WILL ANY LADY SAY?

WE read of a "Musical Gymnasium for Ladies," and we wonder how they manage about the dumb-bells.

A LADY'S PROTEST.

MRS. THEODORE MARTIN—held in honour, also, as MISS HELEN FAUCET—has been written about, pseudo-biographical fashion, in some Scotch papers, and in her turn writes as follows:—

"In 1828, when you tell the public I was acting *Letitia Hardy* and *Ophelia*, I was a child struggling with Mrs. Marcet's *Histories* and Cramer's *Lessons*. I may have heard of poor *Ophelia* even then, but to the other lady I was, and am still, an utter stranger. As I knew nothing of '*Men of the Time*,' the book quoted as your authority, it was not possible for me, even had I felt inclined, to correct its statements; neither were my friends likely to do so for me, as I believe they have as little sympathy as myself with the morbid curiosity which in these days seeks to know everything about everybody. I have often been applied to furnish materials for a life of myself, and have invariably refused to do so, on the broad principle that the life and works of an artist are before the world to speak for themselves, but that as a woman I claim the privileges of a private person."

Dear MRS. MARTIN, this might have been all very well fifty years ago, but it will not do now. The one rule regarding everybody whose public career has an interest for anybody, is laid down by the Laureate—

"'Tis fit
The Many-Headed Beast know All."

We in England may not carry out the law so boldly as it is carried out in America. We do not yet "interview" a stranger on his arrival at the terminus, and, note-book in hand, demand how many sandwiches he has eaten during his journey, and what is his opinion of the liquor supplied at the refreshment-stall. But we are getting on. A celebrity must soon expect to be asked to search among his papers for his school-bills, be examined as to how he behaved when first taken to the dentist's; whether he used to go to church as a boy, and how he behaved there; whether he fell in love with any of his cousins, and which, and what was the colour of her hair and eyes, and whom she married, and whether she lives happily with her husband, and if not, why not; whether his parents left him money, and how much, and what he has done with it, and how much he has got now, and where it is invested, and whether he is bothered by poor relations; whether he likes his wife—with particulars of their first meeting, and whether her friends did not think him rather below her; whether he had not many struggles in early life, and whether all the bills he then incurred have been paid; whether he did not in other days know persons whom he now considered it undesirable to know, and who they are, and why he has ceased to associate with them; whether he is a believer in the Darwinian theory, and how he spends his Sunday mornings; and whether he wears braces or a belt. Is it not clear that if the Many Headed Beast condescends to notice him at all, it has a right to know all these things, and more? And if it be true of a man, dear Mrs. MARTIN, how much more true of a woman, seeing that her history must be so much more interesting than his. *Odi profanum et arreo*—we daresay you know what that means, but if you doubt you have the very best information close at hand—must give place to the rule MR. TENNYSON has so incisively worded, and there is no appeal. Your protest is admirable, but we live in an enlightened age.

King Log Abdicates.

RATHER a good omen—for honest men—in the name of the real new Member for Tipperary, who will take his seat as matter of course, Parliament not being open to felons. His name is HERON—and a heron is a relation of STORK, REX, who will probably have to examine sundry Irish pools of croaking vermin.

APROPOS OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

(By the Ghost of PALMERSTON.)

IF the Shareholders never see the distribution of a dividend, the Canal may still lead to a considerable division of sovereigns.

Humbug against Hyacinths.

THE *Church News*, organ of theological mock-furtle, censures FATHER HYACINTHUS for showing a tendency to throw himself into the world, and into the "worst of all worlds—the Protestant religious world." We hope our counterfeit contemporary may never experience a worse world than that.

1793 OVER AGAIN.

No wonder ROCHEFORT's election is cited by alarmists as a Revolutionary symptom. It is clearly a case of hoisting a Representative "à la Lanterne!"

THE JUGGLER VAIN.—A Conceited Conjuror.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF ETIQUETTE.

The Afternoon.—A pleasant languor comes over one after luncheon; a kind of semi-somnolent state of happiness, a general desire to do everybody a good turn, and a repugnance to actual labour or extensive exertion. Now you should make what play you can with the fair members of the family, or the visitors of the softer sex. If you can get one or two to hear you read TENNYSON so much the better—select the sleeper and more *dolce fur niente* passages of "*The Lotos Eaters*," and so on; don't try "*Locksley Hall*," it's played out. By the way, TUPPER is not to be despised, if you can throw your whole soul into the proverbs; but if it's a warm afternoon don't tax too heavily the female intellect, and if the Sun is powerful, mind and avoid BROWNING. Should there be a lake and a boat avail yourself of the latter, and remember to "Paddle your own Canoe," floating about *ad libitum* (or paddle ibitum) and not rowing violently, for a true *beau* should never be a fast sculler.

Botanising is not a bad way of getting over the afternoon, and if you can get your basket well fern-ished so much the better; and it is a well-known fact that the rarest specimens grow in the least frequented spots, so you and your blooming companion can—but the hint is sufficient. Archery is not by any means a dull amusement, but you must not shoot a "wide," but shoot an arrow, and if you only "make your mark" it may be said you do right, though this sounds like e-quiver-cation. If you play Croquet avoid being pitted against parsons. There seems to be something in the clerical nature that peculiarly fits country curates for this game. It must be pleasant for them, combining as it does some of the attractions of cricket with much of the allurements of the more reprehensible billiards. It is quite "going it" for these smiling young pastors, and they know all the rules of the game, and often emerge with distinction from their obs-curate-y. Do not fall a victim to the bewildering boots and distracting ankles this game is calculated to display, if you once succumb to the fascinations of "the female foot divine" it's all over with you, so be on your guard—for a Frenchman at the *savate* need not be more afraid of his rival's pedal extremity than should the incautious croquet-player be of his fair opponent's tootsicums.

How to Behave at Dinner.—Commence by complimenting the lady on your arm, because you should say something to make her think much of herself at the very time you are "taking her down." Don't commence to be too brilliant all at once (you will find it easy to follow this injunction), sarcasm goes badly with soup, and there is a prevalent frigidity for the first few moments of the banquet, which it is unwise to rudely disturb. With the fish may come your first flash of fun—delicate, refined, hinted rather than blurted out, put forth in fact as a feeler, an experiment to try the nature of your neighbour. Should she be alive to humour, you will really pass an hour or so's genuine enjoyment. But should she receive your small witticism with a withering frown, or a supercilious half smile half sneer, then you must summon all the Mark Tapleyism in your constitution, and yield yourself blandly to the infliction of silence, or resolve to make her pleasant and responsive despite herself. This requires great delicacy, tact and courage. Several learned writers on the subject have put forth directions more or less elaborate and impracticable. *Punch's* infallible specific for such a case is this—see that her glass is kept pretty full—this as the advertisements have it, is "never known to fail." Never tell long stories at dinner, dining-rooms are never so pleasant with long winders. If politics are mentioned, behave like the patent pill, and "agree with everybody." Don't argue with any one—reserve your strong opinions for your club smoking-room; what is the object of combating your fair neighbours' sentiments concerning the tenets of the REV. SO-AND-SO, or the register of MADAME SOMEBODY's voice? You won't convince her, she won't convince you; so do as the Cockney does with the letter H—drop it.

The Evening.—Continue to keep lively—if an impromptu dance is got up, get up yourself and join it; if you have a voice sing your best, that is, your shortest ballads; don't hold off if asked to sing, or hold on when you do; but join in the general harmony of the evening, so shall you revel in pleasant dreams, so shall the "evening's amusement bear the morning's reflection," for your looking-glass will show you a guileless and genial countenance smiling under the security that your tongue has said nothing unpleasantly sarcastic, your eyes not looked daggers, and your ears been compelled to listen to no scandals or squabbling. Example is better than precept, one jolly fellow makes others so, laughter is infectious, good humour is as catching as an epidemic, and pleasant manners are the first principles of etiquette.

A Dubious Expression.

THE new issue of Peers now takes rank in conversation, but only for a short time. Society will soon vote this a barren topic. Besides is it right, is it seemly, to circulate the damaging statement, that wealthy bankers, men of the highest credit, and large landed proprietors, gentlemen of the greatest importance in their respective counties, are "elevated"?

LUMBRICUS CÆSARIEI.

It is pleasing to contemplate the results of the familiar intercourse which the increased facilities of modern travelling have wrought amongst ourselves and our neighbours on the other side of the Channel. Mutual prejudices softened or abolished, mutual adoption of manners and customs, are the most interesting of these. The French have now their races, their cricket, their sport, once the solely insular peculiarities of exclusive England. JOHN BULL, while sending JACQUES BONHOMME the bitter ale of Burton, takes in return the light wines of Bordeaux; and there is a good deal of reciprocity in connection with the French Treaty, for all the outcry at Birmingham, and in France at the same time. One remarkable change which a larger international communication has produced among Frenchmen is an abatement of a certain cynical and suspicious scepticism, which has heretofore constituted an unlovely element in their national character, and an incipient growth of that generous confidence in simple downright assertion, of which, amongst ourselves, the existence is attested by the commercial announcements which appear in every newspaper, and, with the additional embellishments of colour and illustration, on every available wall or hoarding, and are posted at every station, and in almost every carriage, on every line of railway throughout the kingdom. PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, if he reads the *Post*, will have been very much gratified with the evidence of that happy change afforded by the subjoined advertisement, which forms the subject of too censorious comment in that journal's Paris correspondence. This notification, however, should it meet the eyes, will commend itself more particularly to the feelings, of ROSSETTER, MR. ALLEN, and other advertising benefactors of their species, who offer the results of chemical and physiological research in the shape of various discoveries, formed into cosmetics for the renovation or reparation of the head's lost or faded covering:—

"I offer 30,000 fr. to whoever will prove that the Eau de Lob does not make the hair grow and thicken on the heads of bald and elderly persons. As the treatment is under penalty, payment is only claimed after a successful result has been obtained. A flask of 5 fr. or 10 fr. suffices to regenerate a new head of hair, and prevent hair from falling off. During the thirty years that this water has been known, millions of heads have already felt its marvellous effects."

"Spirit of Earthworm" was formerly an article of pharmacy; and a paper lately contained an ancient Latin poem enumerating those *Annelida* among the various things yielding material applicable to the purpose of darkening the hair. Very likely, then, it is quite true that the hair can really be thickened or reproduced, as well as darkened, by due perseverance in the Eau de Lob.

CISALPINE SERPENTS.

M. LOUIS VEUILLOT, chief Editor of the *Univers* that was, and of the present *Monde*, lately published a book abusing objects of his theological hatred under the name of *Couleurs*. He has just been honoured by MGR. DUPANLOUP with a long letter, headed "A Warning," wherein the BISHOP OF ORLEANS strongly censures his conduct in religious controversies, and accuses him of agitating and disturbing the minds of the Faithful. Does M. VEUILLOT consider MGR. DUPANLOUP a *couleur*? Very likely. MGR. DUPANLOUP has issued a Pastoral objecting to the definition of Papal infallibility. MGR. MARÉCHAL, Roman Catholic bishop, has protested against it also. So has DR. DÖLLINGER, with a number of learned German ecclesiastics. All of these are probably *couleurs* in the estimation of M. VEUILLOT. And certainly the POPE, in convoking an Ecumenical Council to pronounce himself infallible, has managed, as the Yankees say, to wake snakes.

Another Abyssinian Grievance.

A WITTY Judge, hearing a Barrister pronounce a short Latin syllable long, (some of 'em will) said, "We are busy just now, MR. JONES, don't make things longer than necessary." One would not—But you are all to say Magdála, and not Mágdala, do you know that? The last straw—we bore the bill, but this new weight is really oppressive.

FENUM HABET IN CORNU.

HAYMAN has been chosen Master of Rugby. Let us hope HAYMAN may not prove a man of straw. But HAYMAN and Ritualism do not seem particularly promising "notes" of a successor to ARNOLD, TAIT, and TEMPLE.

CIVIC WIT.

A CITY friend of ours, who takes considerable interest in the fattening of his fowls, alleges, as a reason, that he is an advocate for widening the Poultry.



THE LONG-CHERISHED DESIRE OF A LIFETIME!

Young Enthusiast. "WHAT! COOK GOING TO LEAVE! O MAMMA, MAMMA!! THEN, AT LAST, PERHAPS, I SHALL BE ALLOWED TO CLEAN THE FRONT DOOR-STEP!!!"

THE IRISH TREASON SHOP.

HERE's your Thrayson for the sayson! Here's Sedition and Division!
 Here's Rebellion by the penn'orth, Revolution by the yard!
 Here's the manner of conspirin', wid vitriol and Greek firin',
 Here's Arson and Divarsion, that defies police and guard.
 Here's iligant landlord tumblin', widout potterin' and fumblin',
 Wid a Ribbon lodge to do the dodge, and find the gun and man,
 You goes out clane and cliver, and settles scores for iver,
 And it's all betuxt your slugs and you, and sell the pass who can!

Here's the liveliest of 'ruotion! Here's all manner of destruction!
 Here's the downfall of the Saxon, and the wearin' of the Green!
 Here's a bad end to black Prodestans, and blessed introduction
 Of the finest iddication from Rome you ever seen.
 Here's distribution of farms by the rule of force and arms,
 And a short rope for the agents, and an end to layse and rint,
 And the right to choose a spot where every man may squat,
 And ache man's right to shoot anny other man that's in't!

When GLADSTONE floored the Church, did he fancy we'd go search
 For any other rayson than the fear what PAT might do?
 Talk of Justice and of Right! Bother, boys—sure it was fright,
 Blue funk, and divil an other, Disestablishment druv through.
 Then if Landlords you'd put down, and make the Land your own,
 But pitch your bluster hot and sthrong, make your thrayson black
 enough:

Here's the Law has gone to sleep, and the Peelers daren't peep,
 And SPENCER is a naygur, and GLADSTONE is a muff.

Great Feat.

LORD MAYO seems not only to be showing himself a good Governor-General of India; but also to be the possessor of wonderful fleetness and agility, if the statement is correct that his Lordship "ran up the Delhi Railway."

FREEDOM IN SCOTLAND.

THE Minister of the Free Kirk, Inverness, is a divine of great intellect and eloquence—the Reverend DONALD FRASER. We should say, from his name, that he is a Scot. He is wanted in London, and has been invited to take the Free Kirk in Marylebone. The Inverness Presbytery has been debating whether he ought to come to us, or not. As regards MR. FRASER himself, his feelings bid him stay, his judgment bids him go. Presbytery decided that he should remain, but there is appeal against this sentence. It is to one speech only in the debate that we desire to call attention. MR. GAVIN TAIT, arguing against the removal, said that it had been urged that the call was to labour in London. "But Marylebone was not London, and Scotland had the same population as London, or a little more, so MR. FRASER ought to remain and labour in Scotland." Inverness, we submit, is not Scotland, but let that pass. MR. TAIT reminds us of a Yankee hymn:—

"London it is very big:
 America is bigger."

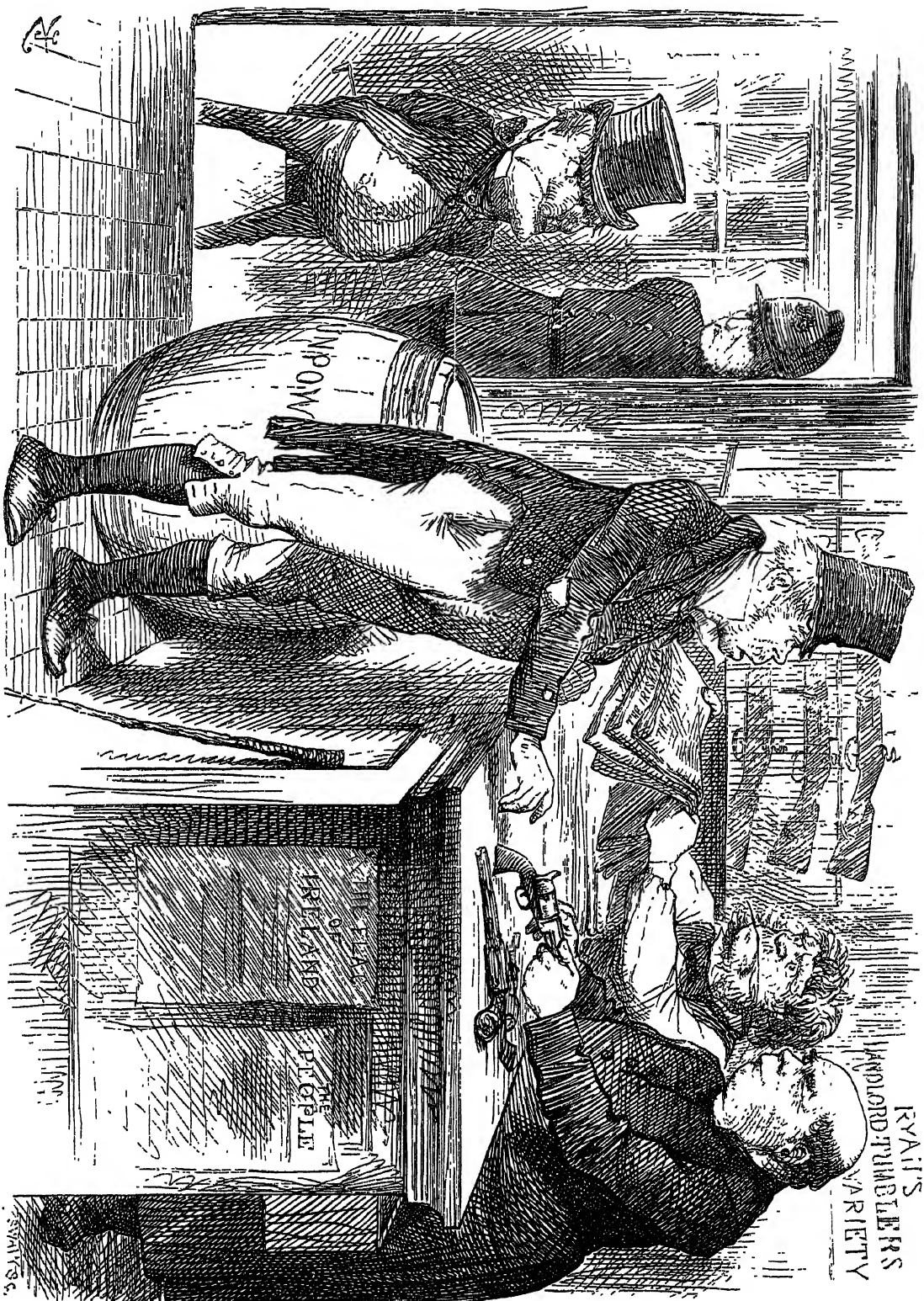
But if Marylebone is not London, it is The Parish, and contains more people capable of appreciating MR. FRASER than all the rest of London, and all Scotland, put together. The Reverend DONALD FRASER had much better come up. The Kirk is called "Free" because its ministers are not allowed the liberty of other Britons—that of doing as they like, provided their likes be lawful.

A Truism.

A NEWSPAPER letter, in which the writer recommends emigration to Jamaica, ends thus:—

"I assert that the negroes of Jamaica generally are retrograding, instead of advancing, and unless something is done to encourage them to mend their ways, their future is a dark one."

Are not the last half-dozen words, applying as they do to negroes, somewhat superfluous?



THE IRISH TREASON SHOP.

MR. PUNCH (TO GLADSTONE A.J.). "ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME, MY FRIEND, FOR YOU TO INTERFERE?"

A WELL-INFORMED SOVEREIGN.



Wrexham, or to the High Bailiff of Peterborough (can the fame of WHALLEY have penetrated Belgium?) or the High Constable of Shorcham! Perhaps the Chief Magistrates of these important places, or their mace-bearers, will communicate to the Public what his Majesty said to them.

"AGES AGO."

If you look into your dictionary, at two o'clock in the afternoon, you will find the word "entertainment" interpreted to mean "amusement;" "a performance which delights;" and if you look into the Gallery of Illustration, Waterloo Place, at eight o'clock in the evening, you will find something going on there which will cause you fully to agree with the definition of your lexicographer.

At that hour it is now the fact—and will be for a long succession of nights to come, we venture to predict—that those capital purveyors of amusement, Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, appear, well supported by Miss FANNY HOLLAND, Mr. E. CONNELL, and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, in "Ages Ago," a musical legend, the successful work of Mr. W. S. GILBERT and Mr. FREDERIC CLAY. A most agreeable little piece, garnished with bright and pleasant music, in which an amusing notion is amusingly worked out. Royal Academicians will hear of something *greatly to their advantage* in the picture-gallery of "Glen-Cockaleekie Castle."

Miss FANNY HOLLAND, we believe, makes her first public appearance in a performance of this character in *Ages Ago*, with an amount of success which makes it an agreeable duty to compliment and congratulate her on so promising a *début*.

The evening begins well, the evening ends well, for it ends with *Cox and Box*, a piece of real fun which local tradition asserts was first performed ages ago, (wherein we are again glad to welcome Mr. ARTHUR CECIL,) the production—this for the benefit of the generation who have sprung up since the long-established hatter and printer first entered musical life—of Mr. BURNAND, and Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, whose delightful melodies make us desire to hear more such results of his tuneful skill. Termed a "Triumviretta," *Cox and Box*, out-farcing farce, deserves, from its great success, to be called a "Triumphiretta."

Persecution and Puffery.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. are advertising the Twelfth Edition of *Essays and Reviews*. That is what PUSEY & Co. have got by their agitation against Dr. TEMPLE.

THOSE "BLESSED CANDLES!"

"Those novel elements of an English service (at St. Alban's, Holborn) were plain thin dips, and would probably be described in the trade as twelve-inch twenties."

By all means, friend, assault and lick
That ugly customer, Old Nick.
The Prince of Darkness daren't show fight,
If once you get him in the light.
But just allow me, Sirs, to say,
The proper light's the light of day.
One pure clear ray from Heaven downsent is
Worth more than all your "twelve-inch twenties."
Dark as he is, he can eclipse
More than five hundred farthing dips.
Satan, good folks, is not an ass;
This age he knows an age of gas.
And he can make himself, aye quite
An Angel of Magnesium-light.
Gone are the times when Satan's scandals
Could be exposed even by wax candles.
And if of him you'd be the fighter,
Show Virtue something, clearer, brighter
Than all his meretricious glare:
Show "sweet Religion," Faith and Pray'r,
Not only gracing Gothic domes,
But lighting up poor squalid homes.
Thus fight him, and you'll come well through it,
But take my word, friends, dips won't do it.
Not all your stores of sacred tallow
That sly old darkie's ways will hallow.
Not flag, or symbol borne by crusifer,
Is going to scare away Prince Lucifer.
Don't try to turn our history's pages
Back to those musty Middle Ages.
Compared with us, their men were boys,
Their holiest emblems simple toys.
And those dear souls with bonnets odd
Are *not* girls of this period.
Bid every man in Conscience trace
Heaven's light that shines in darkest place.
Then need you not fear Faith's eclipse,
Then you may safely spare your dips,
SHAKESPEARE'S advice your foe shall level—
"Tell truth," good friends, "and shame the devil!"

Liberal Spirit high and Water-low in Southwark.

THE Borough must not disgrace itself. It has hitherto borne the Lion's share of the credit of Metropolitan Reformation, by its steady support of LAYARD. It should find a representative man for his successor. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, in the absence of a better, would not be a discreditable choice. He has done a good work in his organisation of improved dwellings for working men in the Metropolis. If, among the candidates now before it, Southwark cannot manage to return WATERLOW, its intelligence and Liberalism are both at low-water.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

A REV. Mr. WIX has had a suit instituted against him for Ritualism. That is, briefly, they prosecute *Wix* on account of his *candles*. *Wix* will be snuffed out. Oh *Wix*! *Wax*!

Mr. PURCHAS's case has been "heard again." Ritualism of course; but PURCHAS in the Church of England ought to be proceeded against as *Simple Simony*. And Ritualism as folly.

AN EVENT ANTICIPATED.

To the DUKE OF ARGYLL, as the author of a well-known book, it must be a great satisfaction to know that the Metropolis of his native country, Edinburgh, which has just chosen a new Lord Provost, is now under "The Reign of LAW."

A LOW-CLASS contributor, on reading in *Le Follet* that "floral ornaments were much worn about the head," observed that amongst his acquaintances he found that corduroys were much worn about the knees.

AS IT WILL BE v. AS IT IS.

"LONDON Self-Governed, by Sir WILLIAM FRAZER" *versus* London Self-Governed, by Number One.



LOOKS LIKE IT.

Maid. "PLEASE, MA'AM, JAMES WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU ARE 'AT HOME' TO ANYONE THIS AFTERNOON?"

Mistress. "NO, I AM GONE OUT, DRIVING.—AND, PARKER, BRING ME SOME TEA, AND TO-DAY'S PAPERS."

IRISH FENIAN FUN.

THE Irish treason-mongers, or Fenian journalists, it seems, are telling their customers, in case of a rebellion in Ireland, to count on co-operation by the strong Republican party which they pretend exists in England, together with the Irish population of our large towns. This extravagance, of course, is merely rampant Irish fun—for sale however. Might we be allowed to deal in the same article? What objection would there be to the counterpart of such humorous writing in English newspapers? Suppose a number of London journals, affecting to believe the Fenian fudge of a dangerous Irish population in our chief towns, were to keep on, day by day, exhorting the British public to re-enact the Sicilian Vespers, and massacre every Irishman in Great Britain. What effect would such rant produce on our quick-witted Irish friends? They would scream with laughter at the ridiculous ravings of scribes, who exercise their one talent for unbounded vituperation, instead of sticking to their lasts, or earning a decent living as tailors.

Too Bad to be True.

SURELY there can be no truth in the report that MR. AYRTON is going to have all the flower-beds in the Parks broken up, and their sites turfed over. It is a pity that the Chief Commissioner of Works should, by boasting that he was no edile and no gardener, have given occasion to a surmise so uncomplimentary as that rumour to the Minister who preferred him to an appointment, wherein if he does not give the utmost dissatisfaction, everybody will be most agreeably disappointed.

PLEASANTRIES FOR ST. PANCRAS.

DR. LANKESTER may sit on St. Pancras Paupers; but the St. Pancras Ratepayers and Guardians are not to be sat upon. They held a united meeting the other night, in the Temperance Hall, Chalton Street, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the present state of affairs" in their "parish." This, on the whole, appears to have been considered satisfactory, at least by their Chairman, MR. HALL, President of a parochial and philanthropic body, named the "Rates Reduction Association." For, firstly:—

"The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, remarked that the association had been instrumental in saving a large amount of money to the pockets of the ratepayers by returning at the last election guardians who had carefully watched the interests of their constituents."

The instrumentality to which HALL referred was, of course, that of the Screw. Secondly, he said:—

"He believed the reports with regard to the infirmary and workhouse were got up for party purposes, but he was happy to say the sensation was dying out."

Happy HALL; happy hearers. The sensation created by a coroner's jury declaring paupers to have been partly stifled to death is dying out. It will soon, doubtless, be as dead as the paupers themselves. No fear that the parishioners of St. Pancras will never hear the last of their odiferous Infirmary—until it is deodorised.

MR. NODES, a Guardian, made a magnificent speech, wherein he manfully contended that:—

"The patients who were brought to the house at midnight, and who were dead before morning, ought not to be charged on the workhouse."

Certainly not, NODES. For if they were killed by the workhouse air, those by whose fault the air was poisoned were guilty of manslaughter at least; of which guilt, of course, the supposition is absurd; but, if it were true, they clearly ought to have been committed for trial. NODES further protested that:—

"With regard to the inquests, he thought there was little use in holding them so long as they were conducted as they were. He had no objection to the fullest inquiry being made, but he objected to pay an additional fee to the medical officer for attending them."

To be sure. It is as bad as a schoolmaster's charge, customary at some old schools, of half-a-crown for a rod, imposed on the boy who was flogged with it. Well said, NODES. Birch-rods have knots in them. *Dignus vindice Notus.*

After that quotation suffice it to quote the moral of the meeting, summarised by no fool:—

"MR. WATKINS, another guardian, in addressing the meeting, contrasted the conduct of the old guardians with that of the present board, showing how the former endeavoured to saddle the ratepayers with additional expenditure, while the latter strove to curtail it."

To be sure the evidence given before DR. LANKESTER had shown that in some measure; but by showing it still further, MR. WATKINS, no doubt, showed himself and his colleagues up completely.

Hard Lines by an Irish Landlord.

My Tenants in Ireland who cabins have got,
Do not pay their rent, but they do pay their shot.
Of course I am absent, I'm not to be got at,
But there is my agent, he's paid to be shot at,
He's not a bad man, I've known many a worse 'un,
He's fit for the place, a most shoot-able person.

A Representative in the Right Place.

THE Electors of Tipperary, in returning O'DONOVAN ROSSA their Member of Parliament, have done a fine thing for that convicted Fenian. No doubt Her Majesty's Government will now be in a hurry to remit ROSSA's sentence of penal servitude, and release him from confinement, in order that he may represent his loyal constituents in the House of Commons instead of representing them in gaol.

OF COURSE.

If the VICEEROY owed you anything, would you 'distrain on his goods? Certainly not. What would you do, then? Sue his Canal.

COMMON SCENTS.—Musk and Verbena.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I AM better.

Sleep, gentle sleep, or an imitation of it, with people walking about, shouting, shutting off steam, going backwards and going forwards, and apparently getting (thank heaven!) into still water.

CAZELL looks in once, and looks out again very quickly. He merely puts his head in at the door with the view, I believe, to tell me "What I ought to do" under the circumstances, but he thinks better of it. CHILVERN comes down—he says he is very jolly now. I won't attend to him. I'm afraid he's coming to occupy the other berth above me. Dreadful! He'll drag my things about, and tumble over my boots.

Happy Thought.—Pretend to be asleep.

Ruse successful. He looks in, says, "Hallo! asleep? eh? The pilot's come on board," and then he disappears. He re-appears at intervals after this, to inform me (if awake) that, 1st, the pilot *hasn't* come on board; 2ndly, that the pilot *won't* come on board; 3rdly, that the pilot *can't* come on board (we are pitching awfully, and horrors are returning); 4thly, that if this pilot doesn't come on board, we must get a pilot who *will*; 5thly, that they can't get a pilot at all; 6thly, that the pilot *has* come on board. Altogether, I wish the pilot was—but it doesn't matter now.

Morning.—Recognise feeble portrait of myself in the looking-glass. Recognise several other feeble portraits of yesterday's originals at breakfast.

CAPTAIN DYNGWELL comes out of a cabin, "Fit," he says, "as a fiddle."

CAZELL re-appears. He has not been seen since nine o'clock last night, when he told somebody what he ought to do, and then vanished down the companion.

He looks as if he'd been to a ball for three nights together, and was going to bed.

CAPTAIN DYNGWELL says that CAZELL "looks as if he'd been on the scoop," which strikes me, somehow, as expressive, though not capable of exact definition. "Slang," some one says, "is the language of the future;" if so, CAPTAIN DYNGWELL is a sort of gay WAGNER.

All more or less represent the Great Unwashed. CHILVERN, who is five feet two, represents the Small Unwashed.

N.B. No amount of basining *can* be satisfactory on board. Look forward to bath at hotel. Wish I hadn't put my comb and brush and clean pocket-handkerchief in some (apparently) secret part of my portmanteau.

Happy Thought.—To have a bag, specially for this sort of thing, with compartments, so that whatever you want at the moment comes out first.

It appears there have been some difficulties with the pilot, and so we are some hours late. This accounts for CHILVERN's several visits to me during the night. He was much interested in the pilot, he says; if he hadn't been, he adds, he should have been unwell, or rather, worse than he actually was.

Happy Thought.—Shore. Antwerp.

CAPTAIN DYNGWELL says, "Here's Antwerp," pointing it out to us, which is unnecessary, as there is no other place near at hand.

I say, "Thank you, I know it." Consequent coolness between Captain and self. Custom-House officers. Chalked baggage. Crush. I assure a passenger who is digging into me with an umbrella, a bag, and an Alpine stick, that "there is no hurry." Man in front, whom I am pushing, tells me the same thing. We all struggle and push. Difficult to carry two rugs, umbrella, stick, and coat, to struggle and kick, and at the same time to get one's ticket out of one's waistcoat pocket. Do it though, somehow, desperately. Suppose I should lose it at the last moment?

Happy Thought.—Carry it in my teeth: like Newfoundland dog with a stick.

Collector takes it out. Ceremony over. Cross the plank. Dangerous. Take breath, and look about.

Captain and CAZELL get off first. CHILVERN and self follow. Hôtel de St. Antoine.

AT ANTWERP.

Happy Thought.—Foreign Town.

Our party of four is split up into, so to speak, three sub-parties.

First Sub-party is CAPTAIN DYNGWELL, who doesn't particularly care about seeing anything, and when I say, "Why, my dear Sir, look at the Churches!" he merely answers, "Oh, blow the churches!" evidently not the spirit in which to come to Antwerp. He is entirely as he expresses it, "for a tittup at the theatre, and then find some sort of Bal Mabille," here he winks knowingly behind his eyeglass, "and go in for a regular rumti-iddity." Whereupon he calls out "Waiter!" imperiously, with an aside to us that "he'll hustle 'em a bit," and on the appearance of the waiter, the Captain orders a "B and S," just as if he were in his London club, and confounds the fellow's ignorance when his command is not exactly understood.

Second Sub-party is myself and CHILVERN. Bond of sympathy between us is that he really *does* want to see the town. Being an

architect, he will enjoy (I know he will, and I tell him so) the queer old buildings, the Cathedral, the other Churches, and the pictures. Don't know why, being an architect, he should enjoy pictures; but it seems natural when you think of it for the first time. Years ago I've been to Antwerp. CHILVERN observes, "You'll be able to show me everything." He adds, "that he likes going about with a fellow who really can show him everything, and who has an artistic appreciation of queer buildings, old houses, fine churches, and pictures."

DYNGWELL says, "If you've seen one, you've seen all." We agree, when talking DYNGWELL over, that the Captain isn't troubled with brains. [*Analytical psychological note for Typ. Develop.* Isn't this a form of mental pride? Isn't it also flat'ery? It means that CHILVERN has a great quantity of brains—so great as to be troubled by them—and that I have also. It's as much as if I said to CHILVERN, "I say, you're a clever fellow, because if I don't, you won't say I'm a clever fellow." Wonder what CHILVERN says of me to DYNGWELL. In speaking of CHILVERN to DYNGWELL, I say with truth, that "CHILVERN's clever in his own line," meaning architecture; this is after we've seen the pictures and the town.

Happy Thought.—CHILVERN *can't* say that of me—nobody can, in fact—because I haven't got a particular line.]

Third Sub-party. CAZELL. By himself. He says he has been a great deal on the Continent, and will insist upon telling every one what he *ought* to do. Besides, he pretends to know the language. He also orders, with an air of superior knowledge, dishes and drinks, which he says are peculiar to the place. He talks German and French. That is, he talks German, but I don't think much of his French. We fall out, in fact, on this subject. He professes to speak it like a native. I own I don't do that; but I say I have a thorough knowledge of it, and can read it easily. CHILVERN takes my view of the question. I like CHILVERN. A very good fellow, and really clever as an architect; only I *do* wish he had come abroad with more money than two sovereigns in English money. Will I lend him some? Yes. But why can't he ask DYNGWELL or CAZELL? I don't exactly put this to him in so many words, but he intimates that he can't go to *them* for it, as he has "rather quarrelled with *them* by siding with *me*?"

Happy Thought.—To tell him he must write home for money at once. See him do it, and post the letter myself.

He is bound to me now. He will fight for my opinions as a sort of mercenary.

Happy Thought.—To secure a companion, I promise to pay for him everywhere, but I won't lend him any ready money. I point out to him that I am going to show him the town, and that our tastes assimilate. If he had the money in his pocket, perhaps our tastes wouldn't assimilate.

CAZELL tells us we ought to go and see the Cathedral, (it isn't a Cathedral, I say,—dispute), and the Church of St. Jacques and St. Paul, also the Museum of Pictures.

I reply that I will take CHILVERN to see the great Church, then the Museum, &c., in fact, choosing my own arrangement.

The head waiter asks me, "Will I have a guide?" I am indignant. As indignant as if I'd lived in Antwerp all my life. Hate guides. Explain to CHILVERN that it's no use having a guide, one can find one's way so easily about Antwerp.

CHILVERN replies, "yes;" then suddenly, "I say, let's go and have some lunch."

I inform him that abroad there is no such thing as lunch, it's *déjeuner à la fourchette*. "All right," he replies, "let's go and have anything that's something to eat."

I notice, for the first time, that CHILVERN, in Antwerp, is peculiarly and offensively English. He seems to have learnt slang, or a slangy manner from DYNGWELL.

He is dressed in a suit of what he calls "dittos" and a wide-awake hat.

Happy Thought.—To stop him *before* we get out of the hotel, and say, "You can't go out like that."

"Why not?" asks CHILVERN.

"Well, my dear fellow,"—I put it to him reasonably,—"you wouldn't do it in a town in England."

"Wouldn't I!" he exclaims, and cocks his wide-awake on one side.

I request him as a favour, to get his hat, and put on a black coat.

"Haven't got a hat or a black coat," he returns.

"Quite the tourist," observes DYNGWELL, with his feet on a small table in the courtyard of the hotel smoking a cigar. *He*, at all events, is well dressed. He is sensible on that point. I hold him up as a model to CHILVERN.

I hesitate about going out with CHILVERN. CHILVERN says, "It's all ridiculous humbug." I reply, "That it isn't." He returns, "That it is." I observe, "That he ought to consider other people's feelings." He rejoins, "That I ought to consider *his*." I tell him "I do." He answers flatly, "You don't!"

Happy Thought.—Say I won't lend him any money.

Happy Thought.—No, not say it, let him *think* it. See by his face that he is thinking it. Row ends. We go out. To *déjeuner* somewhere.



TOO TRUE!

Mamma. "MY DEAR CHILD, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT DREADFUL SCRATCH ON YOUR ARM?"

Little Ada. "OH, 'MA, IT WAS 'LISEBETH'S BIG BRASS BROOCH WITH THE GREEN GLASS IN 'IT, THAT THE TALL SOLDIER GAVE HER!"

WHIPPING-CHEER WITH A WILL.

Is it true that the distinguished officer whose hands are charged with the exalted employment of Finishing the Law has ceased to be the man that he was? If so, the knowledge of that circumstance must diminish the satisfaction which has been derived from the subjoined news, announced the other day by a contemporary:—

"FLOGGING IN NEWGATE GAOL.—At the last Session of the Central Criminal Court, JAMES FRENCH was convicted of robbery with violence, and sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes with the cat, and be kept in penal servitude for seven years. The former part of the sentence was carried into effect yesterday morning in the gaol of Newgate in presence of the sheriffs, (ALDERMAN CAUSTON and MR. VALLENTIN), the under-sheriffs (MESSRS. CROSLY and BAYLIS), MR. JONAS (the governor), and DR. GIBSON (the surgeon of the gaol). The punishment was inflicted by CALCRAFT."

Have years unstrung the nerves of the once steady hand; relaxed the muscles of the erst vigorous arm? "Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?" Certainly not any ruffian and rascal convicted of robbery and violence, like JAMES FRENCH. But, that a deserver so meritorious as MR. FRENCH should be really used after those deserts which entitle him to a whipping, it is most meet the whipping should be sound. How can it, if administered with energy enfeebled with age? Is that the case with the venerable functionary who has so long officiated at Newgate? This question suggests serious misgivings. If JAMES FRENCH received a sound whipping, he was used after his deserts. But may we indulge the fond belief that he was whipped as soundly as he deserved to be, when, in regard to his whipping, we know that "the punishment was inflicted by CALCRAFT?" Can we be satisfied that it was adequately inflicted? Are we safe in relying on MR. CALCRAFT's continued ability to inflict that punishment as it ought to be inflicted on cruel thieves? The howling which it may evoke is no trustworthy criterion. Simulation bellows, and Bravado grins. Perhaps a dynamometer would enable the Sheriffs to test the strength of the aged Executioner. If found unequal to the efficient application of the scourge, let him be relegated to the dignified

and pensioned retirement of a private station, and the cat-o'-nine-tails and the noose be transferred to hands enabled by comparative youth to adjust the latter with due adroitness, and to ply the former with sufficient power. MR. CALCRAFT could then devote the calm evening of life to the cultivation of those letters which, from a recently published specimen of his correspondence, he appears to have been compelled to neglect by the pre-occupations of his professional career. Then he might yet live to enrich the literature of his country with an autobiography—which would be interesting and instructive, if not sensational.

Punch-Laureate.

Nov. 26, 1869.

We wanted something pleasant,
Never times like those at present—
Fogs, Fenians, Spain in muddle, NAPOLEON in a mess:
Let us smile at least a minute,
Take a glass, with something in it,
And cry "Bless the Nation's Darling and her little new Princess."

A Gaol-Bird M.P.

THE Electors of Tipperary have chosen as their M.P. a convict Fenian, now in gaol, and likely to remain there. He is a very proper representative of his Constituents, and we recommend Government to give deputations from them every opportunity of making his better acquaintance, which can only be made by somewhat protracted sojourn with the Honourable Gentleman.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL QUESTION.

MAY tickets of admission to Churches—the Temple for example, where by the way you cannot always be sure of finding a vacant seat when you arrive—be considered as holy "Orders"?



' I'LL HAVE YER HAT! "

N.B.—AS THIS PHRASE IS USED ONLY BY THE INFERIOR CREATION, MR. PUNCH IS GLAD TO ILLUSTRATE IT SO APPROPRIATELY.

ECONOMICAL COUNSEL.

THE Œcumenical Council will comprise between six and seven hundred Bishops, many of whom, belonging to Italy, the East, and other Missions, are so indigent that the POPE will have to board and lodge them. This cannot but be very expensive for His Holiness—almost enough to make him cry "*Non possumus!*" The burden thus devolved upon him, however, it will be in his power considerably to lighten, by prescribing, as a condition calculated to further the Council's deliberations, the frequent practice of fasting as hard and as long as the Fathers are able. Could he not sell a dispensation from abstinence to the richer Prelates, and dispense himself?

By the expedient above suggested the decisions of the Council would be expedited as well as its cost diminished. But there is one objection to it. DR. JOHNSON said that fasting made him peevish. It might provoke the Members of the Œcumenical Council to declare the POPE not infallible.

THE BOBBY AND HIS BOOTS.

THE Police are hereafter to have their boots made in the Convict prisons. The *Pall Mall Gazette* expresses a hope—

"That no vindictiveness on the part of the convicts will lead them to cause trifling annoyance, such as inserting the point of a small brad in the heel of the Policeman's boot."

There is no fear of anything of the kind. The convicts know such tricks would make the police, instead of bootless, only more effective. We have the authority of a great Latin poet for contending that the more policemen might be lamed in this way, the more convicts would be nabbed. See *Horace*:—

*"Raro antecedentem seclorum
Deseruit pede Panna claudo."*

Which Mr. Punch would translate:—

"'Tis seldom one hears of a Bobby that's lame,
But at running his prig down he showed himself game!"

Quite Another Thing.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent, writing from Rome on the subject of the Œcumenical Council, says that the Hall in which it is to be held is now stated to be "good for sound." We are afraid it will not be equally good for sense.

"A SWEET LITTLE CHERUB" AT ITS POST.

CARACAS, like other South American republics, is in a chronic state of revolution, and the merchants of Maracaibo, its capital, naturally are the first to bleed, in purse, if not in person also, whenever some gallant Colonel pronounces, or some patriot civilian buys, bribes, or bullies some other patriot out of the President's chair, as in private duty bound. But Maracaibo numbers some Britishers among its merchants, and the Maracaibo Britishers have been lucky enough to get the British man-of-war *Cherub*, CAPTAIN JOHN DAVIES, sent to protect British interests in that lively port, which the Captain has done so well that the merchants have presented him with a sword and a chronometer.

The last West India mail brings the story how CAPTAIN DAVIES told the Britishers ashore to hoist a flag if they wanted his help: how the flag was hoisted; how the Captain pulled ashore with an armed boat's crew, just in time to prevent one PULGAR, the last "pronouncer," from battering down stores and houses, and converting cotton bales into breastworks; how PULGAR, being worsted, came aboard the *Cherub*, and put himself and his adherents under CAPTAIN DAVIES's protection, and then basely plotted to seize the *Cherub* and massacre its crew; how CAPTAIN DAVIES, at risk of his life, circumvented him, handed him over to the authorities, and left him on the

high road to the gallows—which we trust he has by this time reached, in due fulfilment of the laws of natural selection and manifest destiny.

All honour to CAPTAIN DAVIES—for so well sustaining the credit of the British pennon, the protector of honest folks' lives and properties all over the world, and the terror and scourge of evil-doers.

The Britons in Maracaibo have been taught the faith as it is in DIBDIX, that there's a "sweet little *Cherub*" anchored in the offing, as well as smiling aloft, to keep watch o'er the life of rich JOHN (BULL) in hot water, as well as of poor JACK in cold ditto.

An Irish Reason for Fixity of Tenure.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Why wouldn't you "fix" Irish *tinants*? Sure Irish *landlords* is in a divil of a fix already.

Your constant reader, ROBY O'MORE.

A Pert Memory.

"He told me," says ARTEMUS WARD, "to get out of the Office. I pitied him, and went." What put that into Mr. Punch's sublime head? Could it have been LORD MALMESBURY's protest that he was not "deposed" from the leadership of the Tories, but that he "resigned"?

PUTTING US IN OUR PLACE.



EAR MR. PUNCH.—You who mingle freely (I don't mean mix grog) with the Aristocracy, of which you are the delight and joy, of course know who my LORD SANDON is. But some persons may not know that his admired young lordship is the elder son of the EARL OF HARROWBY, and is M.P. for Liverpool. In the gymnasium there, he addressed to the Dickey Sams, the other night, a speech of merit, whence the *Liverpool Daily Post* culls the following flow-er-
et:—

"And not only the men in the higher walks of life, but the men who write the articles in our papers * * * know what the sweat of the brain is."

O my dear Sir, you cannot think how truly grateful and happy I felt at reading these noble words! I felt so thankful to young LORD SANDON for telling me so graciously that I am one of the men in the lower walks of life, and yet am not to be despised altogether. After inditing, at my favourite tavern, some articles for your paper (articles which you are pleased to say are pregnant with wit, genius, and information, and might even afford hints to gigantic intellect, like that of men in the higher walks of life), I went in a penny omnibus to my humble lodging, eager to show the words to my wife. She was a little tired (I will not say cross), for she was cleaning the doorstep after a hard day's wash. Pushing aside the damp clothes that were hanging across the room, I led her to the three-legged stool, and read my LORD SANDON'S language. Tears of pleasure, which she wiped with her check apron, came to her eyes, and she sent our little boy to the public-house for an extra pint of beer, in which, over our cheese and onions, we earnestly, but *respectfully*, drank to the health of the Noble Lord, who, while pointing out our station, has acknowledged our merit.

Yours devotedly,

3, Bunkey's Cottages, Snook Street, Hoxton.

A JOURNALIST.

BE NOT TOO BOLD.

"COCKNEYS" have revenged that slightly monotonous epigram by remarking that the Scotch, much as they admire their own language, prefer English for the highest purposes. This rejoinder is to be done away. We read in the *London Scotsman* (a pleasant paper, however) that the Bible is to be turned into Scottish. A specimen of the New Version is given, and from it we make a quotation which we have selected because it does not contain aught that may not be reverently referred to here. Everybody knows the Anglican version of the 23rd of KING DAVID'S *Psalms*. In Scotch it is to run thus:—"Providence

"2. Louts me till lie amang green howes, and airts me atowre by the lown wattirs.

"3. Waukens my wa'gaen saul; and weises me roun', intil right roddins.

"4. Na! tho' I gang thro' the deid-mirk dail, o'en thar sa! I dreid nae skaithing; for Yersel' are nar-by me; Yer stok an' yer stay hand me ay cheerie.

"5. My buird Ye hae hansell'd in face o' my faes; Ye hae drookit my heid wi' oyle; my bicker is fu' an' skailin'."

We submit this curiosity, without further comment. It is due to the *London Scotsman* to say that it does not approve the proceeding, except as a literary effort, and says that it is *not the Scotch of BURNS*. That fact may be held fatal to the New Version.

The Price of Persecution.

THE *Athenæum* says:—"It appears to have cost the Government of MARY £1 5s. 2d. to burn the two martyrs" LATIMER and RIDLEY. How cheap! And now the poor High Church and Low Church parsons can't get one of the Broad Church burnt for love or money, and not only are they unable to send him to the stake, but must go to the expense of above a thousand pounds if they only endeavour, when they generally fail, to bring him to book.

A NATIVE MONARCH AND A PRETENDER.

"The Paris papers say that since the price of oysters has become fabulous, a new shell-fish has been produced at the Halle, which has attained great popularity, and not only answers the same purpose as the oyster, but is in some respects an improvement on the ruinous mollusc. The new shell-fish is the *Palourde*. It is a bivalve smaller than the oyster, and of a more elliptical form; it is sold at sixty centimes the litre, being thus within the reach of modest purses."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 30.

BASE bivalve and bumptious! Molluscous pretender!
That darest thyself in the market to tender,
And thy flat flabby corpse and elliptical shell,
Ignobly, at sixpence the dozen to sell!
Thou set thyself up as a rival to me,
The monarch of Molluscs, the Native, *per se*!
Nay, dare c'en in France to the throne to pretend,
Of my cousins of Cancale, Dieppe, or Ostend!
At least they are Lords of the Ostrean line,
Though of lineage and flavour inferior to mine,
Who, since CÆSAR'S galley first touched British sand,
Have ruled Molluscs at sea as Rome ruled men on land!

I, of *Ostrea edules* owned Paramount Lord,
At Lucullan feast and Apician board,
When of food, as of law, Rome proscribed the world's code,
And the savage of Britain ran wild in his woad!
Since o'er Molluscs I reigned from my Rutupine bay,
And the Oysters of Baie acknowledged my sway,
Till now, when more honoured than ever before,
I in Billingsgate rule, at six shillings the score!
And this is the moment thou hope'st to strike in,
Presumptuous *Palourde*! and, amid my French kin,
The place, pride and price of an Oyster to win!

"Blind ambitions," sang HORACE, "and blind hopes of men!"
And they, doubtless, of beings were blindest just then:
But the strings of his lyre had a HORACE now strung,
"Blind ambitions of molluscs!" methinks he had sung.
For thy blow, vile *Palourde*, though 'tis struck over sea,
At our vassals of Paris, is aimed against me.
Let thy place once be won in the land of the Gaul,
'Gainst our *petits cousins* of Dieppe and Cancale,
And soon, with thy Paris credentials display'd,
Our Billingsgate realm we shall see thee invade;
There, with cockles and clams in rebellion uprear'd,
To assail native empire, and laugh at our beard!

Be calm, idle flutter, that thrills through my shell,
And let Reason through Whitstable sound her "All's well."
Talk now of dethronement, and rivalry fear!
To those who adore thee, when wast thou so dear?
They who, dress'd or *au naturel*, ne'er pass'd thee by,
In sauce, or in scallop, stew, *gratin*, or fry,
Feel their loyalty rise, their devotion increase,
Now its uttrances stand them in threepence a-piece.
Now that we, who a morsel for kings ever were,
Are forbid to all mouths, save the millionaire's,—
Now we still go up, up, with no tendency down,
Till, in time, every Native may rise to a crown;
Then where 'll this *Palourde* be, his head if he run
'Gainst the Natives of Britain, a king every one?

TRA LARA LA!

THE admirers of a Noble Poet, whose memory has been absurdly calumniated, will be interested by the following paragraph, culled from a contemporary:—

"SINGULAR LAW SUIT.—THE MARQUIS DE NARBONNE LARA having disputed the right of COUNT ALMAYR DE NARBONNE LARA to belong to the family, a trial has just taken place on the subject before the Civil Tribunal. The decision of the Court was wholly in favour of the Count, and the Marquis has been condemned to pay the costs."

It is more intelligible that a *Lara* should object to acknowledge somebody for a kinsman, than that any one should claim kindred with the *Lara* family. Who are they? There is *Conrad the Corsair*; there is the *Giaour*; there is *Manfred*; all of the same stock: to whom may be added *Cain*, if not *Don Juan*. A precious queer lot, as the uneducated classes say, for any respectable gentleman to wish for the repute of being related to.

AN AMERICAN NOTION.

SHOULD "Bogie" Railway Carriages come into use, the line on which they may be expected first to appear will be the E(c)cric Railroad.

THE EMPRESS IN TURKEY.

(From a Valued Correspondent.)

My dear—my very dear clever Boy.—You have been, and not *you* only, but millions of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen (shall we say Britons, generally, and have done with it?), have been waiting for my account of Her Sweetest Highness's Imperialness's, Larmperartreece EUJAYNEE's tour to the East. Have I disappointed you? Have I? *Meal parrdong, mong share, song meal parrdong* (French, you know, as before, pronounced as spelt for the benefit of my compatriots at home).

No, I have not disappointed you. I am true. *Voo nayte par trompay par mow.* *Devloo, devloo!* But the post has miscarried. By accident, by the merest accident, I can assure you, from TIKALIK PASHA, and more, from *Ler Sooltarn buenayme*, my letters were sent to Russia, instead of to England, where they were opened by the Chief of the Police (May Donkies dance on his Great-grandmother's grave! as we say here in Turkey,—it's instead of swearing), by him referred to the CZAR, who, I am told, was so delighted with them, that he insisted upon their being copied in letters of gold, into the Archives of the Palace—(*Kymnophkn Tzopho Rmrye*, as they call it in Russian. I think the last word is, however, not in general use; but they don't speak the best Russian in the upper circles of St. Petersburg or Moscow), and afterwards printed at the Imperial Press. This took some time, and though it was a confounded liberty to take with the MS. of a distinguished foreigner, yet, as I knew that *il ne ar par der lar leebairtay ong Roossee* (as VICTOR HUGO once observed to me, when I was dining with that eminent expatriated gentleman at Guernsey), I have made no formal complaint to any one, except *now* to you.

Of course I told *LER SOOLTARN*. He shrugged his shoulders, and said—(he talks admirable English, under my tuition): "He" (meaning the CZAR) "is a rum covey." "*Mus-covey*, your Royal Highness means," said I, quickly. He dug me in the ribs with the forefinger, and would have screamed with laughter, only that at that moment the GRAND MUEZZIN (a sort of Archbishop who believes in MAHOMET,) entered, and the SULTAN, smothering his fit of risibility behind a pocket-handkerchief, (your strict Mahomedans *never* laugh; like the Old Guard, "They die, but never laugh"—at least if that is what the Old Guard did, but I forget exactly—) answered the old boy's salutation.

"*Ner bouj pas*," he whispered to me, so I stopped where I was during the audience. When the GRAND MUEZZIN was gone *LER SOOLTARN* observed, "*Mong share*, that joke, that *jerdymo* of yours was excellent, A One in fact." I blushed, and he proceeded, "and I should like to reward you from the Royal Treasury, but"—I knew what was coming (he is the slickest dog, *sir SOOLTARN!*) and, being prepared for it, I pretended to be suddenly afflicted with *urn may sanguinaire*, and backed out of the presence, and sharply as possible. Do you know why I did this?

"I will tell you," as *Hiawatha* says; because whenever *LER SOOLTARN* commences in this strain, he *always* ends by borrowing half-a-dollar (which you can't refuse), or by tossing for a piastre, which, as a courtier, you are bound to let him win. The Treasury is *very* low, and if it hadn't been for my having had, ready in my pocket, three silver *Mejidieh* and a few piastres, the *Empress* wouldn't have been saluted with those *Catherine wheels, squibs, rockets, and crackers*, which she so admired.

I state this plainly, so that *mong chare Loocy* may see it, and,—and well, no matter, I should be sorry that he should consider himself under an obligation to me; yet *cur valleyvoo?* *Ser ner swee parsurm meelleon-air, mow!*

Well, now to tell you everything.

When the exact hour of the EMPRESS's arrival was known, the GRAND VIZIER and party made a great show of going to meet the Imperial steamers in the Dardanelles.

I was behind the scene in this little *jerdyspree*, and I'll tell you all about it.

The GRAND VIZIER & Co. pretended to be asleep when the LARM-
PERARTREECE steamed up, so there were no firings, no showers of golden flowers, no diamonds and pearls cast in the air to fall like rain on the Imperial deck, no cheers from thousands of sailors and followers.

Why?

Because the GRAND VIZIER hadn't any of the above articles on board, and had been ordered not to fire his cannons unnecessarily, as the powder would be wanted for *Catherine-wheels*.

"Cheers cost nothing," you'll say. "Where were the cheers?"

Sir, there were no sailors on board beyond just so many as were necessary to stoke the engine, poke the fire, and steer the ship.

I saw the VIZIER just before he embarked. He took me aside. "*Poor lonner der Turkie!*" said he, almost crying, "*prayte mow der frank aydee, jer voosenpree!*"

"*Jonayurn, monarmee*," I replied, touched to the core, and dividing with him the *song songteem* which I had *dong mar poshe*. Poor fellow! he hadn't breakfasted that day.

"*Ser mong souviangdray*," said he, hysterically, noting something down in his pocket-book. I took his promise for what it was worth. Under these circumstances, can you be surprised if the GRAND VIZIER

pretended to be asleep when LARMPERARTREECE passed? Of course not.

The SULTAN kept up the farce admirably. He stormed and raved at the VIZIER in public, but I caught 'em just behind the door, cramming their *fezzes* into their mouths to prevent their bursting outright before LARMPERARTREECE, who (bless her!) had taken all they said for Gospel—I mean Koran. I must say I was a little annoyed with them both.

"AALI PASHA," says I to him, "how about those fifty centimes?" which soon shut him up, I can tell you. The SULTAN said he'd make it a hundred if I'd only hold my tongue.

"SOOLTARN!" I replied, "*jer swee leebrr! jer ner swee parsurm GRARN VEZEAY!*" With that I turned on my heel, and left them mightily perplexed. But I then saw how the case stood: for fifty *songteems* I had Turkey in my power!

However something must be done to amuse LARMPERARTREECE, so I sacrificed my own private feelings (as to *songteems*), and consented to assist at their Council.

"What!" asked the SULTAN, "is most brilliant, gorgeous, and worthy of Us, our Oriental Magnificence, and our Exalted Position as Vicegerent of ALLAH, Commander of the Faithful, Successor—"

"Etcetera, etcetera," I interrupted, for I was for coming to business without all this balderdash, which may be (and is) very well for the outside world. "*Sir ker voo dayseray, ABDUL monongfong, ay kekshoos too breelearn may ar bong marshay*," or as I translated for the benefit of the Secretary of the Treasury (a sinecure *now*), "What you want, ABDUL, my boy, is something showy, but cheap."

"*Dreaw voosayte!* Right you are!" responded AALI, then, turning to the SULTAN, "The Western Stranger gives good advice to the Favourite of ALLAH."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed. "I'll tell you what you can do."

"What?" they asked, in a breath.

"Going to church costs nothing, and is popular; let me see how you can go to a mosque."

"*Sauvé! Sauvé!*" cried the Commander of the Faithful, falling on my neck in a paroxysm of his full gratitude, while AALI embraced the secretary. "Lend me something to put in the plate," whispered the SULTAN in my ear, taking advantage of his position.

"ABDUL, Light of the Universe," I replied, in the same strain, "up to fifty centimes, I'm your man." (*Juskar sankarnt songteem, jer swee votome.*)

"*Saytassay*," murmured AALI, "*may nong parlpar o Veezeay.*"

So they took LARMPERATRICE and let her see them all going to the Mosque.

And then (*par mong arvee osee*) they showed her the Sweet Waters, which also cost nothing.

"Everything's going admirably," whispered ABDUL to me, on Saturday, "and I've only spent twenty-three out of the fifty centimes." I patted him on the back. This spoke well for the future of the Ottoman Empire.

(To be Continued.)

THAT'S THE REMEDY.

"Ye ruffians, attention!" says good JUSTICE LUSH,

"Your hides with a fine cat-o'-nine tails I'll brush,

And if I see fit, I'll award Fifty Lashes,

In three just instalments, to settle your hashes."

"O bravo!" says *Punch*, giving numberless cheers,

"That's the one single punishment scoundrelom fears;

Lay it on, hot and heavy, my Lord, but you see

That 50's not neatly divided by 3;

Don't stand upon trifles, but add a few more,

And thrice let Jack Ketch score a rogue with a score."

A Note for No Maniac.

THE *Post* has announced that:—

"The EARL OF CHESTERFIELD relinquishes possession of Chesterfield House in the course of a few days, having assigned his interest to MR. MAGNIAC."

Then MR. MAGNIAC will be the possessor of Chesterfield House. What will he do with it? Surely not pull it down. If he were to do that, everybody would say that MAGNIAC had lost his G.

Larks in Season.

AN interesting communication has been sent by the REV. F. O. MORRIS, to the *Times*, respecting the capture of a "Shore Lark;" a bird stated to be a rare visitant to these shores. That may be; but there is a species of lark very common indeed about the shores of sea-ports especially, and large tidal rivers like the Thames. It is one of the *Bipes imphumis* species, popularly known as the Mudlark.

RECOLLECTIONS FROM ABROAD. (FREE TRANSLATION.)

ROW IN A BELGIAN ESTAMINET. (IN THREE TABLEAUX.)



"NOW THEN! YOU BE OFF!!"
"I SHAN'T!"

"WHAT!! YOU WON'T!"
"NO!!"

"THEN STAY WHERE YOU ARE!!"

PUNCH ON THWAITES.

My dear SIR JOHN THWAITES, till you've lowered our rates,
Settled sewers, embankments, and thoroughfares;
Cease pæans to raise in Self-government's praise,
In the midst of a London your rule that obeys,
Yet worse than the pettiest borough fares.

While of *your* Board of Works in the public mind lurks
Something more than suspicion unpleasant,
Of contractors' paths eased, by kind hands, duly greased,
Of small rogues made examples, great rogues left unteased—
Names had best not be mentioned at present—

Thames-Embankment still blocked, the Strand still traffic-locked,
Father Thames poisoned still with your sewage,
Though the dose he once drank from a million of rills
He now drinks from the pumps of your sweet Abbey Mills,
In one flood of concentrated brewage—

While vestrymen talk, and leave fever to stalk
Through pestilent court and foul alley,
While the rates that should go his foul might to o'erthrow,
On superfluous officials our Vestries bestow,
Who all for Self-government rally—

While in silent reproof our best men stand aloof
From Vestry debates' rough and tumble,
Where jobbers can boast that 'tis *they* rule the roast,
And pennywise Selfishness musters its host,
In defence of the strongholds of Bumble—

While St. Pancras can doom pauper-lives, to make room
In foul wards where fever-germs fester;

While humanity's sneered at, and science is snubbed,
And they that expose workhouse horrors are dubbed
Lying rogues, that Self-government pester—

Punch would recommend THWAITES, the next time he dilates
On local arrangements in London,
Not to choose for the theme of his praise what we deem
A nuisance, of riddance from which we still dream—
Which we hope, some day soon, to see undone!

True Self-government—yes: not the thing as it is—
Self-government's mockery and sham!
The rule rampant of jobbery, the Triumph of Snobbery,
That steals a fair title, and, proud of the robbery,
Exclaims, "I Self-government am!"

BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND.

THE *Times* Correspondent at Rome, writing in the crowd of prelates
arriving for the Œcumenical Council, says:—

"They are all looking for spectacles, and spectacles are evidently in preparation."

Certainly, the POPE is only doing what is much needed when he
provides all means for improving range and clearness of vision among
his clerical visitors. But one is tempted to ask, will spectacles do
it? Will not the operation for cataract be required in many
instances? And are there not likely to be many cases of stone-blind-
ness, in which even couching will fail—ARCHBISHOP MANNING's, for
instance, or CARDINAL CULLEN's?

THE BEST CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR CHILDREN.—A "Family" one for
the Pantomime.



NEIGHBOURS IN COUNCIL.

FRANCE. "WHAT *AM* I TO DO WITH MY 'IRRECONCILABLES?'"

BRITANNIA. "I KNOW PERFECTLY WELL, MY DEAR, WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH MINE!"

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

We find a *café* in an open sort of square. I call for the *carte*. CHILVERN makes some joke about *cart* and *horse*, something about eating horse-cutlets.

Happy Thought.—Stop his English, by telling him that it's dangerous to talk it when every one understands, though they don't speak it.

Waiter attends. "*Que désirez-vous?*" I ask CHILVERN, in an off-hand manner.

Happy Thought.—Garçon thinks I'm a Frenchman. [On considering this question at night quietly, CHILVERN says, "That the feeling is snobbish." "Snobbish!" I retort, "Yes," he replies, "A fellow's a snob who wishes to be considered anything better or worse than he really is."

Wish I'd never lent him any money. *This is a note at the end of the day*. Ever since he's become bound to me he's been disagreeable.]

CHILVERN says, laughing, as if it was the greatest joke in the world, "Ask the cove if he's got some roast beef and plum pudding." I hate this sort of thing. I tell CHILVERN so afterwards. Hate calling a waiter "a cove," and asking for plum-pudding in the middle of the day. He wouldn't do it if he was in England.

Happy Thought.—Not express disgust publicly before waiters in *café*, but smile as if I was tolerating a *drôle*.

Happy Thought.—Call CHILVERN in French a *polisson*. Garçon smiles.

CHILVERN replies, "*Wee*, let's have some of that," thinking I'd spoken of fish.

The waiter here asks me a long question in rapid French. Haven't an idea what he means.

Happy Thought.—Won't tell CHILVERN that I don't understand him. Consider for a few seconds, then reply, in French, "Yes, but make haste." Garçon says something, and hurries off. Wonder what the dickens I've agreed to? Wonder what this will result in. CHILVERN asks me, "What did the waiter say?"

Happy Thought.—To answer, "Oh, only something about what we are going to have." CHILVERN presses to know what we are going to have.

Happy Thought.—To say, slyly, "*You'll see*." So shall I, for at this minute I haven't a notion what I've ordered, by saying, "Yes; but make haste" to the waiter.

Happy Thought.—I shall find out soon, though; and then if I don't like it, won't do it again. Just coming from England, one's out of practice at these things.

While CHILVERN and myself are waiting for our *déjeuner*, I begin to feel the rolling of the vessel again. I remark this as "very curious" to CHILVERN. "Curious," perhaps, I think to myself, is hardly the word. CHILVERN observes (also carelessly) that he is experiencing the same sensation. We look at one another—we know what we mean. Begin to fear we shan't enjoy lunch. Wonder what I've ordered by saying "*oui*" to the *garçon*. Here he comes. *Voilà*.

Three little dishes,—sardines, butter, and radishes.

Happy Thought.—*Hors d'œuvres*.

CHILVERN asks which are *hors d'œuvres*. I explain to him. He at once commences with a sardine and bread-and-butter. I tell him, to encourage him in foreign manners, that that's quite the correct thing to do, and eat some myself, also a radish.

Garçon appears with a fish of some sort done up in oil, with mushrooms, (I think), truffles, (I fancy), and mussels (I am not quite sure about these, but, as it's not oyster season, they must be mussels). What wine?

"Well," says CHILVERN, "I should say——"

I know he's going to ask for beer.

Happy Thought (before Chilvern can answer).—*Vin ordinaire*.

Explain to CHILVERN that this is the correct thing. CHILVERN, who is much pleased with the first course, says, "capital idea of yours," to me, "ordering fish. What is it?"

Happy Thought.—*Sole Hollandaise*. This is as good a title as any other,—better.

Odd, by the way, this fish coming, as I didn't recognise the word *poisson* when the waiter asked me rapidly that question about what I'd have, or how I'd have it.

Happy Thought.—Another time will call for the *carte*, and point out each dish that I want—no mistake then.

Waiter appears with the wine.

CHILVERN says, "I wish you'd ask for a pepper-box and salt-spoon."

I frown at him. I tell him that it's a Continental custom *not* to have salt-spoons (I don't see any), but to take it out of the salt-cellar with your knife.

"Horrid custom!" says CHILVERN.

This is what I don't like in CHILVERN abroad; he is insular. Because *we* have pepper-casters, therefore all the world must. [For

psychological analysis,—a note in pocket-book. Is it by force of antagonism that I suddenly become pre-eminently foreign, and peculiarly un-English, when with such a mind as CHILVERN's?—Good article for *Typ. Devel.* Heading, *Ant.* Word, *Antagonism*. Division, *M. Mental*.] I help myself with my knife to salt, and with my fingers to pepper.

Garçon adds watercresses to the *hors-d'œuvres*. "Bravo!" I exclaim. "*J'aime beaucoup le cresson!*"

"Watercresses, by jingo!" shouts CHILVERN. He begs my pardon for his excitement, but says he really thought that cresses were peculiarly English. I beg him not to shout. Some young men (French or Belgian) are breakfasting at another table, and turn round to stare at him.

Happy Thought.—To ignore my own nationality, and pretend to be a foreigner (of some sort—don't know exactly what), taking an Englishman out for a holiday.

I say, *Vous êtes un Anglais pour rire*."

Happy Thought.—Seen this somewhere in a French picture. Don't wonder at the idea, if the French take their notions of *us* from men who behave like CHILVERN. Wish I'd come alone.

Happy Thought.—To suggest to CHILVERN that, if he holds his tongue, they won't know what he is.

CHILVERN replies, "You be blowed!" If it wasn't mean, I'd tell him that I wouldn't lend him any more money. Everything is "odd," and "rum," and "queer," in CHILVERN's eyes. He has got into a habit (from being with the Captain, I think) of calling everyone a "cove." He observes, "What rum coves those are!" meaning at the other table. I tell him, deprecatingly, that I see nothing rum about them. I reproach him with being insular.

Waiter brings cutlets. Admirable. It seems then I ordered cutlets—fish and cutlets. He then adds salad. He asks me a question. I am taken by surprise.

Happy Thought.—*Oui*.

Result of the answer is that he takes the salad away.

"What's he done that for?" asks CHILVERN.

I am obliged to own that I don't know.

Happy Thought.—To add, by way of explanation to CHILVERN, that it's the custom. CHILVERN won't be satisfied. Waiter brings salad back again: he has took it away to mix it.

Happy Thought.—Now then coffee and cigar. This, I explain to CHILVERN is the real delight of *déjeuner* abroad in any *café*—you can always smoke immediately.

"*Du café, garçon*" (in an off-hand manner).

"*Deux?*"

"You'll take some?" I ask CHILVERN, to show him that I *can* hold a conversation with the waiter.

"Yes, I'll have catty," replies CHILVERN.

"*Oui, deux tasses*," I translate.

We begin to lounge luxuriously. Suddenly motion of vessel returns.

Horrid. I hope * * *

Coffee arrives. CHILVERN produces cigars, and I ask the waiter for fire.

"*C'est défendu de fumer ici si tôt*," he informs us, apologetically.

I can't believe it. Being unable to argue the point satisfactorily with him, I can only explain to CHILVERN that this is not France, but Belgium. CHILVERN says, then let's pay and go. Both dissatisfied.

"*Garçon. L'addition*."

It turns out that we have had the only two dishes that were not on the *carte du jour*, and that the waiter had asked me, "Would I leave it to him to order?" and it was to this I had answered "*Oui*." Horridly dear: thought everything (especially *vin ordinaire*) was so cheap abroad. Eight francs a-piece.

Happy Thought.—Put down in pocket-book everything I pay for CHILVERN, or he may say I didn't. Also keep the bill. We walk out. Wish CHILVERN hadn't brought his umbrella. Suit of ditto, coloured wide-awake, and umbrella. "Quite," as CAPTAIN DRYNGWELL remarked before, "the tourist." The people will think he's a COOK's excursionist, or some sort of "there and back for seven shillings," or "a Happy Day at Antwerp" for half-a-crown.

Important Advertisement.

WANTED.—A NOBLEMAN to LEAD THE OPPOSITION in the House of Lords. He must be cleanly, sober, and possess property, have a quoting acquaintance with HORACE, and a reasonable knowledge of geography, and be a fluent speaker. He must not write in any review or newspaper, nor must he have any liberal proclivities. Temper not an object, as Scotch Dukes are aggravating. Theological views not insisted on, but he must stand well with the Episcopal Bench. Must know how to take orders from his Chief in the House of Commons. Must have no personal dislikes, but be able to be very offensive on occasion. Must not be too old to sit out a heavy debate. Will be allowed to keep racers, and indulge in the other ordinary recreations of his class, but is not to be considered a turf man.—Photograph and testimonials to be addressed, "Lion," 1, Grosvenor Gate, W. Silence a polite negative. No law-lords need apply.



RATHER EMBARRASSING.

Rich Uncle. "O TOM, DO ME THE FAVOUR TO LEAVE THIS AT YOUR COUSIN'S, IN REGENT STREET."

ON LOVE-LETTERS.

"SERVE him right," said *Mrs. Punch*, impatiently throwing down the paper containing the report of a Breach of Promise case, damages £500. "I don't care about a woman who brings an action of the sort, but a man ought to be punished for writing such idiotic love-letters."

"Logical as ever, my adored," said *Mr. Punch*; "but it is in the fitness of things that a love-letter should be idiotic. Love is a brief (very brief) madness. Would you have *Hanwell* edit *Euclid*?"

"But a man needn't write 'Now, my dear JANE' sixty times in one letter, and cover it with stars that mean kisses."

"Would you have him send French epigrams, or an analysis of the result of deep sea soundings for mollusks?"

"I'd have him rational."

"Then, my worshipped, he had better postpone love-letter writing till after marriage."

"Well," said *Mrs. Punch*, smiling, "perhaps that would be the best way. But then they would never be written at all."

"And whose fault would that be?" said *Mr. Punch*, escaping from the room.

Ad Imperatorem Classis.

See *United Service Gazette*, in which the First Lord of the Admiralty is reported to have caused the Dockyard Cats at Portsmouth to be put on half-rations.

PANURGUS olim fabulosus, Amphoræ
Quum navigaret ad sacratum Oraculum,
Horrenda, diro præ timore, passus est,
Ut Rodilardo venit obviam truci:
Amice, quanto tu laborares metu,
Si Rodilardos mille per navalia,
Per te esurientes, sævientes videris?

THE BEST SERMON.—DR. TEMPLE'S Rugby Speech.

THE EPISCOPAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR EXETER, *Riseholme.*

MAY I, most affectionately, entreat you to do something towards Dis-establishing the Church of England? Will you have the kindness, by making such a voluntary proclamation of your belief as will satisfy orthodox clergymen and laymen, to signify that a Bishop is appointed, not by the Crown, on the responsibility of the PREMIER, but by a species of universal suffrage, and oblige,

Dr. Temple.

Yours faithfully,
CHRISTOPHER LINCOLN.

MY DEAR LINCOLN, *Rugby.*

ALLOW me, most affectionately, to decline compliance with your request. I am an Elect Bishop of the Church of England as by law established, and I am opposed to the separation of Church and State. I regret that you have turned Radical, and joined MR. MIALI'S Liberation Society. I cannot follow your example.

Yours, sincerely,

Dr. Wordsworth.

FREDERICK EXON.

THE NEW P. G. M.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been made a Member of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and is now a Past Grand Master. When His Royal Highness appeared at the Freemasons' Hall on this happy occasion, he wore "an ordinary Master Mason's apron." Who would not wish to inspect the PRINCE'S very remarkable collection of official dresses? Who would not like to see him arrayed in the robes of a Peer of the Realm, in the uniform of a General Officer of the Army and a Colonel of the Hussars and Volunteers, in the splendid gown of a Doctor of Civil Laws, in the costume of an Elder Brother, in all the bravery of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, the Golden Fleece, the Tower and Sword, the Legion of Honour, and the Star of India, and in the "clothing" of a Past Grand Master?

Has the PRINCE acted for his own comfort in becoming a Freemason? Has he reflected that he will now be called on to lay more first stones than ever, and to lay them with full Masonic honours?

A SLAP AT THE STAGE.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM a British playgoer, and I pay my money like a Briton for my seat, and, do not wait for "orders," like a waiter at a pub. So I have a right to grumble when I see what I don't like, and am beguiled by some bad acting from a capital cigar. What I dislike most is a performance where the players are not perfect in their parts, which is usually the case on the first night of a new piece. I pay to see a play, and not a dress rehearsal, and a Manager receives my money under false pretences, if he allures me to a piece ere it is fit to be produced. See here how they manage things on the French stage:—

"In Paris the *Bohemian Girl* is rapidly coming out. They have had already forty-eight rehearsals."

Forty-eight rehearsals! Here is something I should like to see "adapted from the French!" We should not hear such grumbling about slovenly stage management, and actors not working together, if forty-eight rehearsals were considered insufficient ere producing a new piece.

Yours in all sincerity,

SOLOMON SOLON HUNKS.

Great News!

HOORAY, hurrah, let's laugh, not frown,

But dance and sing, my JULIA!

For Venezuela has put down

The rebel folks in Zulia.

[They dance and sing, and then get the Atlas to see in what quarter of the world the places are.

HIGHTY-TIGHTY!

THE United States is going to take possession of Hayti. When once JONATHAN has got his grip on it, the island may change its name to "Hayti-tighty."

WARNING TO THE LIBERATION SOCIETY.



HERE is an Association called the Liberation Society. It is composed of Dissenters and Advanced Liberals, and its object is to destroy the connection between the Church of England and the Crown of England. This, of course, is a perfectly legitimate thing to aim at. But not legitimate, *Mr. Punch*, Children's Friend, opines, is this :—

"The Executive Committee of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control, being about to issue a Series of new Publications, explanatory of the objects and illustrative of the principles of the Society, offer the following Prizes :—

"1. WORK FOR CHILDREN.—A Prize of £50 for an illustrated Volume, historical and biographical in its character, and suitable for Children of from ten to fifteen years of age. The Adjudicators will be the REV. S. GREEN, B.A., and HERBERT S. SKEATS, Esq."

Children from Ten to Fifteen years of age are to

be outraged with a discussion on the disadvantage of State Establishments! Perhaps the pill is to be sugared, and tales, with a moral—*Delenda est Ecclesia*—are to be put into the hands of the unhappy little creatures. Something of this kind, perhaps :—

"THOMAS JONES was a good little boy, who gave all his pocket-money to send out Missionaries to the poor dear blacks in Tongorparu, and who wept when he heard that they had never known the name of BINNEY. One day he was crossing the road of Parliament Street, where he had been sent to give a tract to a starving cobbler, and he saw a fine carriage, drawn by noble horses, coming rapidly along. This was the carriage of a person who is profanely called the Right Reverend the LORD BISHOP OF DERWENTWATER, a man who receives £150,000 a year (taken out of the taxes on little boys' bread and butter) for wearing a mitre and lawn sleeves, clothing himself in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. His only other business is to go to a gilded chamber called the House of Lords, and try to hinder every good law which men, like members of the Liberation Society, seek to obtain for the benefit of poor little boys and girls. This so-called Lord Bishop was afraid that he should be late, for he wanted to oppose a law for making bread and cheese and tea cheaper, so he sternly commanded his tinselled coachman to drive furiously, like JEHU, the grandson of NIMSHI. The savage coachman lashed his horses, and they rushed so fast that poor little THOMAS JONES could not get out of their way. He was knocked down, and grievously hurt; The cruel Bishop saw this, but would not stop, and THOMAS was carried to the hospital, where he lay many weeks. But he was not sad, because he had the tracts of the Liberation Society to cheer him up. He only said, patiently, 'I think the Bishop ought not to have £150,000 a year for running over me, but I daresay he is sorry now, and I heartily forgive him.' But we have not forgiven the Bishop, and we hope to see the day when he will not have that enormous income, or want to go to the gilded House of Lords."

MESSRS. GREEN & SKEATS may send *Mr. Punch* the £50, or not, as they please. But he warns them that he means to keep his eye on the Liberation Society, and it will be a wiry time for the author of any other Liberation Tale for Children when it gets to 85, Fleet Street. We shall hear of a Dissenting Fairy Tale next. Let the children alone, will you? or *Mr. Punch* will show you that it is the safest plan.

Dissent in Danger.

SOME of the principal Dons at Cambridge have just declared for the abolition of University Tests of creed : wisely for the interests of the Church. Were tests swept clean away both at Oxford and Cambridge, Dissenters would send their sons to the Universities, whence those men, having received a liberal education, and especially learned to construe Greek Testament, would return indoctrinated, most of them, with a just appreciation of STIGGINS, and also of MANNING.

Giulia Crisi.

NAY, no elegies nor dirges!
Let thy name recal the surges,
Waves of song, whose magic play
Swept our very souls away :
And the memories of the days
When to name thee was to praise ;
Visions of a queenly grace,
Glowings of a radiant face,
Perfect brow—we deemed it proud
When it wore the thunder-cloud ;
Yet a brow might softly rest
On a gladdened lover's breast.
Were thy song a Passion-gush,
Were it Hatred's torrent-rush,
Were it burst of quivering Woe,
Or a Sorrow soft and low,
Were it Mischief's harmless wiles,
Or wild Mirth and sparkling smiles,
Art's High Priestess ! at her shrine
Ne'er was truer guard than thine
Were it Love, or were it Hate,
It was thine, and it was great.
Glorious Woman—like to thee
We have seen not, nor shall see.
Lost the Love, the Hate, the Mirth—
* * *
Light upon thee lie the earth !

ANOTHER PANCRAS WITNESS.

THE Pancras Guardians publish all sorts of testimonials to their character, and the public laugh at them, knowing how such things are obtained. It is a pity that they should have forgotten this one, which has just as much value as any that they have issued, and which the papers have carelessly printed as having been received at Waterford. It is evidently the production of some "respectable inhabitant" of St. Pancras, who is anxious, in a neighbourly way, to do his best for fellow-tradesmen :—

"At the last weekly meeting of the Board of Guardians, the following visitor's report was presented :—'I visited the Hous Auspites mal and female wardes and Found them Scripilis clane. I Asked Patients if the Mad any Complaints, and they All said no. Also the lands are well cared. I also suggest that Sixty Four Guardians Be Called to pay up the Rate and Get us Out of Debt, or have them Pasted in Boardroom.'"

We hope that the Poor Law Board has seen this, but, lest it should have escaped attention, *Mr. Punch* reproduces it.

THE BRITISH FARMER TO THE BOARD OF TRADE.

(As Personified in its President.)

STATISTICS can I render thee?
Thou told'st me, in thy brighter hours,
To keep my thought from figures free.
And watch, at home, the sky and showers;
Nor e'er the Government to bore
With my affairs, not their concern.
I took thy counsel, and, therefore,
Have no statistics to return.

A NOVEL ARCHIDIACONAL FUNCTION.

"Some few weeks ago, ARCHDEACON STOPFORD's cure for cramp went the round of the papers. It will be remembered that the ARCHDEACON obtained knowledge of the remedy by inspecting the garters of an Irish Countess."

UNFORTUNATELY, we had not the advantage of seeing the previous notice of ARCHDEACON STOPFORD's new cure for cramp. All we hope is, that—as these are ticklish times for Church establishments and Church dignitaries, when it is more than ever necessary for those who hold ecclesiastical preferment studiously to avoid all actions liable to misrepresentation—the Archdeacon did not obtain his valuable knowledge when her Ladyship's garters were fulfilling those purposes for which garters were originally instituted.



BRITISH ADMIRATION.

English Farmer (to French Gentleman, who has "cleared" him). "ALL RIGHT, SIR! AND IF YOU CAN CATCH MY OLD MARE, YOU'RE ABOUT THE BEST FRENCHMAN I EVER SAW!"

WANTED A GHOST!

"To Proprietors of Haunted Houses.—A few gentlemen wish to have the opportunity of visiting a house said to be haunted, situate in or near London, for the purpose of scientific observation."—(See Advertisement.)

WANTED a Ghost, of whatever variety,
Fitted to mingle in learned society:
Able to work on the feelings electric
Of savans devoted to themes dialectic!

Wanted—a house full of murderous hoards,
Bells autophonic and creakiest boards!
Regions by restless departed ones haunted,
That's what, to keep up the spirits, is wanted.

Wanted to sit up the whole of the night
Waiting the advent of goblin or sprite!
Wanted from t'other side Jordan to roam,
Vampires inclined for a go-in "at Home!"

Wanted some dæmon to give us a note
What it is keeps airy DANIEL afloat!
Wanted at least elementary traces
What is the power that elongates his braces.

Wanted to know what on earth are the merits
That make MRS. MARSHALL affected by "sperrits."
Wanted to know why respectable dead
Come back to life at five shillings a-head.

Wanted old ladies and children to fright,
Waked up by cats in the dead of the night!
Wanted this age of inquiry to daunt—
That's what these pseudo-philosophers want.

Wanted to galvanise once and again
All the exploded old tricks of Cock Lane!

Wanted to make a white sheet and a post
Go down once more as a genuine ghost!

Wanted—how idle such needs 'tis to flaunt!
Blessed if I think they know what 'tis they want.
Wanted—it seems to me: don't it to you?—
Dialecticians want something to do!

RITUALISM AND RACING.

THE Turf has grown serious. "ARGUS" says:—

"Notwithstanding the 'Twelve Day Mission Week,' which occurred at the same time as the Warwick meeting, and which was imagined would interfere with it, MR. MERRY's benefit was a regular bumper, and during its continuance Leamington never looked gay."

Considering the fear entertained that the Warwick Meeting would be interfered with by the concurrent Mission in London, anyone, not knowing the nature of the meeting which has just occurred at Leamington, might fancy it was held in a meeting-house. On the other, that apprehension may be supposed to have been inspired by a notion that the Twelve Days' Mission was some affair arranged perhaps by the Jockey Club, to come off probably at Tattersall's under the auspices of MR. JOHN DAY, and eleven other members of that gentleman's family so renowned in the racing world.

The Returned Convict.

"Member returned to serve in the present Parliament.—County of Tipperary: JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA."—*London Gazette*.

"M. P." may stand for something else besides "Member of Parliament": it may mean, for instance, "Milbank Penitentiary."

THE BRITISH "PUBLIC."—The Beer-shop.

GEMS FROM AMERICAN MINES.

THIS IS THE WAY THE MANY-HEADED BEAST IS FED OVER THE WATER. HE LIKES HIS FOOD CUT UP SMALL. HIS FEEDERS ON THIS SIDE MAY GET HINTS. THEY ARE COMING TO IT.



COLONEL DODGE wanted to turn Fenian. But they said he did not look dirty enough. That was cruel, considering the pains he takes not to wash his face.

SENATOR JONES has got a new set of false teeth. They don't fit.

MRS. WINKLES, Fifth Avenue, has her knocker tied up. Welcome, little stranger! But the white glove might be whiter, WINKLES?

BOB BAGSTER's new poem will be bad. Well, praise to him for not surprising anybody, surprises are vulgar. But so's BOB.

Elegant LORIMER BRIGGS has made tracks. Glad he can make any thing. Didn't think it in him.

ROOMY TOUTLE shouldn't go to the theatre without a

pocket handkerchief. They are cheap enough at friend SHODDY'S, in Broadway, who is a good fellow and a refined-minded gentleman.

Belle ST. CLAREMONT couldn't hook young SNUBBS, so me and ma are back to town.

Juggs gets fat.

Another new piece by VAMP announced. Where are the French detectives?

PETER WILKINSON overdrew his account last week. But we hear that his grandmother has squared things. Good old lady. Wish she were our grandmother.

There was a report that DANDY COCKHORSE had paid his tailor. We are authorised to state that there was no foundation for that scurrilous rumour. He would pay his debts of honour first, and hasn't begun that.

Pretty MRS. CHIKABIDDY refused to be comforted for beautiful MRS. CHOLLYHOWCOW's diamonds. Wipe your eyes, dear, they are false—the diamonds we mean.

We don't like TOM PHILPINE's new coat. Does anybody?

Snakes and turnips, MRS. JERUSALEM, why do you let the MISSES J. talk to psalm-singing GEORGE? He ain't no good.

BILLY CLATWORTHY pled nobly in the lobster case on Saturday, but what's the use of whistling jigs to a milestone? Yes, you, JUDGE BILK.

Nature's Nobleman NOGGINs will lose his patent if he rolls so very often in the kennel. Why don't he take the pledge?

MRS. CHARLEY QUAGGLES has pretty feet.

Is the said MRS. CHARLEY's milliner's bill paid? We shan't pay it, and QUAGGLES can't, unless that insured ship should happily go down.

Where's WOPPS?

We saw the note, MISS JEMIMA P.—. You dropped the ball-card very neatly, and he picked it up very gallantly, but we saw. Don't blush. He would be a very nice young man, if he were not so old.

JEFFERSON BRICK wanted 5000 dollars for his novel. This was to make up for his disappointment because the last didn't sell. However, SHARP and KOE didn't see it. We hear his wife wrote part of it—the love business. Not from her own experiences, we should say.

POKER PATTISON leaves his Club. The Club is as well as could be expected, and we have not heard that any of the spoons are missing.

PRESIDENT GRANT uses cold cream after shaving. He will not eat hard boiled eggs. He is right as to the first, wrong as to the second. But this is a free country, and men may do as they like.

The SIGNORA SALLIBETTY blew up considerable behind the scenes last night. Four carpenters fainted at her language. SAM DAVIS didn't, but then he was raised where they talk like that.

(Here we were cowed. Details to-morrow.)

Plain English from an Irishman.

AN Irish friend of ours the other day thundered out a noble answer to a pestiferous Dun. "Ye may call, Sor, for the dirty bill this day month, and if I see your ugly face before that day, be gorrdm I'll have to take the receipt from your Executors."

THE TURKISH FIRM'UN.—The SULTAN.

FENIANS UNDER FOOT.

OFT NELSON, where he on his column remains,
Mast-headed as though he had been for his pains,
Looks down on a concourse convened to hear jaw,
The Government threaten, and Parliament awe.

Another bronze hero, if statues can see,
And think, and stare, might stare that such things should be,
For HAVELOCK in bronze the same prospect commands,
And HAVELOCK what mutiny is understands.

Yet what does it matter, and what need we mind
Tag-rag disaffection to spouting confined?
Till action to word the Rough rabblement suits,
Let rampant mob orators bellow to brutes.

We somewhat too much of this nonsense have stood,
In the temper of Log, patient Ruler of Wood.
Fenian prints and processions Authority flout:
Traitors fancy the Crown dares not stamp treason out.

Resolved to the utmost to do PADDY right,
To keep him in order as resolute, quite,
May GLADSTONE be backed, with support firm and full,
By the nation at large: by determined JOHN BULL.

JOHN did back his brave men against mild Hindoos,
And your Fenian malignants are mere bugaboos,
Compared to MAHOMET's and BRAHMAH's black sons,
The Sepoys, who had to be blown from our guns.

LATIN IN ROME AND LONDON.

If a generally prevalent impression prove true, the Ecumenical Council will have nothing to do but ratify the dogmas proposed to it by the POPE. In doing that it will have occasion to use few words, whereby the difficulty of arguing in a language which the debaters pronounce differently, will be obviated. It will be easy for bishops, whatever may be their brogue, to concur in saying "*Amen*," "*Fiat*," "*Placet*," and "*Anathema*," which will be almost the only expressions they will need to use, if they are not to argue. Then the rest of their proceedings will be transacted in dumb show.

It is impossible for Protestant Englishmen to deny that, seeing the Council will be in full swing about Christmas, there will be something peculiarly seasonable, at least, in all this. In our own country, at the same time, a certain kind of performances will be going on, consisting, likewise, especially in action attended with few and emphatic words. And there is no reason why those words should not be spoken in Latin, indeed, there is much reason why they should, because they would then augment the gratification afforded to schoolboys by performances principally intended for their amusement.

"*Hic sumus*," "*Salvete*," "*Quomodo valetis cras*," "*Desine!*" "*Nunc equidem asperi te*," "*St! Cave aliquem advenientem*," "*Non sis stultus*," "*Ecce quod inveni!*" Such, for example, might serve as the Latin equivalents of the vernacular utterances above referred to, wherewith the playgoing public is familiar. To these might be added, on the imitative principle, characteristic of the entertainments in which they would be delivered, "*Non possumus*,"—to be said, perhaps, on some proper occasion, by the Pantaloon rather than by the Clown.

Between this and boxing-night there will be plenty of time to allow the foregoing suggestion to be adopted by any enterprising manager who is getting up a Pantomime.

SUCCESS TO "H. R. H. PRINCESS POCAHONTAS"!

SOMETHING has been said about a fortune having been left to the spirited actress who has undertaken the management of St. James's Theatre. Be this as it may, all will agree that a lady who revives GOLDSMITH and abolishes fees, as MRS. JOHN WOOD has done, deserves the good fortune which we hope will be the result of her exertions at St. James's. But if young swells and others will persist in giving sixpences and shillings to attendants at those theatres where gratuities are forbidden, the efforts of Managers (as at the Adelphi, the Gaiety, and now at St. James's) to free the public from an imposition and a nuisance will be all in vain.

Not Well up in Derivations.

MRS. MALAPROP is astonished to think that ladies could ever have supposed they would be allowed to be present at the opening of the Council at Rome, she having always been told it was to be an Ecumenical Council.

FAMILY "PICKLES."—Spoilt Children.



ON THE FACE OF IT.

Pretty Teacher. "Now, JOHNNY WELLS, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS MEANT BY A MIRACLE?"

Johnny. "YES, TEACHER. MOTHER SAYS IF YOU DON'T MARRY NEW PARSON, 'TWOULL BE A MURRAACLE!"

THE SULTAN'S COMPLAINT.

"HERE'S Ismail, regardless
Of meum and tuum,
Thinks this Suez Canal
Has made everything *sum*!"

"Midst crown'd heads at Cairo,
O'ercrowds Stamboul's wassail!
Spends more than his Sovereign,—
The impudent vassal!"

"Then to make both ends meet
His poor *fellaheen* pinches,
Fain to eke out his ell
By the aid of their inches.

"But for each pound so squeezed
He spends three times the money,
And the more bees he plunders
The more he wants honey.

"In his greed for the golden eggs
Kills off the ganders;
Drains *my* Egypt dry
With the millions he squanders.

"Then when quite out-at-elbows,
His pockets swept clean,
He at ten per cent. borrows,
While I pay fifteen!"

"Now, thus to have pockets
Sans fond as a sieve is,
And thus, without limit,
Beg, borrow, and thieve, is
A Sultan's prerogative,
Not a Khedivé's!"

Wishing him Well.

WE are told that the employment of O'DONOVAN ROSSA ("M.P.") in the prison at Chatham is to darn his fellow convicts' stockings. Let us hope, before he comes out, that he will have learned to mend his own ways.

NO DOUBT HE THINKS SO.

TROWER—one who troweth.
Truth—what he troweth.

ECUMENICALIA.

A LITTLE dialogue between the POPE and CARDINAL BONNECHOSE as to what is said of the Council in France is reported in the *Times*. One of his Holiness's questions was, "What do they say of our infallibility?" And this was his Eminence's answer, "Since, Holy Father, you have inquired so precisely, it is hoped that it will not be declared a dogma." Many people will think that CARDINAL BONNECHOSE said a good thing.

"General Councils have sometimes been interrupted by plagues." Some apprehension is felt in Rome lest the General Council now sitting should be interrupted by those "plagues," MONSIGNOR DUPANLOUP, MONSIEUR MARET, DR. DÖLLINGER, "Janus," &c.

There has been a case of brigandage "only six miles and a half outside the Porta Pia." An opinion is prevalent that the Council might employ its time more unprofitably than in discussing how to put down brigandage in the States of the Church.

One of the subjects likely to be debated in St. Peter's is, "How to deal with priests who wish to marry." *Mr. Punch's* advice on this point would be very concise, only two words—Let 'em.

"In order to give greater *éclat* to the Council, the civic authorities have invited the inhabitants to illuminate on Wednesday." What a happy thing it would be if the illumination could be extended to the interior of the Council Chamber! Light is greatly wanted there.

A Good Word.

At the Confirmation of good BISHOP TEMPLE, his Advocate, also the QUEEN's, did a great thing. He actually Porrected a document. No wonder that the Dis-establishers, and the deniers of the QUEEN's Supremacy fled away discomfited, leaving the BISHOP OF EXETER master of the field. Porrected! How truly awful! But can it mean only that he stuck it out? Henceforth it shall be a household word. "Porrect that mustard-pot, BELINDA, if you please, dearest."

A BARK FROM BEADLEDOM.

HA, ha! *Mr. Punch*, the Press is powerless to influence the iron will of the St. Pancras Guardians. "On Wednesday evening," says a newspaper, "DR. LANCASTER held six inquests at the College Arms, Crowndale Road, Camden Town, several of which referred to parish cases." Let me only direct your attention to the verdict in which the sixth of those inquests, held on the body of WILLIAM JAMES, a child aged six months, resulted, Sir:—

"The foreman of the jury, MR. J. BROMWICH, after a few minutes' conversation with the jury, returned a verdict that death was caused by congestion of the lungs and brain, aggravated by the impure air of the nursery, and added that they were very much disgusted with the iniquitous conduct of the guardians in dismissing witnesses who appeared before the Coroner's Court."

The Guardians of St. Pancras are not going to be put down by censure, Sir. No, Sir, not even by the censure of a Coroner's Jury, Sir. DR. LANCASTER may hold as many inquests on paupers as he likes, Sir, and his juries may cast what reflections they please on authorities who can set them at defiance. There is no law forbidding the St. Pancras Guardians to dismiss whomsoever they can, Sir. The evidence of the dismissed witnesses at DR. LANCASTER's inquests disgusted the Guardians—as well as everybody else, Sir. Talk of bringing in some case of death in the Infirmary manslaughter from criminal negligence! Pooh, Sir! Parochial officers are not railway stokers or engineers. Believe me, Sir,

Bow-wow!

P.S. SOLLY ought to be sent to an asylum and smothered. Sanitary mad, Sir—sanitary mad!

Here's a Nass.

SOMETHING is said about some more Knighthoods. It won't do. There is no room for any more knights till after the 21st December, when the Days begin to Get Out.



"GEORGE, DEAR, YOU MUST HAVE SOME WATER IN YOUR CLARET."
 "I PREFER MY CLARET ALONE, MAMMA!"
 "BUT GEORGE, DEAR, WATER BRINGS OUT THE FLAVOUR OF THE WINE."
 "YES; BUT I LIKE THE FLAVOUR KEPT IN, MAMMA!"

A CAP AND BELLS CLUB.

THE London Auxiliary Branch of that Society for the Regulation of Other People's Habits in the Matter of Drink, calling itself the "United Kingdom Alliance" to the number of between 200 and 300 men and women, held their annual "soirée" the other evening in the smaller room at Exeter Hall, where, "*Polly put the Kettle on*," having, or not having, been sung, they all "sat down," says a newspaper, "to tea."

Anyhow these people were quite capable, if not of singing *Polly put the Kettle on* themselves, yet of listening to it when sung, and enjoying it as a high intellectual treat. They might have heard it sung. Very likely they did hear it. They had met to advance the great moral purpose of enforcing temperance; and so, according to the report of their dignified proceedings:—

"MISS EMILY EDWARDS, who was cleverly accompanied on the piano by a very juvenile young lady, contributed to the enjoyments of the evening by her vocal performances, which were invariably applauded, and the Temperance Hand-bell Ringers received well merited applause for their clever peals, which were given at intervals, showing how admirably they could render various airs on those instruments."

As the wise think so the bells chink. The well-developed ears which derived gratification from the harmony of Temperance Hand-bells would naturally have been equally charmed with the melody of "*Polly put the Kettle on*," which song, if sung by MISS EDWARDS, might have been quite as appropriately as cleverly accompanied by "a very juvenile young lady" indeed. Truly, but for the positive information that this peculiarly musical meeting of auxiliaries to the United Kingdom Alliance consisted of adults, one would take it to have been constituted by the juvenile associates of the Band of Hope.

The chair, at the head of this playful party's tea-table, was taken by DR. BREWER, M.P. This Member of the Collective Wisdom would, perhaps, wish to have its deliberations assisted by the vocal efforts of a young lady singing at the piano, and the instrumental performances

of a set of ringers on the Temperance hand-bells. Then the Collective Wisdom at St. Stephens would, like the United Kingdom Alliance Wisdom at Exeter Hall, resemble the celebrated "Old Woman of Banbury Cross." People who had rather not be deprived of their beer, must be glad to know that there are other Brewers than DR. BREWER in the House of Commons.

RAISING THE WIND.

MR. PUNCH.—I am afraid the Church of England is in a very bad way, reduced to beggary, certainly to begging, and obliged to have recourse to the most extraordinary shifts to pay its way. My reason for these fears is the following circular:—

"The Rectory, * * * *

"SIR,—The Rector and Churchwardens having given their acquiescence to the kind offer of the Gentlemen Amateurs, generally known as the 'BLACK DIAMONDS OF LOUISIANA,' to give their favourite negro entertainment on behalf of the Choir Fund of * * * *, may I ask your kind and generous support for the above object.

"I am, &c."

What a niggard congregation not to be able to pay their Choir without the help of nigger amateurs! Is it going to be a common practice for the gentlemen in black to rely upon the melodies and "break-downs" of the gentlemen with black faces for the maintenance of their Church Choirs, perhaps for their own support, if pew-rents and collections fall short? If so, our Church prospects are black indeed.

Yours, in much amazement, ATHANASIUS BROWN.

The Raw Material Wanted.

"THERE is Corn in Egypt" is a common phrase. Manchester and Liverpool would have no objection to exchange it for "There is cotton in Egypt."

THE EMPRESS IN TURKEY.

(From a Valued Correspondent.)

ONE morning, in an agony, AALI rushed into my room; luckily, I was not shaving.

"Are you mad?" I asked, sternly, for I own I *was* annoyed at having spilt my first cup of coffee over my best Mosque-going breeches.

"Pardon, dear boy, and may the tuneful Bulbuls—"

"Bulbuls be—", and I am afraid I used a word which I would not have had the EMPRESS hear for a trifle. But hot coffee over your best—! No! no! The Recording Angel must step in here, and—ahem! not to speak it profanely—*re-cord* me. [Do you see? *Jer-dymo*, "cords=breeches"—to "*re-cord*" is to "*re-breech*"—so the joke. This is worth *ten shillings an hour* in a hunting country this winter, and cheap at the money.]

After the laugh had subsided (for this was where the laugh came in), I asked why he had disturbed me?

"Decorations," said he.

"I won't lend another *sou*," I answered, determinedly.

AALI looked blank.

"Mashallah, Inshallah, Bekezzim, on my eyes be it!" he exclaimed. "Allah il Allah!"

"Quite so," I returned, "but that doesn't get you out of the difficulty."

"We want to make a great show," he cried, despairingly. "We can't be always going to the Mosque and the Sweet Waters, and the EMPRESS is getting tired of seeing our embroidery and fezzes."

I pondered. My eye caught the strip of carpet in my room.

"*Jer lay!*" I shouted, suddenly. "As our English SHAKESPEARE has it:—

"Hang out your carpets on the outer wall,
The cry is still She comes."

AALI was on his knees, invoking blessings on my head. "May the Houris of Paradise—" he began.

"You've only just time," I interposed, for I knew this sort of thing would end in his wanting to borrow one franc fifty on his own account.

He left me, and LARMPERARTREECE then saw such an effect of Turkey carpets in the open air as never in her wildest dreams had she even for one second imagined.

"It is ravishing!" she exclaimed; then, sighing into the ear of the gentleman on whose arm she was leaning (I name no names), she murmured, "Ah! how it is ravishing!"

"*Kil ay sharmarag!*" returned the gentleman aforesaid. "*Kommong jer ver cur Louey pweesse aytrr eesse mant'ning! ay ler p'tee Frangse Armpairearl osee!*"

"Ah! cur voosayte bong! cur voosayte kummayfo!" sighed the EMPRESS, pressing rather heavily—*arvek arntongsiong nezpar?*—on my—I mean, on the arm of the gentleman who shall be nameless here.

"UJAYNEE!" the gentleman gurgled, "UJAYNEE! *koicur voosayte lar jam durn otrr—*" here that ass AALI joined us, in order to point out (the donkey!) the beauties of the scene to the EMPRESS, and to present her with a snowy yashmak. I soon got rid of him, however.

"AALI," I whispered, "how about those *songteems*?"

He shuffled off; but 'twas no use, the SULTAN came up, and the spell was broken.

Then followed the fireworks. Lor! how busy we were—ABDUL, AALI, and myself! While the EMPRESS had her attention attracted in one direction, we went in another.

I couldn't refuse three francs for the occasion. Three hundred centimes judiciously expended among the boys did it. You should have seen the fireworks: magnificent! ABDUL let off a lot himself, so did AALI, till he burnt his fingers, and very nearly set light to his beard, while I had to keep to my post by the EMPRESS. Then ABDUL took my place, and I relieved him at the Catherine-wheels. It was beautifully done.

The review, too, was a *coup* of strategy. My dodge. Manager on the old theatrical plan of

Enter the General, alone.

General (speaking to soldiers outside). You twenty thousand soldiers, wait without!

This was the way of it. We showed as many as we could, and talked of the others.

I myself appeared in several different dresses, like an entertainment, and represented as many officers and functionaries of the SULTAN'S Court as I could, with such limited means as I had at my command—that is, only one false nose and spectacles (joined together), and a red wig (known, professionally, as a "Brutus," I believe), which happened to be in my portmanteau.

It was a great success. The fireworks on the Bosphorus have given me a severe cold. AALI and ABDUL and self haven't stirred out for days.

Yours,

PEEPER THE GREAT.

P. S. ABDUL has just looked in to ask me to come round and have a cup of coffee and pipes.

"Ahem!" says I to him, winking out of the bed-clothes, "how about those *songteems*, not to mention the three francs for fireworks?"

He returned disconsolately. You see I had hit the right nail on the head. *He invited me, but expected ME to pay.*—Not for yours ever, P. T. G.

P. S. to my letter.—I forgot to add that "*Jay fewmay shay lay Grrrang Sayneurs ler ichibouque dong ler boo darmbr ongreeshee der dearmurng valay dee meal frarrnk, ay,*" as LARMPERARTREECE herself observed to—well, to a gentleman on whose *brar* it arrived that she was leaning herself—"Jay rasou lospetarletay lar pleu kordearl."

By the way, AALI PASHA has the reputation of possessing a most extraordinary memory: at least, so a *beaugonnou* French journalist said to me, and also wrote in his paper.

If this is the case, why has he not said a single word about those centimes of mine? I do not wish to make this an international question, nor do I desire to compromise the talented correspondent of the *P-g-o* aforesaid, who speaks of AALI'S faculty as "*la plus prodigieuse mémoire qui existe au monde*;" but less than this has brought about a European War before now; and I do hope, ere I write again, to be able to tell you that we have satisfactorily disposed of this Eastern Question without further complications.—P. T. G.

FALLIBILIS INFALLIBILIS.

A QUICKENED and regenerate Italy

Bowed to be blest by him, and rose to bless,

As with uplifted brow and lambent eye,

To Peter's marble chair he claved the exultant press.

The nation's heart with his kept even beat,

In his and her veins one blood seemed to flow,

Till to its ancient Capitolian seat

Methought Rome's rule drew back, after long ebb and low.

Such was his dawning; but a swift eclipse

Blotted before its prime that wondrous light,

And curses strangled blessings on the lips

Of those that looked to him for day-spring and found night.

Lo, now the end! About the marble chair

From earth's wide ends the Church's fathers draw—

Cardinals, Patriarchs, and all that wear

The mitre, and own him their living God and Law,

Summoned to curse whatever erst he blest,

The faiths, the hopes, the charities to ban,

That the new Pope's humanity confest,

What time the natural manhood in him yearned to man.

And him who this great circle has swept through,

From zenith unto nadir of thought's zone,

Whose "true" to-day is next-day's most "untrue,"

The Church has gathered here INFALLIBLE to own!

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

DEAR PUNCH,

Look here, what the *Law Times* is so good as to remind us of, concerning this next January:—

"The whole of the year's taxes must be paid in advance, instead of being collected half-yearly as hitherto. The Income-Tax is to be collected in like manner, the whole year's tax is to be paid at once in the same month of January, already severely burdened by the compulsory payment in advance of the assessed taxes."

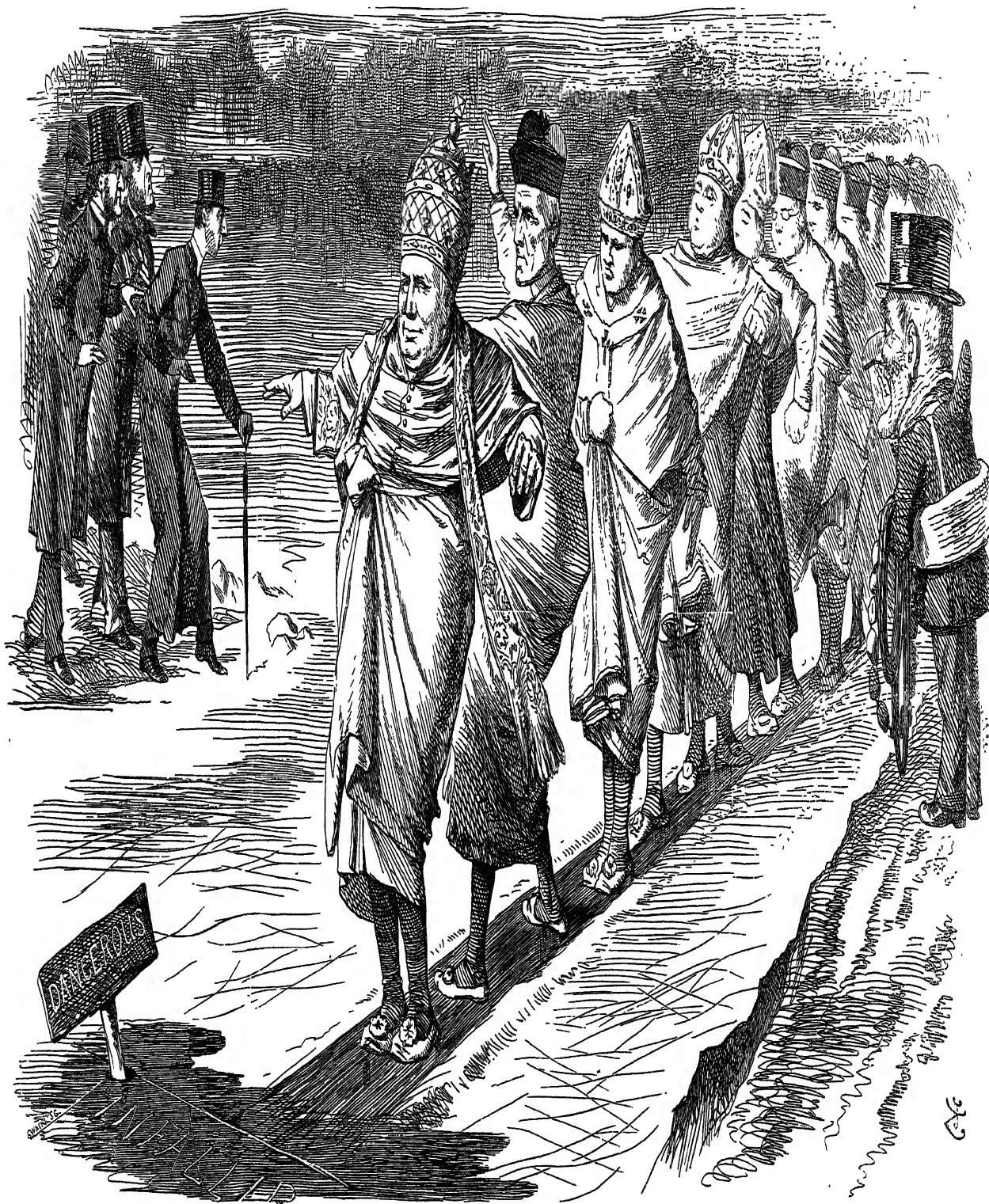
A festive prospect this is for the festive season! The Egyptians used to show a skeleton at their feasts, so as to prevent an exuberance of jollity. So we easily may curb our merriment this Christmas by hanging with the mistletoe a little sheaf of taxpapers. "*Harlequin Exchequer, or the Demon Tax-Collector!*" would certainly this year be a fit title for a pantomime. Well, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; and, by way of a Happy Thought, you had better begin to think about the coming New Year's visit of the tax-gatherer.

Believe me, dear old boy, yours in sympathy,

A SUFFERER.

The Kilkenny Cat Cure.

If Fenian mobs would only fight,
With mobs demanding Tenant Right,
So as ache other to destroy,
Ould Ireland would have pace, me bhoy.



SLIDING ON THIN ICE.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.



SOME of our greatest authors have required to be stimulated by particular influences to enable them to compose with freedom. When AKENSIDE was writing his famous poem, *The Virgin Queen*, he invariably sat in a room which had a north-east aspect, in a Windsor chair, with an Angora cat purring in his lap, and a white silk handkerchief, with purple spots, thrown over his head. HANNAH MORE could not put pen to paper until some silkworms and an Æolian harp had been placed by her side, with a glass of barley-water flavoured with vanilla. HORACE WALPOLE composed his celebrated letters, dressed in a full Court suit, while his aunt reclined on a sofa opposite to

him shredding rose-leaves into a large China bowl, and singing at intervals snatches of Jacobite ballads.

ADDISON was never without a ball of red worsted on his rosewood desk; BISHOP HORSLEY used to write in his dressing-gown, sitting facing a large cheval glass, behind which a musical box played the popular airs of the day; SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE always had a hedgehog lying in a basket, lined with blue flannel, on the hearth-rug; and it was useless GRAY attempting a poem, if an antique wine-glass with a sprig of fresh gathered penny-royal, for him to smell at, was not at his elbow—the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of the Tower Hamlets*, was composed under these circumstances. PETER PINDAR liked to have lodgings opposite a butcher's shop, and had a trick of tickling his neck with a feather before commencing each stanza; and BURKE, when busy with his *Peerage*, was restless and uneasy if he had not a smooth horse-chestnut to finger in his left-hand breeches-pocket.

Great interest must always attach to the exact spots where some of the most precious possessions of our glorious literature have either been conceived or executed.

Down in the Weald of Sussex they still show you the five-barred gate over which ADAM SMITH was leaning, listening to a distant peal of village bells, when the idea of *The Wealth of Nations* first entered his mind; and the summer-house is kept in thorough repair in Oxfordshire, where COWLEY corrected the last proof-sheet of his immortal *Ode on Vaccination*.

Leave the turbulence of Fleet Street, and turn down a narrow court not an arrow's flight from Temple Bar. Enter the gabled house which stands last but nine on your left hand, ascend the creaking stairs almost to the very top, and in the third-floor back you may picture to yourself the mighty JUNIUS, in a mask, with a drawn rapier and some black puddings on the deal table before him, penning that memorable letter to LORD SOMERS, on the tyranny of the tax on hair-powder, which was the immediate cause of thousands of the Liverymen of the City of London emigrating in *The Mayflower*, to join the Puritan Fathers and Mothers on the romantic shores of Wenham Lake.

Many a pilgrimage has been made to the scene of *A Michaelmas Night's Dream* in the Poultry; and not the most indifferent passer-by could gaze without emotion on that modest hosier's shop near Chancery Lane, where good IZAAK WALTON vended braces, and wrote his two great piscatorial works, *The Complete Angler* and the *Life of Hooker*.

That was a memorable evening at WARREN HASTINGS's chambers in the East India House, when SHERIDAN read, for the first time, his never to be forgotten comedy, *A New Way to Pay Old I O U's*, in the presence of BRITTON, "the musical small-coal man," and JEREMY COLLIER, and the old DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, and the younger PITT, and MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER, and SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, and ASH, who wrote the *Dictionary*, and BURNS, and BLACKSTONE, and COKE, and MRS. FRY, and all the other great luminaries in the world of rank and intellect.

JOHN LOCKE, then coming into notice as the successful composer of the music in *Macbeth*, has left a striking account of the scene in a letter which has lately been discovered in the Library of Caius College, Cambridge, addressed, as it would seem, to a friend of his own standing, then a Ward in Chancery. LOCKE

wrote in cipher, but the key having turned up, the letter will be published in the course of the ensuing season (by the kind permission of the Noble Earl the Secretary for Foreign Affairs) at the Clarendon Press. Amongst other things, it contains a ludicrous description of DR. JOHNSON being helped off his bicycle by HORNE TOOKE and MRS. THRALE, and reciting, as he went up the grand staircase, WOLFE's *Burial of Sir Thomas More*.

BOSWELL unfortunately was not present on this occasion, having gone that evening in a chaise and pair with LORD THURLOW and JOHN HOWARD, to attend Biggleswade Races the following day; but an entry in a Diary kept by DAY, the author of *Sanford and Merton*, records that JOHNSON was in high spirits and drank sixteen cups of tea, walking afterwards with LORD LIVERPOOL and DR. PARR to a meeting of "The Club," to propose MACKINTOSH (curiously enough it happened to be St. Swithin's) as a Member. JONAS HANWAY, the first man who appeared in London with an umbrella, seconded him, and a full account of the whole proceedings appeared next day in the *Morning Boast*.

THE FARCE THEY WENT THRO'
IN ST. MARY-LE-BOW.

HERE'S TROWER, the Doctor,
And CURRY, his Proctor,
Met to sound of Bow-bells, in the Church of St. Mary,
Red-hot for a bicker
At Law with the Vicar
Of the Primate and Province of fair Canterbury.
By that and by this,
To traverse TWISS
In confirming of TEMPLE, determined, very!

Hark "Præconizing!"
Your signal for rising,
Porrectors, if such there be, of objections!
But on CURRY's appearing
To pray for a hearing
Of Reverend Doctor TROWER's "porrections"—
Quoth SIR TRAVERS "Tace!"
Et Abi in Pace!
And so show Respect for the Queen's Selections.

"Not that we fear you—
But we won't hear you—
Bid you, *Anglice*, 'Hook it'; *Latine*, 'Abire!'
If not, I infer
You'll surely incur,
The mysterious pains of a *græmure*—
What they are I can't say,
In a positive way,
But I know they are something most fierce and fiery!"

So TROWER, the Doctor,
And CURRY, his Proctor,
Had both perforce to sit down "*re infectâ*!"
To pack up "porrections,"
Proofs, extracts, objections,—
And other *Theologi membra disjecta*!
And to chorus with groans,
While SIR TRAVERS intones—
Thro' his nose, full feateous, "*Templa, oh, quam dilecta!*"*

Thus TROWER, the Doctor,
And CURRY, his proctor,
May each of them feel as mad as a hatter,
"Præconized" to "porrect,"
Then suddenly checked,
And informed they have never a voice in the matter.
If most things are vanity,
Some are profanity—
And this seems to *Punch* to be one of the latter.

* "Entoned through his nose, full feateously."—CHAUCER.

Vomited Forth.

BROADHEAD has left Liverpool for the United States in the *Etna*. Let us be thankful for the eruption that carries off such very foul humours as those bred in the Broad Head of Sheffield *Thuggee*, and let us hope that this BROADHEAD has not left even the narrowest tail behind him.



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP," &c.

Country Parson. "HERE'S A NICE BARREL OF OYSTERS FROM YOUR SISTER, MY DEAR. I THINK YOU'D ENJOY A FEW FOR YOUR SUPP—"

Spouse (reading letter). "NOW I DO CALL THAT MEAN! WITH HER INCOME, TOO! SHE SAYS, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE ENORMOUS PRICE, SHE HAS SENT US SOME FINE PERIWINKLES AND A PAPER OF PINS!"

THE SENSIBILITY OF SAVAGES.

In these days of steam, electro-telegraphy, photography, and progress in general, old times are commendably recalled by a newspaper paragraph which, but that it contains modern expressions, and the name of a living Judge, might be taken for an extract from some *London Gazette* or *Daily Courant* of other days, when journalists used to moralise naturally and briefly on current events. Read it:—

"GAROTTERS DREADING THE LASH.—MR. JUSTICE LUSH, at the Leeds Assizes on Wednesday, sentenced a batch of garotters to various terms of imprisonment, and in addition to be flogged with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Though they had been very cruel to their victims, they cried out for mercy for themselves."

It is, indeed, remarkable that the capability of inflicting any amount of pain upon other people,

which, one would think, could exist only by reason of incapacity to apprehend, subjectively, the painfulness of pain, is nevertheless very commonly found to co-exist with the clearest and most lively apprehension of that discomfort. Accordingly, though it is true that the garotters sentenced by MR. JUSTICE LUSH to be flogged, "had been very cruel to their victims," it is by no means wonderful that, on hearing the sentence which appointed them the pain of whipping, "they cried out for mercy for themselves," ever so feelingly. But as the foretaste of chastisement is, in point of unpleasantness, much milder than the actual experience, so will the cries evoked from those criminals by the cat-o'-nine-tails, doubtless be considerably more demonstrative of sensibility than those occasioned by the mere anticipation of its stripes.

The fact that garotters are beginning to cry out at the mere prospect of a flogging, should encourage Judges to persevere in the determination to render that prospect, in every case they can, a certainty. Thereby they will ultimately make ruffians understand that they really had better not commit robbery accompanied with violence. In the meantime:—

All vile garotters crush,
All savage rascals thrash,
A health to JUSTICE LUSH,
Who dooms them to the Lash.

In that exemplary enforcement of the law if that judicious Judge will only continue, garotters, perhaps, will by-and-by leave off garotting, and then he, and the other Judges will be spared the necessity of ordering a severe and shameful punishment to be inflicted on their fellow men.

A CANTICLE TO THE COUNCIL.

(*Ex Cathedra.*)

NON POSSUMUS, for many a day,
Has been our simple cry;
Now bid us, with addition, say
Non possumus falli.

O'er eighteen hundred years ago,
Infallible, no doubt,
We were established, now although
You have to find it out.

"'Tis too late in the day, Papa,"
Quicumque dixerit,
He jolly well *anathema*,
That *homo*, tell him, *sit.*

WANTED, A MINISTRY.

THE KING OF ITALY can't get a ministry. After entrusting the task of forming an administration to LANZA and CIALDINI, who have both given it up as a bad job, he has fallen back on SELLA. Let us hope SELLA may prove the saddle on the right horse.

But what Italy wants is not so much a *saddle* as a *rider*. What with a king who neither reigns nor governs, and ministers who sit loose, and use the curb injudiciously, and show a thorough want of bridle hand, no wonder the result should be staggers, stumbles, and tumbles, with fits of buck-jumping, and kicking, and backing—far less due to the bad temper or bad blood of the horse than to the bad horsemanship of those allowed to get on his back.

SEVERE WINTER.—We regret to state that our favourite bibliographer is weather-bound in Russia.



COVERT-SIDE STUDIES. MAKING THE BEST OF A BLANK DAY.

A RUSTIC ON "RECIPROCITY!"

ALL you manufact'rers as finds Trade too free
And "Gie's Reciprocity!" holler'n who be,
I wish up to town you'd been able to go,
And zee the fat baits at the Islunton Show.

Hows'er you all med the papers peruse,
And study the prints in the *'Lusterted News*,
To zee what should lighten your trouble and grief,
The progress we've made in pork, mutton, and beef.

Above two-and-twenty year now have rolled by
Since we on our own selves was forced to rely,
And had, afore some o' you youngsters was born,
To grapple wi' Free Trade in cattle and corn.

'Twas said then to we that was stuck in a rut,
You chaps to the cartwheel your shoulders must put,
It wun't do no good for Protection to whine,
You clodpoles and clowns in the farmerun line.

We took that advice; we directly turned to,
And soon showed the foreigners what we could do.
Moor capital throw'd on the soil, to be sure,
Improved cultivation, machines, and manure.

We turned from low farmun and took unto high,
And soon competition we larnt to defy.
Take pattern from we that has throve by self-aid,
All you that's beginnun to growl at Free Trade.

You copy high farmun, shun all idle waste,
And try to improve in design, skill, and taste,
Gie gurtex attention to zience and art,
And bate every rival bang out o' the mart.

Nor don't you Trades' Unions, however you tries
For fair and just wages, wherein you be wise,
Sitch bye-laws for able and quick workmen pass
As levels 'em down to the slow-gwiun ass.

We did roar like bull-calves at fust, it is true,
But then grasped our stingnettle; so, mates, do you.
Doan't blubber, but hand and brain put into use,
What was sarse for gander now that's sarse for goose.

TWO COUNCILS AND ONE COURSE.

THE REV. MR. MACKONCHIE has been condemned in costs by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. There is another Council now sitting, not at Westminster but in another place, which would probably approve of views which the English Court of Appeal disallows. It is altogether judicial in its office, whether or no endowed with much of the judicial mind. As to privacy it is much more of a Privy Council than the QUEEN's, though it calls itself not Privy but Ecumenical. That is the Council before which MR. MACKONCHIE, if still holding the opinions which he has expressed by illegal gesticulations, had better go—on his knees. In that position it would be well if he were accompanied by DR. PUSEY, and all other Romanistic Dissenting Preachers in the Church of England.

French Echoes.

In this happy isle (Britain) the Address is always called an "Echo" of the Speech from the Throne. The word seems hardly applicable in France. Blow, breezes, blow, set the very wild echoes flying. Listen:

Throne. I will give you Mayors from the Municipal Councils.

Echo. No great army—no centralisation—no official interference with electors—no arbitrary arrests—free press—trial by jury—changes in the constitution—something like a revolution.

NO, THANK YOU!

DR. TEMPLE had a nice dinner given him the other evening at Rugby. He might have another either there or elsewhere, if he would accept the pressing but indefinite invitation of Puseyites and Recordites to eat his own words.

PUNCH'S RULES FOR YOUNG TRADESMEN.

(After the well-known Advice by SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, to be found in MAYOR'S Spelling-Book.)

1. NEVER be idle. If you have nothing to do, go through your books and turn the oughts, in your debtors' accounts, into sixes and nines. You may thus make a wet day as profitable as a fine one. If you only add a halfpenny to each of twenty-four accounts, you have done something.

2. If your customer be solvent, never make up the so-called weekly book until you are compelled to do so. Remember, the older a bill, the more difficult it is to detect an over-charge.

3. You must have bad debts. It is due to your family that you should not incur losses. Therefore, judiciously distribute the amount you expect to lose over the bills of those who pay, but take long credit. Society is bound to be self-supporting.

4. I need not tell you to stand well with all the servants in the families of your customers. Those persons have much in their power. They will, if you secure their good-will, even risk the anger of their employers by fetching things from your shop instead of that to which they were sent. Money is best, but presents from your stock are always welcome, and you can often set them down in the bills.

5. When a Chancellor of the Exchequer announces that the tax is taken off an article which you sell, do not instantly raise the price of that article, but do so after a short time, and explain to Mater-Familias that the rise has become necessary because the importing commission-agents have backwardised the markets. She will not understand this, but will be unable to answer it.

6. If a customer leave you for one who deals on easier terms, you should take every opportunity of saying, with a compassionate expression, to other customers, that you are very sorry to believe that there were good reasons for Mr. Z——'s going to a cheaper market, and that you earnestly hope he is not in much difficulty.

7. If Pater-Familias is ever worked up by his wife to call and remonstrate as to your charges, be rejoiced to see him, and show him books and invoices, and say that his business head will at once enable him to see how the truth is, which the ladies cannot be expected to perceive. He will be flattered, and tell his wife that she accuses you unjustly.

8. If Mater-Familias declares that she is resolved to try elsewhere, beg her, most respectfully, to do so, and say that, though proud of her custom, you would very much rather lose it than be supposed to act unfairly—but ask her where she means to go, and then say that you are certain you will have the honour of seeing her again, for the character of that house is pretty well known.

9. Of all tradesmen the butcher has the utmost opportunities of early acquiring a fortune. His joints weigh—for most families—exactly what he says they weigh. But if a customer begins to be suspicious, let the butcher implore him to have a weighing-machine. How often will it be used? Or do you think that the cook and you will differ as to weights?

10. Some housekeepers preserve receipts. It is not often safe to make a second demand for a paid bill; but we cannot be too thoughtful, and it is well to ascertain from servants what are the habits of their employers in this respect.

11. Be in no hurry to get into parochial offices. Customers prefer to think that you are minding your business. Yet there are cases in which offices bring jobs, and you must throw no chance away. But seldom or never speak; and if your position be alluded to by a customer, say that it was forced upon you, and that you accepted it only that you might not give offence, and perhaps might be able to save the rate-payers some little expense, though you are bound to own that things are really managed very justly.

12. Always be civil, even to excess. If you observe these rules, you will soon ride when most of your late customers are walking, and then you can splash them, and have your revenge. But meantime be humility itself, except to your shopmen. No faculty should be lost for want of exercise; and in your behaviour to them you can practise your dignity.

13. If the females of your family are fond of dress, keep them out of the sight of your female customers. Especially do so, if your family dresses gracefully, and looks well. I have known a profitable account closed because a tradesman's pretty wife was seen to advantage in the same bonnet as that of an ugly dowager.

14. I have said nothing about adulterations and the like, because I suppose you to know your business, or to know those who will teach it you. But tradesmen who sell articles of consumption should get Dr. HASSALL'S book. His exposures will be their instructions.

Do not hang these Rules up in your shop, but paste them inside your desk, and read them every Sunday morning, before going into your accounts.

SOLEMN JEST.—Where should Postmen be buried? In a Post-crypt.

TOBACCO FOR TEETOTALLERS.

DOUBTLESS his Reverence DEAN CLOSE, and other rabid and uncompromising haters of tobacco, will be charmed to hear that somebody has recently discovered a completely harmless substitute for that pernicious weed. A Calcutta writer states that—

"Having read that watercress is a perfect antidote to nicotine, it lately entered my head to try how some of it would smoke. To my great satisfaction I found that, when put into my pipe, after a couple of hours' drying in the sun, it had all the flavour of the best Cavendish without the treacle, and it was even stronger than Cavendish. Here then is a perfect substitute for tobacco, without the deadly poison so frequently contained in the latter: and it is at the same time cheaper."

Good news this for the teetotalers, at any rate. Water-drinkers surely could see no harm whatever in smoking pipes of harmless watercress. Tobacco in their minds is coupled with debauchery; for drinking bouts, they fancy, are accompanied by smoking. Bacchanalians they imagine must be tobacco-nalians. Pipes of wine, they think, are drunk to moisten throats which have been dried by pipes filled with tobacco. So teetotalers in general are regular tobacco-stoppers, and call the weed pernicious because they think it is inductive of alcoholic tendencies. Now that watercress, however, is found to be worth smoking, we may expect to find teetotalers indulging in the luxury. Tea-meetings without smoke must be somewhat dreary things; and, though tea and toast are relished by some people, we really can't help fancying that drinking toasts in tea must be a little dismal. Now, however, pipes of watercress may be introduced as soon as the plum-cake is exhausted, and jovial teetotalers may vocally contribute to the harmony of the evening some such ditties as the following:—

A pipe with dried watercress fill, fill for me,
For I'm told 'twill ne'er injure the brain,
Nor weaken the nerves like strong gunpowder tea,
From which most people wisely refrain.
Let others their Bird's-eye or Cavendish buy,
Or in sixpenny weeds put reliance;
A penn'orth of watercress daily I'll dry,
And Old Nick-otine set at defiance!

FINE IMPERIAL PHRASES.

You are quite right, *Justice Shallow*. "Good phrases are surely and ever were, very commendable." Your Worship might have made that observation respecting the speech delivered by the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, the other day, to the French Chambers; and the Justice would have justly spoken, if not the *Shallow* profoundly. These be good phrases:—

"Whatever reproaches may be made against our century, we have certainly many reasons to be proud of it. The New World suppresses slavery, Russia liberates her serfs, England does justice to Ireland, the littoral countries of the Mediterranean seem to be once more calling to mind their ancient splendour, and from the assembled Catholic Bishops at Rome we need only expect a work of wisdom and conciliation."

Very good Conciliation!—it comes of *concilio*: very good; a good phrase. Truly we do need only expect a work of conciliation, and therefore of wisdom, from a Concilium or Council. No theological nonsense; no unwarranted dogma: no anathema of scientific truth or political and social progress. We are not obliged to expect that the Council will declare any gratuitous Assumption; especially that it will not ratify any assumption of Infallibility, nor confirm the Syllabus. So much for one phrase in the EMPEROR's last spoken speech; a very good phrase: highly commendable.

Good in no less degree, equally commendable, we are bound to admit those preceding phrases: "The New World suppresses Slavery, Russia liberates her serfs, England does justice to Ireland." Particularly are we sensible of the goodness and commendableness of the last of these phrases:—"England does justice to Ireland." Hear, hear. Do you hear that, MR. G. H. MOORE? May QUEEN VICTORIA, in her next speech from the throne, be enabled, and pleased, to reciprocate the Imperial compliment, enhanced by the homage of imitation in point of phrase. Then will Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, referring to the accomplished fact of the evacuation of Rome by French troops, speak to her Parliament and Europe, saying: "France has done justice to Italy."

Cutting his Stick.

In America a popular quotation has been altered to suit a peculiar habit of the people. DRYDEN's familiar line there runs thus—"and whittled as he went, for want of thought."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—See No. 1356.



"THE WORD OF PROMISE TO THE EAR!"

Railway Porter. "WEYBRIDGE! WEYBRIDGE! ANY ONE FOR V'GIN'A WATER!—"

Thirsty Passenger (waking up at the sound of the last word). "GIN AN' WATER! 'ERE Y' ARE, PORTER! BRING 'SE FOUR PENN'TH!!"

AN INSTRUCTIVE EXHIBITION.

WE understand that, with a view to demonstrate the benefits of Local Self-Government, certain Vestrymen and Guardians are preparing what we think must prove a most attractive exhibition. Closely following the model of the annual Fat Cattle Show, it is proposed under one roof to exhibit poor lean creatures, selected from the workhouses, and to give prizes to the Bumbles who, in their treatment of these creatures, have been the biggest brutes. Prizes also will be offered for the paupers who can live upon the smallest nutriment, and are content to put their parish to the least expense. Extra premiums, moreover, and perhaps a copper medal, will be given to the legal representatives of paupers who nobly have submitted, without grumbling or repining, to be starved nigh to death's door, and, when removed to the sick ward, have been stifled by foul air without a murmur of complaint.

The age and weight of every pauper will be posted at his back, together with full details of his diet and its cost. Poor-Law Guardians will thus be able at a glance to compare their own economy (which, of course, implies brutality) with that of other stingy, selfish, wooden-headed Boards.

As at the Prize Cattle Show, a portion of the building will be kept for the display of implements and models, and among them will be shown the Model of a Vestryman, who will be found a kind of cross-breed between a jackass and a pig. By the side of this strange animal there will fitly be exhibited a few specimens of his handiwork and headwork, comprising frothy, foolish, claptrap, bunkum speeches, and sections of ill-paved, ill-lit, and ill-kept streets. Any such improvement as a steam-roller, for instance, will of course not be admissible to this part of the Show; for if such new-fangled luxuries were sanctioned by our Vestrymen, London would soon lose the proud position it now occupies of being wellnigh the worst place to drive about in all the world.

"LEODOGRAN, THE KING OF CAMELIARD, had one fair daughter . . . in her his one delight." So sings the Poet-Laureat. But the fact is that LEODOGRAN never had the pleasure of seeing *Punch's Almanack*, or he would certainly have owned that there was something else besides his "one fair daughter" wherein he could delight.

BARKING THE BLEST.

OH, Barking's an Elysium
(By RAWLINSON'S report):
For absolute Self-Government
Hath that salubrious port:

No "hamply paid" officials
Waste the rate-payers' pelf:
The blessed town of Barking,
It governeth itself!

Its drains flow in its basin:
Its quay that basin flanks:
Rich the odours of that basin—
The deposits of those banks!

The barges by the river
Bring the savoury London muck,
Which at pleasant Barking station,
Is shifted to the truck.

And so pungent is its odour
By that station as you go,
That Barking causeth biting
To eyes and nose also!

Each citizen of Barking
For himself a cesspool delves:
And the cess-pools are self-governed,
Being left to clean themselves.

No water-rates hath Barking—
Self-governed its supply—
That is, if you want water,
By the bucket you may buy.

No highway-rates hath Barking,
Self-governed are its roads:
None mends or minds the foot-paths,
That serve its free abodes!

Now London is self-governed
In some things, but not all,
And envious of Barking
To poison her doth fall!

If London upon Barking
Its vengeance did not wreak,
By sending down its sewage
To the mouth of Barking Creek,

I think the town of Barking
A Paradise would be,
For a Saint Pancras Guardian,
Self-governing and free.

The sweet air that for breathing
Its street and quay afford,
The atmosphere must rival
Of a Pancras Union ward.

And *Mr. Punch's* counsel
To WATKIN, NORTH & Co.,
Is to the town of Barking
For a residence to go.

For there, in its unfettered
Self-Government, they'll see
The realised ideal
Of what London ought to be.

Once More.

WHEN *Mrs. Malaprop* heard that most of the Bishops wore "white paper mitres" at the opening of the Ecumenical Council, she remarked, that she supposed they did this to show their *Paper-cy*. The same enlightened female was rather puzzled by being told that the Pope read "a short *Emily*."

A FORBIDDEN PLEASURE.

LADIES should never indulge in anticipation, for we all know how objectionable a woman is who looks forward.

A SENTIMENT FOR CHRISTMAS. — May your Goose ans(w)er your expectations!



"Monogram veils are the latest wrinkle among the New York fashionable young ladies. Those of fawn colour and grey are the most in vogue—the monogram being embroidered in colours in the centre."

PLEASING EFFECT OF THE SAME.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR ITALY.

THE French Minister of Justice is said to have forwarded to the MARQUIS DE BANNVILLE, Imperial Ambassador at Rome, "a note stating that the dogma of the infallibility of the POPE is a question which it would be inopportune to revive from a religious point of view," whilst, "from a political point of view, such a proclamation would relieve France from the obligation she has undertaken by the Concordat with the Holy See."

MGR. DUPANLOUP, also, without saying that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility is humbug, declares that its promulgation just now as a dogma would be "inopportune."

The partisans of that doctrine may reply, that for declaring it there is no time like the present.

That their opponents must admit. There is no time like the present for anything whatever, because no other time at present exists. But, they can rejoice, there have been plenty of times like the present for defining the infallibility of the POPE. There has been such a time at every Œcumenical Council that ever sat since the first, between eighteen hundred and nineteen hundred years ago.

What a pity the POPE's Infallibility was not declared then, if he really is infallible! And what a wonder!

Never miss opportunities.

What a golden opportunity was missed at the First Council for doing that which has been inopportune ever since, until now. For now it is, in a sense, opportune. If the Œcumenical Council shall declare the POPE infallible, it will afford the EMPEROR NAPOLEON an opportunity of withdrawing the French troops from Rome. And then the Holy Father will have an opportunity of retiring into private life.

The former opportunity will, perhaps, be taken, and the latter have to be.

A Christmas Nursery Carol.

PANCAS paupers pecked a plate of poorhouse pudding.
Did Pancas paupers peck a plate of poorhouse pudding?
If Pancas paupers pecked a plate of poorhouse pudding,
Where's the plate of poorhouse pudding Pancas paupers pecked?

Corrigenda.

"M. SANT was last evening, at a Meeting of the Royal Academy, elected a Royal Academician. Seven other foreign artists were also elected members."

THE new R. A. is not "M. SANT," but MR. JAMES SANT; and he is not a "foreign" artist, but an eminent English portrait-painter of graceful women and charming children.

LOOK UP YOUR LATIN.

"THE BISHOPS AT THEIR LATIN.—A letter from Rome says that the bishops who at that time had already reached their destination had been making a trial of their Latin, and found it satisfactory neither in quantity nor quality. A few days before a deliberation had taken place in the chambers of CARDINAL ALTIERI on the subject of an Address to the POPE. Every one tried to express his opinion in the purest Ciceronian he could command, but the result was unfortunately merely a modern adaptation of the scene which once took place in the plain of Shinar. In this confusion some of the American bishops began to speak French, and the conversation became tolerably intelligible till the BISHOP OF RAGGIO protested, and declared that all ecclesiastical matters must be discussed in Latin. The consequence was that the victory was won by those who had not quite forgotten their declensions and conjugations; the rest signed their names in humble resignation without attempting to take any part in the debate."

THE bishops, all figg'd out in cassock and cope
Of shiniest silk and of satin,
Were met to present an Address to the POPE,
But found for their eloquence limited scope;
So few of the lot could talk Latin!

Full many a prelate all learned in rites,
And many an orthodox rhymor,
Were gathered together—the world's brightest lights—
But any small schoolboy, in jacket and tights,
Could have licked 'em to fits in the Primer.

They tried "*parlez-vous*"-ing and German "*Gespräch*,"
And Irish came constantly pat in;
Tried English, tried Yankee; but none of the batch,
To save his episcopal soul from Old Scratch,
Could dish up a sentence in Latin.

"*Intelligo non!*" stammered Cardinals grave,
And reddened all over, like Phryné,
Whilst, tried with pontifical verbiage suave,
Each prelate an answer identical gave,
"*Ego non possum loqui Latine!*"

Our friends Ritualistic a wrinkle may gain;
They're good at their mass and their matin:
But really a Catholic name to obtain,
From this *contretemps* they'll perceive that it's plain
They must carefully look up their Latin.

The chair by St. Peter so handsomely feed
Many classical pontiffs have sat in;
But 'twould be a scandal outrageous indeed
If prelates should have to send north of the Tweed
For CUMMING, to coach them in Latin.

Then change for a primer each ponderous tome,
And note, friends, the fact that I mention,
Both you at head-quarters, and Papists at home,
That to do as these Romans are doing at Rome,
Is a sign of the Faith's first declension!

'Twill keep out of mischief these fidgety sprites
And ecclesiastical mimers,
Who're fond as a schoolboy of joining in fights,
And have his bad habit of playing with lights—
To make 'em stick close to their primers!

Sweeping Censors.

CONVOCAION, we are told, condemned *Essays and Reviews* generally, though it had no fault to find with DR. TEMPLE'S *Essay* in particular. If Convocation condemns a volume of independent works, orthodox together with heterodox, simply because they are included by the same covers, Convocation might as well condemn the Library of the British Museum.

Dubious.

THE LORD MAYOR has been distributing prizes to the boys at the middle-class school recently established in Finsbury, on which occasion we read that a gentleman present, speaking for the Council, "expressed their obligations to the LORD MAYOR for extending his countenance to the ceremony." Does this mean that his Lordship pulled a long face?

A BLIGHTED VIOLET.—Blighted? Not a bit of it, you are only rather bilious. What you want to cure you is a hearty fit of laughter, which you can get directly by a look at *Punch's Almanack*. Pay your three-pence like a Briton, and thus save yourself a sovereign and ninepence; for otherwise you'll have to pay a guinea to a doctor.



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Footman (anticipating a scene). "YOUR LADYSHIP'S 'AIR IS HOFF!"
Strong-minded Dowager. "THEN SEND MY MAID TO PUT IT ON."

AMERICAN BANGERS.

The *New York Tribune* contains the following puff:—

"MRS. STOWE'S BOOK.—Mrs. Stowe's *Byron Book* is nearly all in the printer's hands. As the author is a BEECHER, it is almost unnecessary to state that she stands to her guns in all the essential statements and theories she has advanced. She makes a very thorough examination of the case in all its aspects, and those who have read the proofs of her volume think she has made out an exceedingly strong case."

More strong than pleasant; like the atmosphere of the St. Pancras Infirmary. MRS. BEECHER STOWE stands to her guns, does she? What guns? The ordnance with which she has been banging at the memory of BYRON may be called a battery of blunderbusses.

WONDERFUL UNANIMITY.

SOME prelates, with docility
Amounting to servility,
Devoid of shame,
Would now proclaim
The Pope's infallibility.

Say some of their community,
"Burked, for inopportunity,
That question be!"
O, Popery,
So much for Romish unity!

MILO'S VENUS.—Is he? Well, I'm sure, I never knew it. But don't forget to buy her picture. Cost you only threepence, if you ask for *Punch's Almanack*, and you'll get a heap of other good things given in.

A TEACHER AT SION COLLEGE.

THE recent Minute of the Poor Law Board, laying down the Poor Law, declares that "the Poor Law authorities can only administer a minimum of relief"—the smallest amount of relief that will suffice to keep a pauper alive.

On Wednesday last week a meeting, at which MR. GÖSCHEN reasserted this proposition, was held at Sion College to discuss "the desirableness of united action with a view to checking the increase of pauperism, and improving the condition of the deserving poor." This benevolent assembly consisted chiefly of "ministers of various denominations," to whom, says the *Morning Post*, a gentleman present, referring to one particular Board of Guardians, which he had been connected with, "explained" that:—

"Their method was thoroughly to investigate each case; so that, for example, if a man was overtaken by sickness they stepped in to help him, and when he got well they enabled him to earn his livelihood. By this means they have not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a single able-bodied pauper amongst them."

The *Post* hereon expresses the not unreasonable opinion that:—

"This is the way to prevent the poor from becoming paupers."

If so, then conversely, the way proclaimed by the Poor Law Board through MR. GÖSCHEN is not the way.

In the meanwhile perhaps you will wonder who the gentleman was who, when ways of dealing with pauperism were under consideration by "ministers of various denomination," had to explain to those different preachers the more excellent way?

He was "the late Chairman of the Jewish Board of Guardians."

The Sion, at whose College the meeting which required to be told how the Jews deal with their poor, was of course another Sion than the specifically Jewish. But contrast the rule proposed to that meeting by the Poor-Law Board, with the explanation given to it by the late Chairman of the Jewish Board of Guardians, and compare both the said rule and the said explanation with all the passages relative to the relief of the poor contained in the four biographical works, published in the first century, which constitute the moral foundation of Sion College itself. Will not the explanation appear to be considerably more in accordance with those passages than the rule? If you did not know that the gentleman who delivered that explanation was a Jewish gentleman, would you not say, that, in delivering it to the congregation of ministers of various denominations at Sion College, he was teaching them Christianity, and carrying coals to Newcastle?

With Hibernian perspicuity of expression, one might venture to remark that, as Guardians of the Poor, at any rate, the Jews appear to have much more of the Good Samaritan in them than Christians.

The Society for the Conversion of the Jews, or rather the subscribers to it, will perhaps give that obvious reflection the study it deserves.

SPORTING IN THE EAST.

DO EMPERORS and Kings, wherever they go, always travel provided with breech-loaders and powder-flasks, and shot-belts, and game-bags, and pointers, and beaters, and keepers, and a complete shooting equipment, fully prepared, at a moment's notice, in any country, at any time, on all occasions, to blaze away at every creature that flies, floats, runs or swims, which can possibly be deemed to be *feræ nature*, the sacred animal, the fox, always excepted? Can exalted personages undertake no journey without having a little "sport" by the way?

We ask these questions because, in a narrative of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S pilgrimage in the Holy Land, one reads that "the Emperor, with a small suite [gamekeepers?], set off for the Jordan and the Dead Sea, His Majesty *en route* bagging two partridges, a hawk, and a very fine hooded eagle;" and, again, the Emperor being by this time on board his steamer, that—

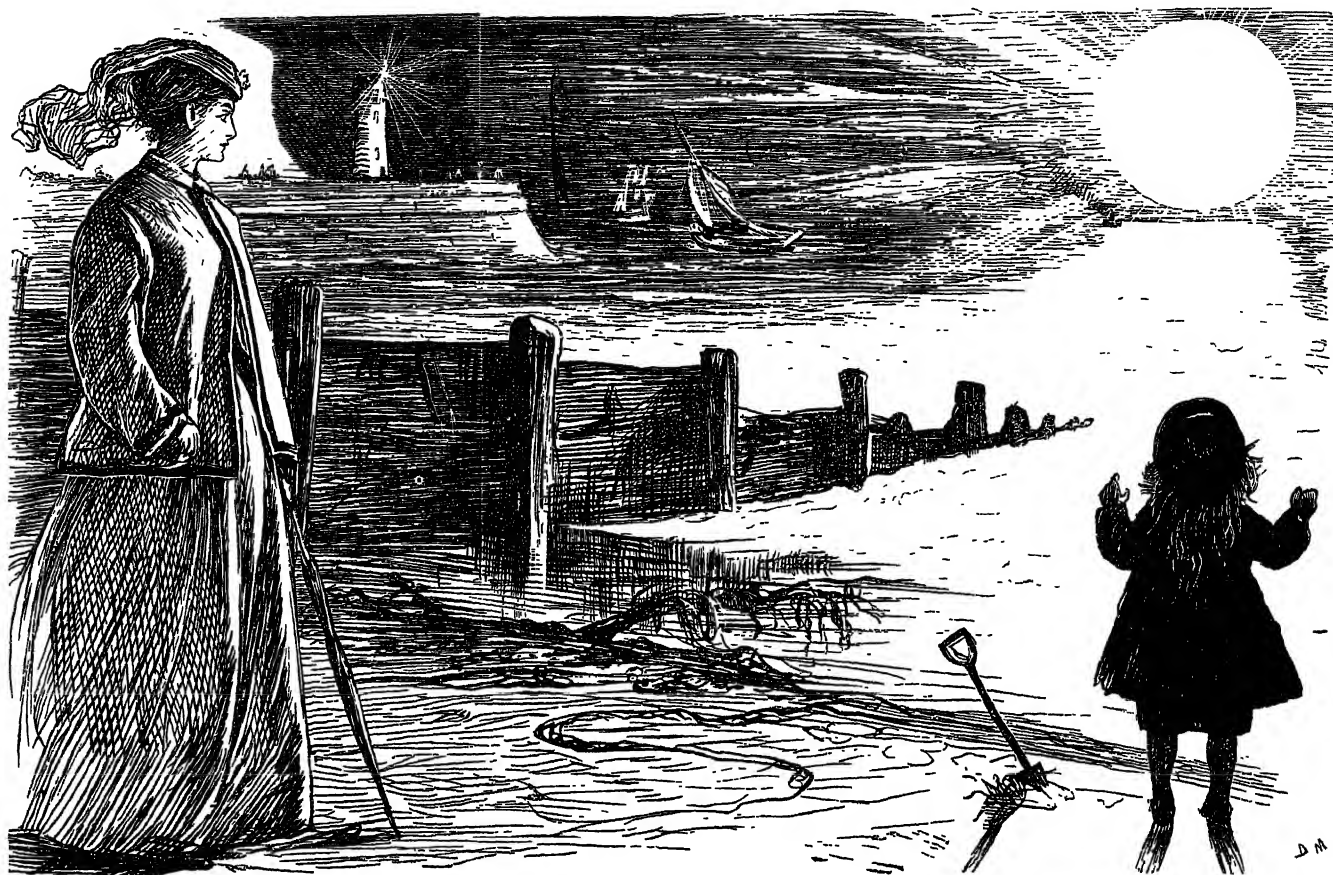
"A very fine turtle was observed disporting himself about one hundred yards from the Royal vessel, whereupon, calling for his rifle, His Majesty waited patiently till the animal raised its head out of the water, when the ball, with unerring aim, pierced the animal's brain, and it sank like a stone. It was expected the body would float and be secured for soup, but when the contrary was found to be the case His Majesty was sorry [we are glad to read this] for having killed the poor animal."

It is rather a relief to find that Englishmen are not the only people in the world who are never happy unless they are shooting at something.

EXASPERATION.

"I WISH," said an anti-Christmas Boxer, that somebody would invent a new felicitation card. I hate those Redbreasts. At this time everybody's a robbin'."

DORA DARLING.—Meet me opposite the *Punch* Office at 2 o'clock precisely, any day next week. Then I will tell you all Your own devoted DOADY. P.S. You can amuse yourself until I come by reading *Punch's Almanack*, which you will see stuck in the window. Say if you like my portrait in the picture "At the Zoo."



"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

Mamma. "SEE, MARION! IN A FEW SECONDS THE SUN WILL SET IN THE OCEAN!"

Marion. "OH, YES, YES! AND WHAT A SPLASH THERE WILL BE!"

A ROYAL EXAMPLE.

HERE is a bit of pleasant reading for this pleasant Christmas season:

"ROYAL GIFTS.—Sixty brace of pheasants have been presented by Her Majesty the QUEEN to the University College Hospital, the Charing Cross Hospital, and the Windsor Infirmary, for the use of the patients."

There would be less outcry against our over game-preserving if our sportsmen would but follow the excellent example which HER MAJESTY has set. We could well nigh bring ourselves to put forth some excuses for the butchery of battues, if the pheasants that are slaughtered there were given to the poor. The feats of noble sportsmen in making a big bag are continually nowadays paraded in the newspapers, and penny-a-liners try to witch the world with noble sportsmanship by describing how the Duke of Pottington and party have, with the aid of double breechloaders, and gamekeepers, and beaters, succeeded in the slaughter of a hecatomb of game. To any but the snobbish mind such paragraphs can hardly possess one whit of interest, and we fancy that with most readers they are less likely to awaken admiration than disgust. We should, however, view with tolerance, if not with actual pleasure, announcements such as this:—

"NOBLE SPORT.—The Earl of Longtails has been entertaining a large company of sportsmen at his shooting-box, near Hareborough, where, in spite of the bad weather, his lordship has enjoyed some excellent days' slaughter in his over-stocked preserves. At a battue in the home coverts, which were shot through on Friday last, the Duke of Guncotton, Lord Wipeye, General Blazeaway, Captain Crackshot, Mr. Marksman, and Lord Longtails were successful in making up the following good bag: viz., 1001 hares, 1002 rabbits, 999 pheasants, 11 partridges, 88 woodcocks, 3 squirrels, 2 beaters, and 1 goose. The goose, we are informed, was shot just after lunch-time, being taken for a lark; and the beaters, being only winged, can hardly be accounted as actually bagged. With the sole exception of the squirrels and the woodcocks, eighty-seven of which latter were thoughtfully distributed among his lordship's poor relations, the whole of this enormous quantity of game was dispatched next day to London, and presented to the hospitals; the goose and the excepted woodcock, which weighed above twelve ounces, being specially reserved to decorate the table of the worthy *Mr. Punch*."

ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHTING IN ST. PANCRAS.

THE "Pancratiun" was a Greek athletic game, made up of wrestling, boxing, kicking, biting, and scratching—in short a Hellenic "Rough and tumble," such as in these unclassic times one would have thought none but Lancashire tykes would consider it otherwise than brutal to indulge in. But the Pancratiun has found a new home in London with an appropriate name—the St. Pancras Board Room, where the Guardians last week indulged in a regular "rough and tumble." It is true that on this occasion bad language, bad manners, and bad grammar were used instead of kicks and fisticuffs. Everything must have a beginning, including the St. Pancras Pancratiun. Let us hope that humiliating exhibition of brutality and bad manners may soon have an end also.

A Hopeless Struggle.

WE are told that DR. TEMPLE's opposers were very thorough and particular in their opposition to his confirmation as BISHOP OF EXETER. For instance, they required proof of his having been "born in lawful wedlock," and that he was "a prudent and discreet man," &c. Indeed they made themselves so ridiculous, that the only wonder is they did not insist on evidence being furnished to show that DR. TEMPLE had been vaccinated, or possessed money in the funds, or could swim, or had never been summoned for non-payment of Church rates, or was not in the habit of relieving beggars in the streets, &c.

THE ROOT OF IRISH EVIL.

IT used to be said that the Irish people were unwise in relying on the potato. Their reliance on 'taters was foolish enough, but still more foolish is their faith in agitators.

THE SUEZ CANAL is certainly a Great Cut. But it is nothing in comparison with the Great Cuts in *Punch's Almanack*. And yet not one of his great artists has been made a Duke as yet!



PENANCE FOR PANCRAS GUARDIANS.

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

CHILVERN stops at every shop.

Happy Thought.—To walk on and leave him.

When I do this I hear behind me (this in the open street, too), "Hi, old boy! hi! look here! Here's a rum thing."

In Antwerp there is a statue—an object of religious devotion—at the corner of nearly every street. People going past, I notice, generally touch their hats. CHILVERN stops opposite one larger than the rest: a light is burning before it.

"Hi! hallo! look here!" he cries. "Ain't this a rum go? This is a queer sort of dodge for lighting the streets."

Happy Thought.—To take his arm. I explain (I am always explaining to CHILVERN) the meaning of these figures. I beg him not to expose himself (and me) to ridicule. I point out that already his umbrella and costume have attracted the little dirty boys. They are really following us, and laughing at us—I mean at *him*; but, unfortunately, we are together.

Happy Thought.—Turn down a street.

Boys still following: joined by other boys. CHILVERN getting angry, turns suddenly on them with his umbrella. Yells, scrimmage, shouts.

It occurs to me, as a stranger here, what must be the feelings of that unhappy Chinaman whom one sees in London, perpetually walking about in the costume of his country, pursued by little ill-bred, dirty, vagabond boys. We are in precisely the same position, all through CHILVERN's confounded "dittos" and umbrella. There really isn't another man dressed like him in Antwerp.

Happy Thought.—See the door of a church open. Enter. Refuge from boys. Boys peep in after us, but a verger, or some sort of official person in seedy black, darts out at them from a recess, and hits the ringleader over the head with a bunch of keys. Delighted.

Happy Thought.—If we stay long enough in here, boys will get tired of waiting outside. Luckily, it is, we discover, the Church of St. Jacques. The seedy black man locks the door, and commences at once to take us round the church and explain. He is the regular guide.

Of all things I hate it is what CHILVERN does at this minute.

He winks at me, and puts his hand in a side-pocket, where there is something bulky, which hitherto I had thought was a large cigar-case. No. Out comes—a big red book—

Murray's Guide to Belgium.

Suit of dittos, coloured wideawake, umbrella, and *Murray's Guide-book*! And I was hoping that we shouldn't be taken for English! If the boys see this when he comes out, it will be worse than—

Happy Thought.—To borrow it of him, and leave it, when he's not looking, in one of the side-chapels. Do it.

Happy Thought.—Leave Antwerp to-morrow, and go on to Aix. Not so much "leave Antwerp" as leave CHILVERN.

He is a nuisance. Respectably dressed, I shouldn't mind him. If he had his own money with him, I could get rid of him. But in his, as it were, celebrated character of a British Excursionist in a suit of "dittos," and entirely dependent upon me for money, CHILVERN is a nuisance.

Happy Thought.—Like the Monster in *Frankenstein*. I'm *Frankenstein*: Monster in "dittos" with umbrella.

He has contracted a habit of staring about him, stopping at corners and before shop-windows.

Happy Thought (while he's in front of a picture-shop window).—Go on some way ahead, as if I was not connected with him. He'd be sure to find his way to the hotel again. If he didn't, though? He can't be robbed, as he has no money, and has only got a steel watch-guard with a bunch of keys at the end of it.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" CHILVERN shouting. "Here! Look here, I say. Here's such a rum cove at the corner of the street!"

The "rum cove" turns out to be a monk of some order or another. I suppress the strong desire to regard him curiously, and only say, as a lesson to CHILVERN, "Oh, of course that's nothing here. Do come on."

Happy Thought.—Take his arm, and walk him along briskly.

CHILVERN can't get over the monk. "Why," he says to me, "he had regular sandals." I am silent. A few seconds afterwards he continues, suddenly, "Why, he was shaved all over his head!" His next idea on the subject is that "he'd make his fortune at Covent Garden in the season, at so much a night, for the *Huguenots* or *Favorita*."

Why can't CHILVERN see that he offends the prejudices of the people by talking out loud like this, and staring at a monk? I don't stare at a monk. I should like to, but I don't.

We go to the Museum—where the picture-gallery is. Woman at gate wants to know if I'll have a catalogue. CHILVERN says, "Oh, yes, do have a catalogue!" and takes one off the counter. This costs me three francs. He shouldn't take it and open it, and read in it, before it's paid for. He replies, that it's all the same to him, as it's in French, and he can't make it out. Shall certainly go on to Aix to-morrow, and leave CHILVERN.

In the Gallery.—Full of Old Masters. Students at easels making copies in oils. I like enjoying pictures by myself. Get away from CHILVERN. He is at one end of the room, I in the middle. I am admiring a masterpiece by some Flemish artist, date 1406. What queer attitudes people fell into then!

While I am making this note, I hear CHILVERN shouting—positively shouting—"Hi! Look here, I say!" to me. Everybody turns round, and stares. The whole place is disturbed.

Happy Thought.—Ignore him.

He won't be ignored. He comes towards me, calling all the way, "I say, do look here! Come along! Here's such a rum go!" I return, quietly, "I wish, CHILVERN, you would not insult the prejudices of foreigners, like this. It really does not do. You wouldn't shout like this in the Royal Academy." "No," says CHILVERN, knowingly, "but this isn't the Academy." I tell him that his answer is not clever, and is not a repartee. He drops the subject, and continues in a tone a little more subdued, "But, I say, do come and see this." I ask him what it is. He is bursting with the discovery of an artistic curiosity, and leads the way quickly up the room, stopping at last in front of a picture. Everyone is watching him. The students are eyeing him with interest. I walk up slowly, staying on my way before a picture of a St. Francis. Most of the subjects are religious.

CHILVERN thinks I am not coming, so he shouts out again. "Look here! do come, here it is! Look! Here's an old cove praying like anything, and two other coves kissing behind a door."

He thinks I'll laugh at this. I tell him I am annoyed. Referring sternly to the Catalogue I found the picture he alludes to is *St. Bonaventura in an ecstasy, a Pope and a Cardinal standing in the Antechamber*.

I tell CHILVERN once for all that I really will not go about with him, if he behaves like this. He has a rude unpleasant habit of leaning over the students' shoulders while they are at work, and examining their paintings as if he understood them critically. I remonstrate with him. "Lor bless you," he replies, "they rather like it; they think I'm going to buy."

A small bandy-legged amateur is hard at work before an *Adoration of the Magi*, by RUBENS. His manipulation is most creditable. Judging from a distance I should say this earnest student will make a good copy, and will advance in his art. CHILVERN looks over his shoulder—quite bends over him. I think the little man rather resents this as he shakes his head sharply, and a slip of the brush is the result. Instead of begging his pardon and taking off his hat politely, CHILVERN observes to him with a wink, "Hallo, Rubens Junior, you're making a nice muck o' this, you are." Disgusting! The student doesn't understand English, and says so, in French.

Happy Thought.—Leave the Gallery while CHILVERN isn't looking. If he picks me up I'll take him back to the hotel, and leave him there. Lost my way. Thought I recollected the streets: ask at a shop.

Will they have the goodness to show me the route to the Hôtel de St. Antoine? They understand the question in French, or they catch the name. A little woman bustles out into the street, catches me by the elbow, and gives me directions in rapid Flemish—at least, I suppose it's Flemish; if not, it's German. Perhaps German and Flemish. I thank her politely.

Happy Thought.—Say *Merci beaucoup*, and take off my hat. She appears dissatisfied with her own instructions, and recommences more volubly and more emphatically than before. I'm to do something "rechts," then "links."

Happy Thought.—Watch her arms and hands. During the instructions she makes herself into sign-posts. Deduction from watching: *Rechts* is Right: *Links* is Left.

I again say, *Merci beaucoup*, salute her more profoundly than before, and she retires to the door of her shop.

As I haven't understood her in the least, what is the best thing to do?

Happy Thought.—Walk straight on. I look back: she is watching my movements. I bow again, to encourage her in the idea that I have clearly comprehended everything she has been telling me.

Looking back again, I find the delay has just upset my plans. Here is CHILVERN running after me, waving his umbrella and shouting, "Hi! here! stop! I say, stop!"

Happy Thought.—Better stop, as he's attracting attention, and I might be taken for a thief. Hang CHILVERN. I let him come up with me. "To-morrow," I tell him decidedly, "I go on to Aix, and leave you."

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL sinks into insignificance when compared with the extraordinary quest of *Punch's Almanack*, as witnessed in Fleet Street on Thursday morning last. The crowd of those who came in quest of it was so wonderfully dense, that good King Arthur hardly could have hewed a passage through them, even with the help of EXCALIBUR itself.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—If there is Self-Government in St. Pancras, why are the Guardians always losing their tempers?



THE MERMAIDS' HOME.

"UNDER THE SEA! UNDER THE SEA!
WHO WOULDN'T WISH TO BE JOLLY OLD P.?"

TO PLAYGOERS.

IN *Uncle Dick's Darling* (a capital title) MR. BYRON has supplied MR. TOOLE with a strongly marked character—*Dick Dollard*, a Cheap Jack—which enables him to display his power, both as a comic and a serious actor, with great effect, as that very large constituency with whom he is so deservedly popular will within the next—well, we will not venture to assign a limit to the longevity the piece is likely to attain—give themselves the pleasure of observing by personal inspection.

He has the advantage of finding himself supported, and we have the advantage of seeing him supported, with great efficiency, by MISS NEILSON, who will win your admiration and your praise, as *Mary Belton*, and by all who take part in the drama, and co-operate with MR. TOOLE in making *Uncle Dick's Darling* another of MR. BYRON's successes.

In going to the Gaiety, remember—and be grateful to MR. HOLLINGSHEAD for following MR. WEBSTER's excellent example at the Adelphi—that you go to a theatre where *there are no fees*; an additional reason why you should visit this bright and comfortable house, to which the accommodation (of a Restaurant, where you can dine before or sup after the performance, has lately been added.

At the Holborn Theatre, MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, untiring in his efforts to supply us with plays of established reputation and high excellence, has increased our obligation to him by restoring to the stage *Love's Sacrifice*.

By many this powerful play of MR. LOVELL's has never been seen at all; others may remember it in past years and be glad to renew their acquaintance with its undoubted merits: all have now the opportunity of seeing it well acted on the Holborn boards. As *Matthew Elmore* and his noble daughter *Margaret*, MR. BARRY SULLIVAN and MRS. HERMANN VEZIN are undeniably successful; MR. J. C. COWPER in the character of *Paul Lafont*, gives them vigorous support, and is a great contributor to the attraction of the performance, and MR. GEORGE HONEY originates much mirth by his able personation of *Jean Rusé*.

The story, told with much poetic diction, is one of considerable interest, tragic in its development, but happy in its ending. We cordially hope that this revival of *Love's Sacrifice* will be attended with the success it so well deserves, both on account of the merits of the play itself, and the very satisfactory manner in which it is now being performed at the Holborn Theatre.

TESTIMONIUM PROTEST-ANTIS.

(After reading the interview of the Oxford and Cambridge Deputations for the Abolition of Tests, with MR. GLADSTONE.

LIDDELL is a Latitu—
Latitu—dinarian;
BATESON is an Anything—
Id est, Nothing—arian.

THOMPSON is a Unit—
Arian in Trinity;
Ductor Dubitantium,
Though Doctor of Divinity.

JOWETT's an irrational
Rationalist sheep-biter;
MAURICE a sensational
Hazy, crazy writer.

ROLLESTON's a Materia—
Medica—listic squabbler;
PATTESON's an ill—and
Neo—logical dabbler.

HARCOURT's a Historicus,
Hystericus, Hyper-bolicus;
KINGSLEY is a sciolist,
And Socialist rowdy rollick-us:

These are the Promoters
Of this Godless movement,
To lift the Universities
Out of their old groove meant.

Tests to do away with—
Heresy detestable!
And seat Non-conformists
At each College mess-table!

In this strife of Resident
Heter- and ortho-doxies,
We, for *vis-inertia*,
And *statu-quo*, hold proxies.

Shall brain-weight o'erbear us?;
Or learning overawe?
We have got possession—
That's nine points of law.

We've sacrificed Subscriptions—
But Fellowships we'll hold—
Never, shall Dissenters
With our Dividends make bold.

Who'd grudge Non-Conformists
Admission to degrees?
Or require Subscriptions,
If they'll pay their fees?

Let them have their tickets
For the road of honours free:
But not for the wickets
That admit to *L. S. D.*

Fellowships to open
To Dissent's impatience,
Is assailing Holy
Church in its foundations.

In our College stalls we
Will have no new brooms;
Nor with common company
Mob our common rooms!

Fellowships are feeding-grounds
For us, and for no more:
That for honour-lists and classes!
But short-commons are a bore.

An Appropriate Chaunt.

At the induction of the new Bishop of Winchester—SAMUEL Ex-Oxon—the Chaunt, as SAMUEL moved up the nave, was, "*Oh, how amiable!*" a compliment equally neat and appropriate to that most genial of prelates.

GO TO BATH, or Birmingham, or Bristol, or Bombay. The people will be very glad to see you there, you may rely on that—at least if you are wise enough to make yourself as pleasant as a sight of *Punch's Almanack* will enable you to do.

THE LIBERATOR OF THE LADIES.



WHEN Woman shall have been relieved of the disabilities imposed upon her by Man, she will be emancipated. The hour of her emancipation is nigh. At the annual meeting of the Manchester National Society for obtaining Woman Suffrage, the other day, under the presidency of the MAYOR OF MANCHESTER, present MR. CHARLEY, MR. JACOB BRIGHT, MR. RYLANDS, Members of Parliament, with MISS BECKER and MISS ASHWORTH, as yet qualified for a seat in Parliament only in the Ladies' Gallery, and disqualified for the franchise which every male fool who happens to be a householder, enjoys, it was determined to form a guarantee fund of £5000 for the purpose of promoting the above-named Society's object. If the suffrage is to be had for love or money, women will shortly have it.

When ladies, ere many months shall have passed over their heads, rush to the poll and tender their votes for the men of their choice, let them not forget to whom they are mainly indebted for ability to exercise the birthright of a Britoness. It has ever been the aim of *Mr. Punch* to elevate Woman as well as Man. To this end he has directed pen and pencil to the special exposure of the peculiarities which distinguish silly from sensible women to derision. The consequence has been a very general relinquishment of those ludicrous peculiarities, and an awakening the female mind to logical perception, and a sense of the absurd and the grotesque. This has engendered a corresponding respect for the gentler sex in general among philosophers, with MR. MILL at the head of them, and MESSRS. JACOB BRIGHT, MR. RYLANDS, MR. CHARLEY, and many other Members of Parliament, among their number. Hence

will sooner or later inevitably result Female Emancipation, for which Female Intellect will have to thank *Mr. Punch*.

The *Almanack* which *Mr. Punch* has just presented to the world contains many illustrations of the foregoing statement all tending still further to cultivate that natural wisdom, grace, and refinement, which young ladies sometimes allow to be perverted by the influence exerted on their love-of-approbation by handsome fools.

Every man has a right to do as he likes with his own, wronging nobody else. One thing is undoubtedly *Mr. Punch's* own, namely a trumpet. It can offend no ears, however long, and without descending to vulgarity of expression, his motto is "Blow it."

RAW MATERIALS IN RIBBONS.

(By an Old Brute.)

ADORNED with ribbons red and blue,
Fat turkeys, fowls, and joints of meat,
In many a shop now court the view,
As we perambulate the street.

Carcase, and haunch, and sirloin, why
Thus decorated do we see?
Of course, that people so to buy
The ribboned meat allured may be.

And so are many, and foretaste
Their banquet with augmented zest,
When they view grub with fal-lals graced—
The raw material gaily drest.

But can such gauds attract the wise?
They reck not of external rig.
A sucking-pig is in their eyes,
Trimmed, or untrimmed, a sucking pig.

The gazing crowd those baits entice,
Unless they did, they ne'er would pay;
They serve to make the flesh look nice,
As, fair ones, ye are wont to say.

And you, so nice yourselves, ye fair,
With aim to look yet nicer, will
Variety of ribbons wear,
And ornaments more costly still.

And, in the matrimonial mart,
Your ribbons are of much avail;
To thoughtless wights, of Beauty's heart,
Or hand, they expedite the sale.

Light fancy is by ribbons caught,
So Beauty's sale, like Beef's, is sped;
But Beef's found simply Beef, when bought,
And Beauty proves as simple, wed.

But then, thereafter, for excess,
In ribbons, there's no more excuse;
Superfluous, then, is flaunting dress,
Such as adorns the Christmas Goose.

No wife in finery should care,
Save by her husband, to be seen;
What pleases him need only wear—
Nay, Ma'am, don't call this moral mean!

SANDHURST BREAKING UP.

No; Sandhurst has not gone to pieces. Only on Friday last week the Sandhurst Cadets were "breaking up and going away, all for the sake of a holiday," as when we were at school we used to say. But first those military undergraduates were put through their drill and other exercises by his Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, "attended," says a reporter "by a numerous and brilliant staff." They were then addressed by the Commander-in-Chief in terms of merited eulogy, and:—

"At the conclusion of the address his Royal Highness presented prizes for exemplary conduct to responsible under-officers FOWNY, who received a regulation medal; NORTON, a sword; under-officers KNIGHT and HORSBURGH, an opera-glass each."

And such an instrument they were to use, of course, each recipient of the opera-glass, as well as the receiver of the sword. An opera-glass, when we come to think of it, we perceive to be a suitable and serviceable, if not an absolutely necessary, utensil for an officer and a gentleman. As such it has now been recognised at Head Quarters. There are, clearly, occasions when a gallant officer may find an opera-glass advantageous in the exercise of gallantry. May the opera-glasses awarded to MR. KNIGHT and MR. HORSBURGH avail them many a time at the Opera, when there on duty as escort to ladies, and, by bringing them nearer to objects of admiration, afford them frequent gratification, of an evening, in after-life.

Fogies of the old military school may stare, some of them, and some perhaps will smile at a peculiarity in the character of the new, which may appear to them indicated by the information that:—

"Cadet SPARKS received a prize of a gymnastic belt, with a silver plate bearing a suitable inscription for his proficiency in gymnastic exercises. The performance of this young gentleman, and the manner in which he climbed a perpendicular pole, was very surprising, and he was highly complimented by his Royal Highness."

There certainly does seem something both novel and peculiar in the art of climbing poles, regarded as an element of military education, though in civic schools it is commonly practised by school-boys; but out of school-hours. The idea of a cadet climbing a pole under the admiring eyes of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE presents itself to the mind in an undeniably, if undeservedly deemed, comic aspect. It cannot well be dissociated from that of a Street Arab ascending a lamp-post; of an Acrobat; of one of our Poor Relations, as the Bard of Memory called certain *quadrumana*, going aloft at the Zoological Gardens; of a member of the plantigrade family making a similar exhibition at the same place of agreeable, instructive, and fashionable resort. One cannot help imagining Cadet SPARKS receiving the gymnastic belt, which he had most creditably won, from the Commander-in-Chief's hand, at the far end of a stick. But what then? There is no old fog, unless he is also an old fool, who would not be glad to be as much like a bear or a monkey as MR. SPARKS, who resembles neither the one nor the other except in the activity and vigour of both combined. May this young gentleman differ especially from a young bear in not having any troubles to come.



VERY DEMORALISING.

Noble Sportsman. "WELL, JIM, HAVE YOU BEEN IN JAIL LATELY FOR NIGHT-POACHING?"

Jim. "NO, MY LORD. I'VE BEEN A BEATIN' ALL THIS MONTH TO YOU GENTS FOR POT-HUNTIN', AND THAT'S ENOUGH TO TAKE ALL NOTIONS O' REAL SPORT OUT OF A CHAP!"

TO BISHOP TROWER.

I WISH I knew for certain, BISHOP TROWER,
How to pronounce your venerable name—
Whether it rhymes with spiritual power,
Or, which of course would be about the same,
It sounds as gently as a summer shower :—
Or whether you pronounce it lower, slower,
And make it TROWER!

My ignorance may stamp me as a noodle,
And may unfit me for my present task;
But I'm afraid to ask,
However much I wish,
Your worthy secretaries, MR. FISH
And MR. BOODLE!

O BISHOP TEMPLE'S would-be overthrower—
O BISHOP TROWER—
There may be truth in much that you maintained,
But in your case there is this serious flaw—
You choose to act against our English law :—
For this, among the rest, were *you* ordained?

Besides, another matter you forget;
No one has made *you* yet
"The Master of the Temple," DOCTOR TROWER!

True, once upon a time—
And this is DR. TEMPLE'S only crime—
He wrote an Article—'twas one of seven :—
And though of heresy it gave no sign,
No trace of schism you could well define,
But spoke, as good men speak, of earth and heaven,
Against that article you take your stand.

Remember, good divine,
That with the self-same hand
Which wrote the one, he signed the Thirty-Nine!

As for his life, *that* happens to be known,
And is at least as noble as your own.
Fathers and mothers know what he has done
For many a dear and well-beloved son;
How many a lad has learnt to be a man
In ARNOLD'S school, on ARNOLD'S Christian plan.

Now, in the ancient city of the West,
Through no ambitious yearnings of his own,
But in obedience to a high behest,
He takes his place upon the Bishop's throne.
"*Semper Fidelis*" says the proud old scroll
Of the Cathedral-city, where, to-day,—
Whatever TROWER, FISH, and BOODLE say—
Men write the name of TEMPLE on the roll :—
"*Semper Fidelis*!" Faithful to the last,
If we may judge his future from his past!

O, Orthodoxy's flower!
O, Reverend DOCTOR TROWER!
If still your ardent spirit it should vex
Thus to see TEMPLE Bishop by the Exe,
Your course is clear: you can resign, and be—
What?—An *Ex-Bishop*, Sir, as much as he!

EDUCATE! EDUCATE! EDUCATE! Costermongers, Duchesses,
Life-Guardsmen, and Policemen, Parlour-maids, and Cooks, should im-
prove their minds by the perusal of the new scholastic series, called **CULTURE**
FOR THE MILLION! Price only Threepence, or Fourpence if impressed
with the Government stamp. For further particulars apply to *Punch's*
Almanack. Sold by everybody everywhere, and bought by all the rest.

METEOROLOGICAL MEMORANDA.

SIR,—I am going to write to MR. HIND (ought, in fact, to have written to MR. HIND before) about Meteorological matters. Let us come to the point at once: through the medium of your flying columns.

I want to see the months re-arranged.

There is no doubt, on any one's mind, but that we are in a dreadfully unsettled condition as regards weather. We are, Sir, in a Transition State.

Let us, scientific men, hold a Council and define what we mean by Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.

I propose a few questions to start with?—

1. Who gave them these names?

2. When should Spring commence? When Summer?

3. Who was the tyrant who divided the year into twelve months? Why shouldn't there be twenty-four?

4. Why should one month have thirty-one days and another only thirty?

5. Why should February only have twenty-eight and exceptionally twenty-nine?

For myself I vote for double the number of months, and only fifteen days apiece.

As to the Moon having any effect upon such an arbitrary division as that of the months, it is absurd, and in these enlightened times it should not be allowed; no, not for an hour.

While we are re-arranging, suppose we say a little more summer, and just so much mild winter as will be beneficial to the poor and sportsmen.

I am ready to receive subscriptions, and would suggest that to further my prospect the Scientific Committee for the Re-arrangement of the Year should meet once a fortnight for dinner (a business dinner of course) say, at the London Tavern; also we could have a half-yearly banquet, when the reports could be read and the Committee re-elected.

Yours, scientifically,
PARRY PLWEE.

THE NEW HAT.



DELIGHTFUL IN THE PARK.

A CROWN OF OLD CLO'.

A TELEGRAM from Rome states that there are now no less than sixteen Cardinals' Hats at the POPE's disposal. His Holiness, of course, needs no advice how to dispose of them; but if he felt any difficulty on that score, he might be recommended to evade it by bestowing them all on one person, namely ARCHBISHOP MANNING. As a personification of Ultramontaniam the titular Archbishop of Westminster may be considered more than equal to sixteen Cardinals rolled into one, and his out-and-out advocacy of papal absolutism has surely entitled him to a Cardinal's Hat twenty times over. If the Holy Father gave him all those Hats, DR. MANNING could crown himself with the whole of them mounted in a pile, and perambulate the streets of London. He would then cut a striking and significant figure, to the immense diversion of his juvenile spectators, and agreeably remind their seniors of old times—and old clo'. This would be as it should be, for in championing the revived pretensions of the Mediæval Papacy, what does ARCHBISHOP MANNING, in fact, do but cry "old clo'," as MR. CARLYLE calls such-like anachronisms? Going about, therefore, with sixteen Cardinals' Hats upon his head, one on top of the other, CARDINAL MANNING would not only form a conspicuous and amusing object, but also constitute an instructive walking symbol.

A Severe State Surgeon.

MR. LOWE says that the country has had the benefit of the reduction of certain imposts through his arrangement to pay all the taxes at once on the First of January, one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

That may be; but couldn't MR. LOWE have contrived some pleasanter means of lowering taxation? It is a clever financial operation, but should be performed on the patients under chloroform, or if possible, laughing gas.



PERHAPS A LITTLE DISAPPOINTING ACROSS COUNTRY IN A HIGH WIND.

A GOOD-BYE TO THE "GROWLERS."

"With the New Year there is to be free trade in cabs, and the final disappearance of that unseemly vehicle the 'four-wheeler,' or 'growler,' is, we may hope, imminent."

THEY were musty, they were fusty, they were grimy, they were grim, They rattled and they jolted till you ached in brain and limb; Their drivers drove so slowly, that they drove you to despair, They were deaf to your entreaties, for your threats they didn't care.

The wheels came off those growlers, as they trundled you along, They capsized you in the thickest of the roaring City throng; You missed your train, your dinner, or your opera, or your play, How you 'scaped with bones unbroken oft was more than you could say.

They were hurtful to your temper, they were harmful to your health, They shook your nerves, they robbed you of your time—your greatest wealth:

Of all our London nuisances? the first rank they held place, On every stand they stood, a standing national disgrace.

We sighed for cabs we saw abroad, in Paris, or in Rome, Not even cabs in Norway were so vile as cabs at home; In Brussels, or in Boston, or wherever we might go, No four-wheelers were so shabby, or so shaky, or so slow.

But the "growlers" now are going: unlamented be their end! And haply if we mend our cabs our ways we may amend: We live in times of Progress, yet our vestries never dream That we might progress more smoothly if they rolled our roads by steam.

Mayhap ere the next century our sons will take the air In London streets as well paved as a Paris thoroughfare; Clean cabs and civil drivers may ensure a pleasant ride, And who will then an omnibus be found to get inside?

THOSE DEMOCRATIC RAILROADS.—An old Tory, hearing of what had been done to Mont Cénis, and that it was also proposed to tunnel St. Gothard, remarked that it was indeed a levelling age.

SKITTLES.

BY A PLEBEIAN.

THEY 'VE done it. 'Tis the final hounce as busts the camel's back.
I've stood from Peelers lots of chaff, and now and then a whack.
They've stopped my beer o' Sundays—laid embargo on my wittles;
And I submitted meekly. But I draws the line at skittles.

I ain't no ways addicted to aristocratic sins,
But if I have a weakness, it's a liking for the pins;
Yet even this, my fav'rite game, I owns as I do not
Appreciate, except the stake's a foaming pewter pot.

But that's taboed. Now mark my words, although I ain't a bandit,
Or even a A.O. Forester, we're not a going to stand it.
Stop Skittles, and you'll rouse a hopposition to your rule,
Compared with which the Fenian Movement's nothing but a fool.

I haven't joined the working men who 'se called Conservative,
But I'll go in for loyalty with any chap alive.
And thus I warn you, 'Zekiel-like, you'll soon find out how brittle 's
The links that bind a social state wot interferes with Skittles.

Yes, as I write, across my hoperative bosom steals
A wild desire to join my lot with BRADLAUGH and with BEALES;
To greet the maddest Irisher, or Yankee cove as whittles,
And form a Confraternity—for Liberty and Skittles.

Sundays and week-days, swells at clubs they drinks their wine, we
know it.

They keep their games up all night long, and freely we say "Go it."
We don't want you made moral by the P'leece, and werry little 's
The liberty we ask in turn—only our beer and Skittles.

You set us the example in the self-denyin' line,
When that "Association" 's started, possibly I 'll jine.
For, though I don't give any heed to tattles or to tittles,
I once heard some aristocrats was very fond of SKITTLES.

So all you HALCIBADESES, here I draws the line
Of quietness, you go your way, and just let me go mine.
You keep your 'osses, cards and dice, cigars, and, wine, and wittles,
But don't denige the working-man his pipe and beer and Skittles.

SAYINGS ADAPTED TO THE SEASON.

EVERY one for his neighbour, and Heaven over all for himself.
Other people's preservation is the first law of Nature.
First always take care of Number Two.
I will want ere thou shalt want.
Fast and let feast.
One good turn deserves a million.
A penny given is a penny got.
Be generous before you are careful.
Fork out and fear not.
Those who ask shall have some, and those who don't ask shall be
pressed to take some.

Of all my mother's children, most love the rest I bear;
And so that they're provided for, the Doose for me may care.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE POPPY.

So, the Indian revenue comes short by £400,000 in consequence of a
fall in the price of opium! How is the depreciation which has befallen
that narcotic to be accounted for? Very likely it has been caused by
the decline of Mahometanism, whence Mussulmans may have exten-
sively abjured opium together with thin potations, and addicted them-
selves to beer, and other generous liquors, instead of it. But the
opium-growers, and the Indian Government need not altogether
despond. If the United Kingdom Alliance succeed in destroying the
British liquor-trade, the consequence of their triumph will in all proba-
bility be an immensely increased consumption of opium in the United
Kingdom. When exhilarating beverages shall have been banished
from the Christmas banquet of the future, people who have eaten as
much roast beef and plum-pudding as they can, will then sit after
dinner opium-eating, or drinking laudanum. But will not black drop
be even worse than blue ruin?

Good old Soul.

MRS. MALAPROP's feeling heart is full of pity this Christmas for
those poor "Suffering" Bishops she hears people talking about. She
is knitting them some warm socks.

THE 'MONARCH, H.B.M. SHIP OF WAR, AND THE 'PLY-
MOUTH, U.S.N. CORVETTE, SAIL WITH THE BODY
OF GEORGE PEABODY.

Monday, Dec. 20, 1869.

WAR-SHIPS e'er now have veiled their warlike state,
And hid their bravery in mourning grey,
To bear across the sea a funeral freight—
Great admiral, or great captain, passed away.

But now what admiral's, what captain's, bier
Doth our majestic *Monarch* bear o'er sea,
That thus in ashen-grey she shrouds her gear,
And half-mast flies her flag thus mourningly?

Wherefore this mortuary chapel fair
Above this coffin, with *immortelles* crowned,
These stalwart sailors with bowed heads and bare,
In an unwonted death-watch ranged around?

Some mighty man of war this needs must be,
Thus by an English war-ship gravewards borne,
In a Columbian war-ship's company—
One whom two nations wreath their flags to mourn!

He was a warrior—thus proudly borne,
Thus proudly convoyed o'er sea to his grave,
But one whose battle-fields no scroll adorn
Where fame writes the achievements of the brave.

He fought the silent fight with want and woe,
They fight whose right-hand knoweth not the deed
Their left-hand doeth, who no trumpet blow,
Assert no merit, and demand no meed.

A captain in the warfare, under Christ
Captain in chief—'gainst suffering and sin,
Who in love's strength, unpricing, and unpriced,
Went forth, his victory over these to win!

On such a Warrior's body it seems well
That Old World's war-ship with New World's attend,
Augury of the time when love shall quell
Warfare to peace, and turn each foe to friend.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A PARAGRAPH detailing the final arrangements (as then contem-
plated) for the new Bishop's reception at Exeter, concluded with the
following rather puzzling announcement:—

"It is said that the clergy of Exeter will present an address to his Lordship,
and that the rural dean of Christianity—who has taken a conspicuous part in
opposing his election—will be called upon, by virtue of his office, to pre-
sent it."

Will some one possessing local knowledge be good enough to say
who the Rural Dean of "Christianity" is, and what are the geo-
graphical boundaries of his ruri-diaconate, and how he looked when
presenting an address (of course, of congratulation) to the Bishop
whose election he had "taken a conspicuous part in opposing"?

New Bulls v. Old Cows.

At the Thames Police Court MR. BENSON has condemned the owner
and vendor of a quantity of old Irish Cow Beef to penalties for selling
meat unfit for human consumption. This should be a warning to all
whom it may concern, that though new Irish bulls may be introduced
freely, and even be relished in this country, there is no toleration for
old Irish cows on this side St. George's Channel.

Gems and Beads for Beauty.

MISTLETOE berries are pretty as pearls;
Berries of holly beat coral:
O, and so much less expensive, my girls!
Dearest ones, draw your own moral.

NOT PERMISSIBLE.

Does SIR F. LYCETT understand Latin? If so, we only wish to ask
him one question, *à propos* of the Southwark election, and to suggest
the answer. *Licetne Liberales dividere? Non Licet.*

MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.

*Happy Thought (before I go away from Antwerp).—*Find out exactly how we (that is, CHILVERN and I) stand.

This is a polite way of putting the question, "How much does CHILVERN owe me?" CHILVERN himself says that's just what he wants to know. Have I kept an account? "Yes, I have," I am able to answer, "to a certain extent, and we can leave the rest to memory." CHILVERN says his memory's a very good one: so, I return, is mine.

I know I put down most of what I paid for CHILVERN in my pocket-book, yet, on looking carefully through it, I can only find one entry—"CHILVERN, Soap, 1fr. 50c."

[This discussion takes place in our bed-room on my last evening in Antwerp. DINGWELL and CAZELL have, I believe, quarrelled, and are enjoying themselves separately.]

CHILVERN remembers the soap. "Odd!" he says. "Now I come to think of it, I can't call to mind anything else."

I search the pocket-book again. I know I entered his account somewhere, and headed it in large letters, "CHILVERN."

*Happy Thought (while I am looking in note-book).—*His share of the déjeuner à la fourchette.

CHILVERN admits this. "How much?" "Seven francs" (at a guess). CHILVERN thinks it was six; because he says, "Don't I recollect asking him whether it was fifty or a hundred centimes that went to a franc?"

No, I don't recollect this. I shouldn't have asked such a question. "Well," says CHILVERN, "I know you asked me something about centimes, because you didn't want to change another franc, and wished to use the coppers in your pocket."

[Note here for *Typical Developments*.—My mind is so constituted to believe in others, that if a man positively asserts something, and continuously goes on asserting it, I give in: against my better judgment, I give in. I don't like the man for doing it, and I go away feeling that time will show whether I am right, or he. But when time does show, and I go to the other man and say, "Look here! you were wrong, after all!" he has forgotten all about it, generally denies having said anything of the sort, asserts perhaps something totally contrary, or takes my view of the original case, and swears he had always held it, and so begins the complication all over again.]

How a man's character comes out in travelling! CHILVERN is obstinate. CHILVERN is ungrateful. CHILVERN is niggardly. Again, what I did not expect, CHILVERN repudiates, and condescends to mere details. I am at least three pounds twelve shillings and sixpence out of pocket by him, and he says "he doesn't see how I make that out." I answer that "I don't go into details, but put it down as a round sum, which may be a little more one way or the other."

He says he doesn't see what there is beyond "soap" and "breakfast." I tell him, "Lots of little things, that mount up."

Happy Thought.—To say, playfully, "I'll draw it out as a bill." If this wasn't said playfully, I feel it might be unpleasant.

	Fr.	c.
Porters from boat and hotel	2	0
For several things on board boat	5	0
Breakfast	7	0
Cigars	3	0
Catalogue at Museum	3	0
Tips to men for showing churches, &c. (at least)	7	0
Matches for cigars	0	25
Soap	1	50
Total	28	75

These are all I can recollect. Then there's the hotel bill. CHILVERN admits it will be all right, if I lend him three pounds more to take him back again. I say, "Won't CAZELL do that?" He returns, that he'd rather not ask CAZELL.

Happy Thought.—Say, "We'll see about it to-morrow." Will pretend to forget it, and get off by the train when he's out of the way. To bed.

Happy Thought.—Tell CHILVERN to go and see the Cathedral to-morrow morning at 11.30. Give him a franc to do it with. My train starts at 12.15; and directly he has gone, I can be off. Leave him to CAZELL.

In Bed (with note-book).—Can't sleep. Whether it's the foreign atmosphere or whether it isn't, I don't know. I ought to be tired, but I am not.

Happy Thought.—Take note-book, and jot. Jot down memoranda. Perhaps while I'm jotting mems. for future, I may recollect what I've spent on CHILVERN. Shan't travel with CHILVERN again unless he has money, and hasn't a suit of dittos. Also, he must be less insular and narrow.

A propos of "narrow," note for my own improvement; mems., Books to read while I'm away; French—BAIZAC (what works?—find 'em out, and select two or three), VICTOR HUGO'S *L'Homme qui Rit*. Also some standard works, say MOLIERE'S plays. While I'm taking baths

at Aix, might devote my time to learning German, and reading GOETHE'S *Faust* in the original. List of books also to read when I return FROUDE'S twelve volumes. Must read this: everyone who reads anything talks about this.

Met an elderly gentleman and his sister, who were well up in it, to-day, in the hotel drawing-room.

Happy Thought (in reply to any question about FROUDE).—No; I've not been right through it yet. The next question will be, probably, "Of course you've read his third volume?" To which the reply (if you haven't) must be, thoughtfully, "Let me see,—the third volume,—what is that about?—I forget at this moment—" Then rely upon your interrogator, who, ten to one, is a humbug after all. Note.—People read History by short cuts now-a-days, in Reviews.

Happy Thought.—Will make the acquaintance of a German philosopher, and ask him what he thinks of the idea of *Typical Developments*. Get him to translate it. Should like very much to get into a set of German philosophers. Must learn German. I'm sure my leading ideas are thoroughly German—deep and profound: only while one is with such men as DINGWELL, BOODELS, MILBURN, CHILVERN, and so forth, one fritters away one's deeper feelings. I'm waiting my time.

As I finish this note, and am about to blow out the candle, I record this, as a sort of vow or resolution, in writing.

(CHILVERN'S room is next to mine. I never heard such fearful snoring: "fearful" is the word.)

Resolution.—I have two months or so before me. Got to get rid of rheumatic gout (if any in me, which must be discovered) at Aix. While there will study German, and go in for German philosophy. Will avoid all frivolity, and take this opportunity of working at *Typical Developments*, Vol. I., in order to have it out with POGGON AND GROOGLY at the beginning of the year. This I vow. Signed (in bed).

If there is anything I detest, it is a fellow snoring when you want to go to sleep yourself. I call to him. More snoring. I will call till I wake him. Call. Snore. Call. Louder snore—apparently derisive. Call. Snore: irritating to the last degree. Call again. Shout. Thumping at wall: man next door begs (in American-English) I won't do that. I reply that it's a fellow snoring. Call to CHILVERN again. Louder. American next door shouts out that he'll complain to the hotel manager. I tell him that I really must stop a friend of mine's snoring. The door between CHILVERN'S room and mine is open, that's why I hear him so plainly. Why should I get out and shut it? "Hi! CHILVERN, wake up!" American, next room, thumping, wants to know if I mean to insult him and his wife?

No, I don't. Confound CHILVERN! These Americans think nothing of revolvers, and in a foreign country he'd be applauded for calling me out. CHILVERN suddenly grunts, gasps, and, apparently, wakes himself up with a start. He asks, "What is it?" vaguely, and adds, that "he's just been dreaming of frogs." I tell him to shut his door. He won't get out of bed. No more will I. He says, "Shut it yourself, if you don't like it." I tell him it's his door. He says, "It's yours as much as mine." Row. He suddenly changes his tone (it occurs to him, probably, that I may not lend him his three pounds, or may go off without paying his share of the bill), and, getting out of bed, shuts the door.

Never catch me with CHILVERN again. Shall certainly send him to the Cathedral to-morrow, and leave while he's there.

An Opportunity Lost.

In one of our great Laureate's new poems—*The Coming of Arthur—Arthur and Guinevere* are married

—"by DUBRIC the high Saint,
Chief of the Church in Britain—"

We think MR. TENNYSON might have afforded the High Church party an innocent gratification, by calling the officiating minister on this interesting occasion—RUBRIC.

A Case in the Queen's Bench.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,"
With one accord did counsel and attorney
Remark, as it was natural they should,
On either side in "OVEREND and GURNEY."

DEFLOWERING THE PARKS.

AYRTON is going to root-up the Park Flower-beds. Suppose he kept the nation's flowers of rhododendron in the Park, and relieved us, instead, of his own flowers of rhetoric in Parliament!

NEW AIR FOR ORANGE BANDS.

"Down, Down, Derry, Down!"



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Master George (whispers). "I SAY! KITTY! HAS MAMMA BEEN TELLING YOU SHE'D GIVE YOU 'A LOVELY SPOONFUL OF DELICIOUS CURRANT JELLY, O SO NICE, SO VERY NICE!'"

Miss Kitty. "Ess! CULLEN' JELLY! O SO NI', SO WELLY NI'!"

Master George. "THEN DON'T TAKE IT!!!"

A PHILOSOPHER'S CHRISTMAS.

PROFESSOR JORKS, as usual, ate salt fish
On Christmas Day, because he likes the dish,
And then boiled mutton, which, in his belief,
Is something preferable to roast beef.

PROFESSOR JORKS plum-pudding and mince-pie
Esteems unwholesome; did himself deny.
In apple-dumpling did indulge instead
That couldn't do him any harm, he said.

PROFESSOR JORKS adorned his house with yew
And cypress, on his premises which grew,
For evergreens are evergreens, he thought,
Those that cost nothing better than those bought.

PROFESSOR JORKS announced a Christmas Tree,
Which many of his neighbours came to see;
It was a tree which hadn't any roots:
On it PROFESSOR JORKS had hung his boots.

PROFESSOR JORKS burnt no Yule log, 'tis true,
But on the fire a lump of coal he threw,
And reasoned, "That is every bit as good;
Its fibrous structure shows it once was wood."

PROFESSOR JORKS no Christmas bowl composed,
He deemed punch better in a jug enclosed,
To hold its fumes in, and its heat prolong.
He made himself some: made it hot and strong.

PROFESSOR JORKS sat, supped, and smoked, and mused,
Until his mind began to get confused;
Zigzag he went to bed; where deep repose
Did quickly sound its trumpet through his nose.

NOT IRISH, BUT SCOTCH.

ARE the years 1870 and 1871 going to be distinguished by an extra number of months? This question, deeply interesting to all to whom "time is money," is asked because of an advertisement, from Edinburgh, of a forthcoming "centenary edition" of the *Waverley Novels* in "twenty-five monthly volumes," in which the following promises are made—"The work will be published in monthly volumes, commencing on the 1st of January, 1870; and, if found practicable, the whole set will be completed on the Centenary day."

As the Centenary of Scott's birthday, which this edition of his novels is to commemorate, will occur as early as the 15th of August, 1871, we shall examine with much eagerness the "Prospectus" to appear in the *Magazines* for January, as it will no doubt explain the measures which have been taken for insuring an additional supply of months, so as to let us have as many as twenty-five between now and August 1871. The words "if found practicable" make us fear there may still be some hitch in the arrangements, and that we shall have to be satisfied with the ordinary number of months, as in previous years.

The National New Year's Gift.

"PARE close the cheese," cries ROBERT LOWE. "Economy and Thrift:

Pay us your taxes in a lump, by way of New Year's Gift."
Oh, dear, yes! Oh, most willingly! Too happy. We will go
Short of our beef and pudding, and cry "Save and bless BOB LOWE!"

Seasonable.

If anyone read a statement of intended "City Ward Changes" on the 21st of December, and noticed the announcement that "MR. MID-WINTER retires," did it occur to him as rather a remarkable fact that Midwinter should retire on the Shortest Day?



A NEW FATHER CHRISTMAS, AND HIS "HAPPY
NEW YEAR!"



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